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R. A. BROCK,

SECRETARY OF THE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

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ERRATA.

- Page 2 line 9, for claim read *claims*.
Page 2 line 27, for Hookers read *Hooker*
Page 3 line 9, read *of* before Lieutenant-General.
Page 6 line 16, Welford, the family name is *Wellford*.
Page 8 line 21, for offi read *off*.
Page 10 line 24, undertook should be in quotation marks.
Page 25 line 1, for Commander in-Chief read *Commanding-General*.
Page 26 line 17, after Ewell be, add *ordered to Fredericksburg*.
Page 27 line 23, for recollections read *recollection*.
Page 85 line 2, Walker in copy, should be *Winder*.

Southern Historical Society Papers.

Vol. XXXIV Richmond, Va., January-December. 1906

GENERAL LEE'S STRATEGY AT THE BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.

A Paper Read by Request before R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1,
C. V., May 20th, 1906.

By T. M. R. TALCOTT, Major and Aide de Camp to General R. E.
Lee, in 1862-63, and later Colonel 1st Regiment
Engineer Troops, A. N. V.

[For the parole list of Engineer Troops surrendered at Appomattox
C. H. and graphic account of the retreat from Petersburg, Va., see
Vol. XXXII, *Southern Historical Society Papers*.—ED.]

Comrades of Lee Camp;

The subject upon which you have called **upon** me to submit my personal recollections is not the Battle of Chancellorsville, on the 2nd, 3rd and 4th of May, 1863, in which the Federal Army of the Potomac, under General Hooker, which numbered more than 130,000 men, was defeated by a part of the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia, numbering less than 60,000 men, for history has already recorded how that field was fought and won.

The hearing you have kindly afforded me as a member of the personal staff of General R. E. Lee at the time of that battle, is on the subject of "General R. E. Lee at Chancellorsville," and what you wish to know particularly is, I presume, whether or not he conceived and directed the movement around the right flank, and the attack on the rear of Hooker's army.

Both General Lee and General Jackson were so pre-eminent for their modesty that we cannot conceive of either of them claiming for himself any credit for the movement in question, and when various authors of the Life of Jackson awarded to him the credit of the success gained by the Army of Northern Vir-

ginia, where he was present, General Lee, as we shall see, expressed reluctance to do anything that might be considered as detracting from Jackson's well deserved fame.

During the period which intervened between the death of General Jackson and that of General Lee, only the partial admirers of Jackson were heard from, for so long as General Lee was reluctant to speak, those who had been nearest to him and were best informed as to what could be said in contravention of some of the claim set up by biographers of General Jackson, were necessarily constrained to silence; and even after General Lee's death there was still some reluctance on the part of General Lee's staff to say anything that might seem to detract from the fame of General Jackson.

The first public allusion to the fact that the famous "stroke of generalship," which won the Battle of Chancellorsville, was "directed by Lee and executed by Jackson," seems to have been made by Major John W. Daniel, in his address at the Fifth Annual Re-union of the Army of Northern Virginia, in October 1875, nine years after the publication of the "Life and Campaigns of Lieutenant-General Thomas J. Jackson," in which Dr. R. L. Dabney stated that at a conference between Lee and Jackson on the night of May 1st, 1863, General Jackson "proposed to throw his command entirely into Hooker's rear." But it was not until the Ninth Annual Re-union of the Association, in October, 1879, that General Fitzhugh Lee, in his address on Chancellorsville, endeavored to settle the question as to who originated the movement of Jackson's corps to the rear of Hooker, and gave Col. Charles Marshall's account of the matter.

Subsequently, in 1886, General A. L. Long, in his "Memoirs of R. E. Lee," gave his own recollections of how Jackson's movement originated, and corroborated them by a letter from General Lee to Dr. A. T. Bledsoe, written in October, 1867, and an extract from a personal letter from me.

In 1867 an account was published of the Battle of Chancellorsville by Messrs. Allan and Hotchkiss, the former of whom was the Chief of Ordnance of the Second Corps, and the latter also attached to General Jackson's staff, from which I extract the following, which differs materially from Dr. Dabney's account of the conference between Lee and Jackson and other occurrences which preceded the flank movement around Hooker, but

accords to General Jackson the strategical conception of the movement of his corps, as well as the tactical skill with which it was executed, and the attack made:

"THE BATTLEFIELDS OF VIRGINIA.

CHANCELLORSVILLE.

Embracing the operations of the Army
of Northern Virginia, from the first
battle of Fredericksburg, to the death
Lieutenant-General Jackson.

BY

JED. HOTCHKISS,

Late Captain and Topographical Engineer, 2nd Corps, A. N. V.,

and WILLIAM ALLAN,

Late Lient.-Colonel and Chief of Ordnance, 2nd Corps, A. N. V.

"SATURDAY, MAY 2ND.

"Lee and Jackson passed the night under some pine trees on the left of the Plank Road, just where the Confederate line crossed it. The difficulty of attacking the Federal position in front had induced General Lee to order his cavalry to reconnoitre the right flank of the Union Army. During the night they reported favorably to an attack in that direction. At day-break, General Jackson dispatched two of his staff to ascertain if a practicable route existed by which, with speed and secrecy, he might move 'round the flank of the hostile army. The needed information was soon obtained. Seated upon two cracker boxes, the debris of an issue of Federal rations the day before, the Confederate leaders held their consultation. With a map before him, General Jackson suggested an entire circuit of the right of the opposing army, and that the attack should be made in its rear. Lee inquired with what force he could do this. Jackson replied, 'With my whole corps, present.' Lee then asked what would be left to him with which to resist an advance of the enemy towards Fredericksburg. 'The divisions of Anderson and McLaws,' said Jackson. For a moment Lee reflected on the audacity of this plan in the face of Hooker's superior numbers. With less than forty-two thousand mus-

kets, he was in the presence of sixty thousand. To divide his army into two parts, and place the whole Federal army between them, was extremely hazardous. But it was impossible to attack the Federal position in front without terrible loss. The very boldness of the proposed movement, if executed with secrecy and dispatch, was an earnest of success. Jackson was directed to carry out the plan.

"The orders for the march were immediately given. Rodes, in command of D. H. Hill's division, was placed in advance. A. P. Hill brought up the rear."

The foregoing was undoubtedly written by Hotchkiss, for subsequently he gave a similar account of what passed between Lee and Jackson, and claimed that he was present and heard what was said, as will be seen from the following extract from Henderson's "Stonewall Jackson and the American Civil War," published in 1897:

"About daylight on May 2nd," says Major Hotchkiss, "General Jackson awakened me, and requested that I would at once go down to Catherine Furnace, which is quite near, and where a Colonel Welford lived, and ascertain if there was any road by which he could secretly pass around Chancellorsville to the vicinity of the old Wilderness Tavern. I had a map, which our engineers had prepared from actual surveys, of the surrounding country, showing all the public roads, but' with few details of the intermediate topography. Reaching Mr. Welford's, I aroused him from his bed, and soon learned that he himself had recently opened a road through the woods in that direction for the purpose of hauling cord wood and iron ore to the furnace. This I located on the map, and having asked Mr. Welford if he would act as a guide if it became necessary to march over that road, I returned to headquarters. When I reached there I found Generals Lee and Jackson in conference, each seated on a cracker box, from a pile which had been left there by the Federals the day before. In response to General Jackson's request for my report, I put another cracker box between the two generals, on which I spread the map, showed them the road I had ascertained, and indicated, so far as I knew it, the position of the Federal army. General Lee then said,

'General Jackson, what do you propose to do?' He replied, 'Go around here,' moving his finger over the road which I had located upon the map. General Lee said, 'What do you propose to make the movement with?' 'With my whole corps,' was the answer. General Lee then asked 'What will you leave me?' 'The divisions of Anderson and McLaws,' said Jackson. General Lee, after a moment's reflection, remarked; 'Well, go on,' and then, pencil in hand, gave his last instructions. Jackson, with an eager smile upon his face, from time to time nodded assent, and when the Commander-in-Chief ended with the words, 'General Stuart will cover your movements with his cavalry,' he rose and saluted, saying, 'My troops will move at once, sir.'"

Condensing the account of Allan and Hotchkiss, the principal facts stated are:

1. Lee and Jackson passed the night in close proximity to each other, whether with or without conference is not stated. The difficulty of attacking the Federal position in front had induced General Lee to order his cavalry to reconnoitre the right flank of the Union army, and during the night they reported favorably to an attack in that direction.

2. At daybreak on May 2nd, General Jackson dispatched two of his staff to ascertain whether there was a practicable route by which he might move with speed and secrecy around the flank of General Hooker's army. The needed information was soon obtained, and General Jackson, after his two staff officers had reported the result of their reconnoissance, suggested to General Lee an entire circuit of the right flank of the opposing army, and that the attack should be made in its rear. That after some hesitation General Lee accepted General Jackson's suggestion, and then, but not until then, orders for the march of the Second Corps were given.

Dr. Dabney says:

1. "When Friday night arrived, Generals Lee and Jackson met at a spot where the road to the Catherine Furnace turned southeastward from the Plank Road * * *. General Stuart

now joined them, and reported the result of his reconnoissance upon the south and west of Hooker's position. * * *.

"Generals Lee and Jackson now withdrew, and held an anxious consultation. That Hooker must be attacked, and that speedily, was clear to the judgment of both of them. * * *.

2. "He (General Lee) had already commanded his troops to commence a movement towards the left, and communicated his views to General Jackson, who warmly concurred in their wisdom. A report was about this time received from General Fitzhugh Lee, of Stuart's command, describing the position of the Federal army, and the roads which he held with his cavalry leading to its rear. General Jackson now proposed to throw his command entirely in Hooker's rear." * * *.

In his last account, Hotchkiss claimed to have obtained information (on the morning of May 2nd) of a road which had been recently opened by Col. Welford, and that it was by this road that Jackson's corps made the detour around Hooker's right flank, but the "Route of Jackson's Corps," as indicated by Hotchkiss on the map published with his first account in 1867, was by the "Furnace" and "Brock" roads, which were old roads, and were clearly shown on the map of Spotsylvania county, prepared before the Battle of Chancellorsville, by Major A. H. Campbell, of the C. S. Engineer corps, (see Plate No. XCI, published with Vol. 25, of Rebellion Records).

It is apparent from Dr. Dabney's account that General Jackson was seeking for a shorter route than Campbell's map showed, as well as information as to the condition of the known roads, but if the route of the Second Corps on May 2nd is correctly laid down by Hotchkiss on his map, all efforts to find a suitable cut-off failed, for it followed the old roads shown on Campbell's map. Furthermore, it was from his chaplain, (the Rev. Mr. Lacy), that Jackson sought information about the roads, for Dr. Dabney says:

"When his chaplain awoke in the morning, before the dawn of day, he perceived a little fire kindled under the trees, and General Jackson sitting by it upon a box, such as was used to contain biscuit for the soldiers. The General knew that his former pastoral labors had led him to this region, and he de-

sired to learn something from him about its by-roads. He therefore requested him to sit beside him on the box; and when the other declined to incommode him by doing so, made room for him, and repeated, 'Come, sit down; I wish to talk to you.'

* * *

"He wished to know whether he was acquainted with any way by which their flank might be turned, either on the right or left. He was informed, in reply, that after proceeding southward along the Furnace Road, for a space, a blind road would present itself, leading westward, and nearly parallel to the Orange Plank Road, which, in its turn, would conduct into a plainer route, that fell into the great road four miles above Chancellorsville. The General, quickly drawing from his pocket an outline map, prepared for him by one of his engineers, and a pencil, said, 'Take this map, and mark it down for me.' When he saw it, he said, 'That is too near; it goes within the line of the enemy's pickets. I wish to get around *well* to his rear, without being observed; do you know of no other road?' He replied that he had no perfect knowledge of any other, but presumed that the road which he had described as entering the Orange Plank Road, four miles above Chancellorsville, must intersect the Furnace Road somewhere in the interior, because their directions were convergent. 'Then,' said Jackson, 'where can you find this out certainly?' He was told that everything could doubtless be learned at the house of the proprietor of the furnace, a mile and a half distant, whose son, a patriotic and gallant man, would be an excellent guide. He then said, 'Go with Mr. Hotchkiss (his topographical engineer) to the furnace, ascertain whether these roads meet, at what distance, and whether they are practicable for artillery; send Mr. Hotchkiss back with the information, and do you procure me a guide?'

"The desired information was speedily obtained; and it was discovered that the two roads crossed each other at the distance of a few miles; so that, by a circuit of fifteen miles, a point would be reached near Wilderness Run, several miles above the farthest outposts of Hooker. The intersecting road, by which the Orange Plank Road was to be regained, was known as the Brock Road."

This account, which was no doubt given to Dr. Dabney by

the Rev. B. T. Lacy, shows that General Jackson contemplated taking the route by the Furnace Road to where it crossed the Brock Road, and thence by the Brock Road across the Plank Road to the old turnpike near the Wilderness tavern, and Hotchkiss' map shows that this was the route followed by him. Hotchkiss' claim to have discovered a hitherto unknown route, by which the movement was effected is, therefore, unwarranted.

The statement that marching orders were not given to the Second Corps until after a meeting between Lee and Jackson Saturday morning, May 2nd, is not consistent with the facts, which appear in the official records, as will be seen from the following extracts from the "War of the Rebellion, Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies," Series 1, Vol. XXV:

EXTRACTS.

From the Report of Brig. Gen'l David B. Birney, U. S. A.

"About 8 o'clock I reported to Major-General Sickles that a continuous column of infantry, trains and ambulances was passing my front towards the right."

From the Report of Brigadier General George Doles, C. S. A.

"About 6 A. M., May 2nd, moved up dirt road about half a mile; filed off to the left on the Furnace Road, arriving at Germanna Road about 3:30 P. M."

From the Report of Brig. Gen'l S. D. Ramseur, C. S. A.

"Saturday, May 2nd, we were relieved about sunrise, and shortly thereafter marched by a series of circuitous routes, and with surpassing strategy to a position in the rear of the enemy."

From the Report of Col. J. M. Hall, 5th Alabama Regt.

"At sunrise, May 2nd, we resumed our march; were formed in line of battle in rear of Chancellorsville about 2:30 P. M. * * *.

From the Report of Capt. M. F. Bonham, 3rd Alabama Regt.

"May 2nd, moved at sunrise up the Plank Road, and after a circuitous march of nine hours, in which many men fainted and fell by the roadside, formed in line of battle on the Plank Road, in the enemy's rear."

NOTE.—Sunrise was about 6 A. M.

John Esten Cooke says in his "Military Biography of Stonewall Jackson": "The column commenced to move at daybreak," and Dr. Dabney states that General Jackson reached the furnace at the head of his column, "a little after sunrise."

These extracts from the Official Reports, and statements of General Jackson's biographers, suffice to show that the movements of the Second Corps, on May 2nd, began much earlier than the statement of Allan and Hotchkiss would indicate, and, if so, before their reported interview between Lee and Jackson could have occurred. There must, therefore, have been an understanding between Lee and Jackson that Hooker's right flank was to be turned by Jackson, and marching orders must have been given the night before for an early start on the morning of Saturday, May 2nd.

Hotchkiss' representation that there was time for him after daylight to go to the furnace, arouse Col. Welford, get information about the roads, return to General Jackson and make his report, and then for Generals Lee and Jackson to confer, and reach a conclusion before marching orders were issued to the Second Corps, is at variance with substantiated facts, even without what follows:

WHAT GENERAL LEE HAS SAID.

In a letter to Mrs. Jackson, dated January 25th, 1866, General Lee said, in commenting on the manuscript of Dr. Dabney's "Life and Campaigns of Lieut-General T. J. (Stonewall) Jackson," which had been submitted to him for examination before publication:

"I am misrepresented at the Battle of Chancellorsville in proposing an attack in front, the first evening of our arrival. On the contrary, I decided against it, and stated to General Jackson, we must attack on our left as soon as practicable; and the necessary movement of the troops began immediately. In consequence of a report received about that time, from General Fitz. Lee, describing the position of the Federal army, and the roads which he held with his cavalry leading to its rear, General Jackson, after some inquiry concerning the roads leading to the furnace, undertook to throw his command entirely in Hooker's rear, which he accomplished with equal skill and

boldness; the rest of the army being moved to the left flank to connect with him as he advanced."

Here we have from General Lee himself positive statements with which to test the accuracy of what has been said or written by others:

1. On the evening of his and Jackson's arrival in front of Hooker's position at Chancellorsville, which was Friday, May 1st, he decided against an attack in front, and stated to General Jackson that the attack must be on "our left," (which was General Hooker's right), that it must be made "as soon as practicable," and that the necessary movement of the troops "began immediately."

2. That about the same time (on the evening of Friday, May 1st), a report was received from General Fitz. Lee, "describing the position of the Federal army, and the roads which he held with his cavalry leading to its rear," and "General Jackson, after some inquiry concerning the roads leading to the furnace, undertook to throw his command entirely in Hooker's rear."

From this it seems clear that General Lee told General Jackson on the night of Friday, May 1st, when and how General Hooker's army was to be attacked, and that General Jackson, after some inquiry concerning the roads leading to the Furnace undertook "to carry out the plan of attack indicated to him by General Lee, and commenced the movement of his troops into position at once.

General Jackson's inquiry about the roads *leading to* the Furnace was obviously to enable him to determine the line of march of each of his divisions, from where they halted Friday night, to the Furnace, from which point he led his troops in person, as stated by Dr. Dabney.

General Lee gave to General Jackson all the credit of having undertaken and successfully carried out the movement around Hooker. He was writing to Mrs. Jackson, and if he could have truthfully accorded to her dead husband all the credit claimed for General Jackson by Dr. Dabney, he would certainly have done so in specific terms; but he did not say

that General Jackson *proposed* the movement he undertook to execute.

In General Lee's official report of the Battle of Chancellorsville, he says:

"It was evident that a direct attack upon the enemy would be attended with great difficulty and loss, in view of the strength of his position and his superiority of numbers. It was, therefore, resolved to endeavor to turn his right flank and gain his rear, leaving a force in front to hold him in check and conceal the movement. The execution of this movement was entrusted to Lieutenant-General Jackson, with his three divisions. The commands of Generals McLaws and Anderson, with the exception of Wilcox's Brigade, which during the night had been ordered back to Banks' Ford, remained in front of the enemy.

"Early on the morning of the 2nd, General Jackson marched by the Furnace and Brock roads, his movement being effectually covered by Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry, under General Stuart in person. * * * .

"The movement by which the enemy's position was turned and the fortune of the day decided was conducted by the lamented Lieutenant-General Jackson." * * * .

The personal recollections of such members of General Lee's staff as have been recorded, were, for reasons already stated, written many years after the occurrences to which they bear witness, and it would be strange indeed if they were in perfect accord, but they all agree with Dr. Dabney, that it was at a conference between Lee and Jackson Friday night, that the attack on Hooker's rear was decided upon, the material point of difference between Dr. Dabney and Lee's staff officers being as to whether Lee or Jackson originated the rear attack on Hooker.

Col. W. H. Taylor, of Lee's staff, in his "Four Years with General Lee," published in 1878, says in his account of the Battle of Chancellorsville:

"Encouraged by the counsel and confidence of General Jackson, he (General Lee) determined still further to divide his army; and while he, with the divisions of Anderson and

McLaws, less than fourteen thousand men, should hold the enemy in his front, he would hurl Jackson upon his flank and rear, and crush and crumble him as between the upper and nether millstone. The very boldness of the movement contributed much to insure its success."

General Fitzhugh Lee, in his address at the Ninth Annual Re-union of the Virginia Division of the Army of Northern Virginia Association, in 1879, says:

"The problem presented to General Lee's mind on Friday night, May 1st, was to decide how best to attack Hooker's army on the morning of May 2nd. Time was an important element; for near Fredericksburg, in his rear, was Sedgwick, largely outnumbering the Confederate force in front under Early. During the afternoon General Lee wished to attack from his right, and cut Hooker off from the United States Ford, severing his communications with Sedgwick, and rode down himself and examined the line all the way to the river, but found no place where he could do so. Returning at night, he found Jackson, and asked if he knew of any place to attack. Jackson said, 'No.' Lee said, 'Then we must get around on the Federal right.' Jackson said he had been enquiring about roads by the furnace. Stuart came up then, and said he would go down to the furnace, and see what he could learn about roads. He soon returned with Rev. B. T. Lacy, who said, 'A circuit could be made around by Wilderness Tavern;' and a young man living in the county, and then in the cavalry, was sent for to act as guide.

"Ah! what an earnest talk Lee and Jackson had on the night of May the 1st. At sunset they took their seats on a log on the right, or north side, of the Plank Road, and a little distance in the woods. Colonel Marshall, the well-known aide-de-camp of General Lee, was the only other person present, having been ordered to come to the spot for the purpose of writing a letter to Mr. Davis, dictated by General Lee. Marshall sat on the end of a fallen tree, within three feet of the two generals, and heard every word that passed between them, and this is what he tells me Lee and Jackson talked about on that eventful night:

“ ‘ Jackson spoke to General Lee about what he had seen and heard during the advance, and commented upon the promptness with which the enemy had appeared to abandon his movements toward Fredericksburg when opposed, and the ease with which he had been driven back to Chancellorsville, and concluded by expressing the opinion very decidedly, and repeating it more than once, that the enemy would recross the Rappahannock before morning. He said, in substance, “By to-morrow morning there will not be any of them on this side of the river.”

“ ‘ General Lee expressed the hope that General Jackson’s expectations might be realized, but said “he did not look for such a result; that he did not believe the enemy would abandon his attempt so easily,” and expressed his conviction that the main body of General Hooker’s army was in his front, and that the real move was to be made from this direction, and not from Fredericksburg. On this point there was a great difference of opinion among our higher officers, and General Lee was the only one who seemed to have the absolute conviction that the real movement of the Federal army was the one he was then meeting. In this belief he never wavered from the first. After telling General Jackson that he hoped his opinion might be proved correct, General Lee added, “But, General, we must get ready to attack the enemy if we should find him here to-morrow, and you must make all arrangements to move around his right flank.” General Lee then took up the map and pointed out to Jackson the general direction of his route by the Furnace and Brock roads. Some conversation took place as to the importance of endeavoring to conceal the movement from the enemy, and as to the existence of roads further to the enemy’s right, by which General Jackson might pass so as not to be exposed to observation or attack. The general line of Jackson’s route was pointed out, and the necessity of celerity and secrecy was enjoined upon him. The conversation was a lengthy one, and at the conclusion of it, General Lee said to Jackson, “that before he moved in the morning, if he should have any doubt as to whether the enemy was still in position, he could send a couple of guns to a spot close by, open fire on the enemy’s position, which would speedily settle the question.” From the spot referred to, two of our guns had to be withdrawn that afternoon, as the infantry were suffering from the fire they were draw-

ing from the enemy. General Jackson then withdrew, and General Lee dictated to Colonel Marshall a long letter to President Davis, giving him fully the situation. In it he regretted he could not have the assistance of Pickett's and Hood's divisions, but expressed his confidence in the good judgment that had withdrawn and kept them from him, and closed with the hope that, notwithstanding all our dangers and disadvantages, Providence would bless the efforts which he was sure his brave army would make to deserve success.'

"I give all this detail to show the errors writers upon Chancellorsville have fallen into, in reference to the ORIGIN of Gen-Jackson's famous flank movement.

"And as settling the question as to who originated this movement, I give the following extract from a letter written by General Lee to Rev. Dr. A. T. Bledsoe, in reply to one from Dr. Bledsoe, in which he asked the direct question as to whether Jackson's move originated with himself or was suggested by General Lee:

"LEXINGTON, VA., *October 28th, 1867.*

"*Dr. A. T. Bledsoe, Office 'Southern Review,' Baltimore, Md.;*

"MY DEAR SIR:—In reply to your inquiry, I must acknowledge that I have not read the article on Chancellorsville in the last number of the *Southern Review*, nor have I read any of the books published on either side since the termination of hostilities. I have as yet felt no desire to revive my recollections of those events, and have been satisfied with the knowledge I possessed of what transpired. I have, however, learned from others that the various authors of the *Life of Jackson* award him the credit of the success gained by the Army of Northern Virginia, where he was present, and describe the movement of his corps, or command, as independent of the general plan of operations, and undertaken at his own suggestion and upon his own responsibility. I have the greatest reluctance to do anything that might be considered as detracting from his well deserved fame, for I believe that no one was more convinced of his worth, or appreciated him more highly than myself; yet your knowledge of military affairs, if you have none of the events themselves, will teach you that this could not have been so. Every movement of an army must be well considered and

properly ordered, and every one who knows General Jackson must know that he was too good a soldier to violate this fundamental military principle. In the operations around Chancellorsville, I overtook General Jackson, who had been placed in command of the advance, as the skirmishers of the approaching armies met, advanced with the troops to the Federal line of defenses, and was on the field until their whole army recrossed the Rappahannock. There is no question as to who was responsible for the operations of the Confederates, or to whom any failure would have been charged.

"What I have said is for your own information. With my best wishes for the success of the *Southern Review*, and for your own welfare, in both of which I take a lively interest,

"I am, with great respect, your friend and servant,

"R. E. LEE."

General A. L. Long, of General Lee's staff, in his "Memoirs of Robert E. Lee," published in 1886, says:

"It was obvious that the Federal position was too formidable to be attacked in front with any hope of success; therefore, Lee proceeded to devise a plan by which the position of Hooker might be turned and a point of attack gained from which no danger was apprehended by the Federal commander.

"General Lee was informed that the Rev. Mr. Lacy, a chaplain in Jackson's corps, was familiar with the country about Chancellorsville. Mr. Lacy informed the General that he had been pastor of a church near Chancellorsville, and was well acquainted with all the roads in that neighborhood, and that troops could be conducted to a designated point beyond Chancellorsville by a road sufficiently remote from the Federal position to prevent discovery. With this information Lee determined to turn the Federal position and assail it from a point where an attack was unexpected. The execution of a movement so much in accordance with his genius and inclination, was assigned to General Jackson, Captain Carter acting as guide.

"The above statement is made from personal knowledge of the writer, gained on the ground at the time; still, since some of Jackson's biographers have allowed their partiality for him to so far outstrip their knowledge of facts as to claim for him

the origin of the movement, I will introduce, in corroboration of my statement, the following letter, from General Lee, published in the address of General Fitzhugh Lee, before the Southern Historical Society."

Here follows General Lee's letter to Dr. A. T. Bledsoe, as already given above.

"The last interview between Lee and Jackson, during which this important movement was decided upon, was an occasion of great historical interest, in regard to which the writer is fortunately able to add some information from his own knowledge of the circumstances, and that of other members of General Lee's staff. He has been favored by Major T. M. R. Talcott with certain important details of this event, conveyed in a private letter, from which the following extract is made:

"My recollections of the night before the Battle of Chancellorsville are briefly as follows:

"About sunset General Jackson sent word to General Lee (by me) that his advance was checked, and that the enemy was in force at Chancellorsville. This brought General Lee to the front, and General Jackson met him in the southeast angle of the Chancellorsville and Catherine Forge roads.

"General Lee asked General Jackson whether he had ascertained the position and strength of the enemy on our left, to which General Jackson replied by stating the result of an attack made by Stuart's cavalry near Catherine Forge about dusk. The position of the enemy immediately in front was then discussed, and Captain Boswell and myself were sent to make a moonlight reconnoissance, the result of which was reported about 10 P. M., and was not favorable to an attack in front.

"At this time Generals Lee and Jackson were together, and Lee, who had a map before him, asked Jackson, 'How can we get at these people?' To which Jackson replied, in effect, 'You know best. Show me what to do, and we will try to do it.' General Lee looked thoughtfully at the map; then indicated on it, and explained the movement he desired General Jackson to make, and closed by saying, 'General Stuart will cover your movement with his cavalry.' General Jackson listened attentively, and his face lighted up with a smile while General Lee

was speaking. Then rising and touching his cap, he said, 'My troops will move at four o'clock.'

"Having, in the manner here described, settled upon the plan of operations for the ensuing day, the two generals, accompanied by their staff officers, repaired to a neighboring pine thicket, where an open space, well sheltered by overhanging boughs, afforded the party a good bivouac. The day having been a fatiguing one, they lost little time in preparing for the night's repose. Each selected his ground for a bed, spread his saddle blanket, substituted his saddle for a pillow and his overcoat for covering, and was soon in a happy state of oblivion."

Colonel Marshall is not entirely accurate in the account he furnished General Fitzhugh Lee in 1879, of the conference between Lee and Jackson, for he leaves no room for what passed between them in my presence. It is evident that what occurred in the presence of each of us was at different times during a conference which lasted several hours. To my certain knowledge Lee and Jackson met on the Plank Road, at or near the road to the Catherine Furnace, while it was yet daylight, for they had to move aside out of range of the enemy's sharpshooters, one of whom had climbed a big pine tree, and could be seen to fire occasional shots at some Confederate artillery which had just come up and halted on the Plank Road.

Generals Lee and Jackson were together in conference when Captain J. K. Boswell, Chief Engineer of the Second corps, and myself started on our reconnoissance, which must have required one, and perhaps, two hours, and also when we reported to them the result of it. At what hour we started I do not recollect, but it was more than an hour after sunset, for I well remember that as we pursued our way through the woods towards the Federal lines, we passed the body of a young Confederate, lying with upturned face in the cold moonlight. Twenty-four hours later my companion of that night was lying dead in the Wilderness, where Jackson fell wounded, and whenever the gallant Boswell has since been mentioned, I recall the appearance of the dead boy on the picket line in front of Chancellorsville, on whom we looked together. So vivid is my recollection of this, my only close association with Captain Boswell,

that I cannot be mistaken either as to the fact of our reconnoissance, or our report to Generals Lee and Jackson after our return, which was probably about 10 P. M.

In my letter to General Long, I may have been mistaken in saying that it was at this late hour that General Lee asked General Jackson, "How can we get at these people?" For in light of what Colonel Marshall has said, it seems probable that this question was put by General Lee, and replied to by General Jackson at an earlier hour, soon after their conference began, and before, instead of after, the reconnoissance in Hooker's front was made. What Colonel Marshall says passed between Lee and Jackson must have occurred while Captain Boswell and myself were out on our reconnoissance, in which case what we heard on our return was to some extent a repetition of what had been previously discussed in the presence of Colonel Marshall, as to what could be done in case an attack on Hooker's front, which would save valuable time, was impracticable.

If it had been already known positively that an attack in Hooker's front was out of the question, the reconnoissance would not have been ordered; and although General Lee and General Jackson were considering what else might be done whilst waiting for our report, it stands to reason that the very hazardous movement around Hooker's right was not finally decided upon until the last hope of a successful attack in front was abandoned, on the information obtained by Captain Boswell and myself as to the strength of the enemy's position and defenses in front of Chancellorsville.

Colonel Marshall seems also to be mistaken in saying that General Lee dictated a letter to President Davis on the night of May 1st, for General Lee wrote to Mr. Davis on May 2nd, in part, as follows:

"I have no expectations that any reinforcements from Longstreet or North Carolina will join me in time to aid in the contest at this point, but they may be in time for a subsequent occasion.

"We succeeded in driving the enemy from in front of our position at Tabernacle Church, on all the roads back to Chancellorsville, where he concentrated in a position remarkably fav-

orable for him. We were unable last evening to dislodge him. I am now swinging around to my left to come up in his rear.

"I learn, from prisoners taken, that Heintzelman's troops from Washington are here, and the enemy seems to have concentrated his strength for this effort. If I had with me all my command, and could keep it supplied with provisions and forage, I should feel easy, but, as far as I can judge, the advantage of numbers and position is greatly in favor of the enemy."

This letter, which is in the Official Records, precludes the idea of a letter the night of May 1st, such as Colonel Marshall says was dictated by General Lee to Mr. Davis, "giving him fully the situation," unless General Lee had forgotten what he wrote the night before.

It is evident that Dr. Dabney corrected his manuscript with General Lee's letter to Mrs. Jackson before him, for he omitted the statement that General Lee proposed to attack General Hooker's position at Chancellorsville in front, and adopted almost the exact language of General Lee in stating what it was decided to do, but he used the word "proposed," which was not General Lee's, probably through inadvertence, or on the supposition that it expressed General Lee's true meaning as well or better than "undertook."

What General Lee did say was, that General Jackson "undertook to throw his command entirely in Hooker's rear," but Dr. Dabney says that General Jackson "proposed to throw his command entirely into Hooker's rear," and further controversy on the question is practically narrowed down to the meaning of the word "undertook," as used by General Lee in his letter to Mrs. Jackson.

What General Lee wrote to Mrs. Jackson should be taken in connection with his official report and his letter to Dr. Bledsoe, thus:

"In the operations around Chancellorsville I overtook General Jackson, who had been placed in command of the advance as the skirmishers of the approaching armies met, advanced with the troops to the Federal line of defenses, and was on the field until their whole army recrossed the Rappahannock. There is

no question as to who was responsible for the operations of the Confederates, or to whom any failure would have been charged."

"It was evident that a direct attack upon the enemy would be attended with great difficulty and loss, in view of the strength of his position and his superiority of numbers. It was, therefore, resolved to endeavor to turn his right flank and gain his rear, leaving a force in front to hold him in check and conceal the movement. The execution of this movement was entrusted to Lieutenant General Jackson with his three divisions. * * *.

"General Jackson undertook to throw his command entirely in Hooker's rear, which he accomplished with equal skill and boldness. * * *.

"The movement by which the enemy's position was turned and the fortune of the day decided was conducted by the lamented Lieutenant General Jackson."

The order to attack Hooker's rear followed a report made by General Fitzhugh Lee that the Federal right on the Plank Road was, as Colonel Henderson says:

"In the air: that is, it was protected by no natural obstacle, and the breast works faced south, and south only. It was evident that attack from the west or northwest was not anticipated, and Lee at once seized upon the chance of effecting a surprise."

No one has claimed for General Fitzhugh Lee the credit of having proposed the attack on Hooker's rear, although his report of the conditions which made it practicable, was obviously a suggestion of what might be done if conditions elsewhere permitted the detachment of a sufficient force for the purpose. It was for the commanding general alone to decide whether the opportunity could be availed of, what force could be detached for the purpose, to whom the command should be entrusted, with what force his lines in Hooker's front could be maintained; and how Sedgwick was to be held in check until the rear of Hooker was reached and the right wing of his army crushed. The responsibility was all Lee's, and to him, first of all, belongs the credit of what was accomplished. The credit of having well performed the parts allotted to them, was shared

by his subordinate commanders, but is chiefly due to Jackson, to whom the more difficult task was assigned. Whatever credit is due for suggesting what was done belongs to General Fitzhugh Lee, and Colonel Henderson truly says that to his skill and activity the victory of Chancellorsville was in great part due.

All this responsibility rested on General Lee, and more, for as Colonel Henderson says, "To take advantage of the opportunity, the first rule of war must be violated." Could either Fitzhugh Lee or Jackson relieve him of such responsibility? Emphatically, No! All that any subordinate could do was to lay before the commanding general the facts ascertained by him on his part of the field, and when the chief, with his wider knowledge of conditions, had matured his plans, undertake with confidence the part allotted to him, and execute with his utmost skill and vigor the designs of his superior.

The claim that General Jackson at the last moment hastily proposed to take his entire command and execute a hazardous movement of his own devising and practically dictated to General Lee what he was to do meanwhile, is a reflection on the soldierly qualities of General Jackson, and General Lee resented such an imputation when he said to Dr. Bledsoe:

"Every movement of an army must be well considered and properly ordered, and everyone who knew General Jackson must know that he was too good a soldier to violate this fundamental military principle."

Three hours before sunset General Lee was on the Plank Road, two miles east of Chancellorsville. At four P. M., he sent a dispatch to General Stuart, of which the following copy is taken from the official records:

"PLANK ROAD, 2 MILES FROM CHANCELLORSVILLE,
"May 1st, 1863, 4 o'clock.

"Major General Stuart, Commanding Cavalry;

"The captured prisoners agree in stating that this is Meade's corps with which we are now engaged, and that Howard's corps preceded them across the Rapidan, and has taken some other

road. This is the only column that we can find in this direction. What has become of the other two?

"Meade appears to be falling back.

"I am very respectfully, yours, etc.,

"R. E. LEE, *General.*"

It must have been soon after sending this that he received General Jackson's message saying the enemy had made a stand at Chancellorsville, and moved forward on the Plank Road to the meeting with General Jackson, which, for reasons already stated, could not have occurred later than 6:30 or 7:00 P. M., after which time they were in close proximity until the next morning; yet we are told by Hotchkiss that no plan of attack was decided on, and no orders for the movement of troops were given until several hours after daylight Saturday morning.

Hotchkiss makes it appear that owing to imperfections in the maps prepared by the Confederate engineers before the Battle of Chancellorsville, General Jackson did not know how to reach Hooker's rear until the morning of May 2nd, when he (Hotchkiss) obtained information of a hitherto unknown road, which met all the requirements of a detour around Hooker's right, and laid it down on the map for General Jackson's information and guidance. Jackson's chief engineer, Captain Boswell, was still alive on the morning of May 2nd, and it was to him that General Jackson would naturally look for such information, and not to Hotchkiss, who was one of Captain Boswell's subordinates. Furthermore, from the account given by Dr. Dabney, it appears that it was from the Rev. B. T. Lacy that General Jackson sought information Saturday morning, of some shorter route than that by the Furnace and Brock roads, which had been indicated by General Lee the night before.

In order to show what information Generals Lee and Jackson had before them, and what was proposed when they were in conference Friday night, I submit herewith an enlarged copy of part of Campbell's map of Spotsylvania county, upon which I have noted the Federal position as it was at that time, the Confederate lines in front of Chancellorsville, the movement of Jackson's Corps, and its position for attack at 6 P. M., on Saturday, May

2nd. A close examination of this map shows that even the by-road suggested by Dr. Lacy as a cut-off was already laid down on Campbell's map, as well as the roads which were followed by the Second corps on May 2nd, 1903, and there is no material difference in the roads around Chancellorsville, as laid down by Campbell before the battle, and as shown by Hotchkiss on his map, which was made *after the battle*.

With Campbell's map before them on the night of May 1st, and the position of General Hooker, ascertained, as I have shown it thereon, there is no reason why General Lee should not have been able to indicate to General Jackson the route to Hooker's rear by the Furnace and Brock roads, as stated by Colonel Marshall, and the fact that General Jackson did follow the route indicated by General Lee is fully established not only by Hotchkiss' map, published in 1867, but by official maps, and by General Lee's official report.

I have, I think, shown that the evidence is all against Hotchkiss' account of how the movement of Jackson around Hooker originated, and that Dr. Dabney's claim that General Jackson "proposed," the movement rests on the meaning of the word "undertook," as used by General Lee in his letter to Mrs. Jackson, while General Lee has himself stated in no uncertain language:

First. That he and he alone was responsible for the operations of the Confederates.

Second. That when he overtook General Jackson on the evening of May 1st, he decided against an attack in front, and stated to him that "we must attack on our left as soon as possible."

Third. That it was resolved that night to turn Hooker's right flank and gain his rear.

Fourth. That the *execution* of this plan was entrusted to General Jackson, who *undertook* to throw his command in Hooker's rear.

Fifth. That *early* on the morning of May 2nd, General Jackson marched by the Furnace and Brock roads.

Sixth. That the movement by which the enemy's position was turned and the fortunes of the day decided, was *conducted* by General Jackson.

The strategy at Chancellorsville was General Lee's, and nowhere does he even intimate that General Jackson was entitled to the credit of originating it; but he was most careful and particular in according to General Jackson credit for the tactical skill displayed by him in the execution of the plan of attack.

General Lee never shirked responsibility, even when his orders were not properly carried out, and always accorded to his subordinates full measure of recognition for what they contributed to his success. Where criticism was due, it can be discovered in his reports, if at all, only by his failure to commend; but he could not by silence assume to himself credit that properly belonged to another.

General Lee says in his letter to Dr. Bledsoe, that the movement of Jackson's Corps (as a part of the Army of Northern Virginia), or his command (when detached), could not have been independent of the general plan of operations, for every movement of an army must be well considered and properly ordered, and Jackson was too good a soldier to violate this fundamental military principle.

Even when General Jackson was operating in the Valley of Virginia, in 1862, the movements of his command were a part of the general plan of operations, under the direction and control of General Lee as commanding general, as may be easily seen from the official correspondence between Lee and Jackson at that time. Colonel Taylor calls attention to this correspondence, and gives one of General Lee's letters in April, 1862, of which he retained the original draft; but it was not until Colonel Henderson published his book in 1897, that the inspiration of Jackson's Valley campaign was made clear as a part of Lee's general plan of operations in the State of Virginia, based not only upon conditions as they existed in the Valley of Virginia, but on the general situation and movements of the enemy against Richmond *via* the Peninsula and Fredericksburg.

Very soon after General Lee assumed the duties of Commander-in-Chief, in April, 1862, he wrote to General Jackson:

"I have no doubt that an attempt will be made to occupy Fredericksburg, and use it as a base of operations against Richmond. Our present force there, is very weak, and cannot be reinforced, except by weakening other corps. If you can use General Ewell's division in an attack on Banks, it will prove a great relief to the pressure on Fredericksburg."

A few days later, when the enemy was collecting a strong force at Fredericksburg, General Lee so informed General Jackson, and further said:

"For this purpose they must weaken other points, and now is the time to concentrate on any point that may be exposed within our reach. * * *.

"The blow, whenever struck, must, to be successful, be sudden and heavy. The troops must be efficient and light. I cannot pretend at this distance to direct operations depending on circumstances unknown to me, and requiring the exercise of discretion and judgment as to time and execution, but submit these ideas for your consideration."

In commenting on the defects in the Federal strategy of exterior lines, in the spring of 1862, Colonel Henderson says:

"On April 29th, Johnston proposed to Mr. Davis that his army should be withdrawn from the Peninsula, and that the North should be invaded by way of the Valley. Lee, in the name of the President, replied that some such scheme had been for some time under consideration; and the burden of his letters, as we have seen, both to Ewell and Jackson, was that a sudden and heavy blow should be struck at some exposed portion of the invading armies. * * *.

"It was indeed unfortunate for the North that at this juncture the military affairs of the Confederacy should have been placed in the hands of the clearest-sighted soldier in America. It was an unequal match, Lincoln and Stanton against Lee; and the stroke that was to prove the weakness of the Federal strategy was soon to fall."

General Jackson well understood and fully appreciated what he was expected to do if an opportunity offered, but also that he must refrain from doing anything that might interfere with the general plan of operations. A conspicuous instance of this is related by Colonel Henderson, who says, with reference to Jackson's plans for attacking the Federals under Banks':

"But, although authorized to draw Ewell to himself and carry out the project on which his heart was set, he still kept in view the general situation. After he had dispatched the above letter (to General Lee with reference to an attack on Banks), a report came in which led him to believe that Ewell was more needed on the Rappahannock than in the Valley. Lee had already informed him that McDowell's advanced guard had occupied Falmouth, on the north bank of the river, opposite Fredericksburg, on April 19th, and that General Field had fallen back.

"Jackson, in consequence, permitted Ewell to remain near Gordonsville, close to the railway; assuring Lee that 'he would make arrangements so as not to be disappointed should Ewell be.'

"The various authors of the Life of Jackson," to whom General Lee refers, did not have Colonel Henderson's trained military perceptions to enable them to appreciate the relative positions of Lee and Jackson, and how impossible it was for the latter to take the initiative and act independently of the commanding general, but it was surely great lack of discernment when Dr. Dabney said, in his account of the conference before Chancellorsville that General Lee had already commanded his troops to commence a movement towards his left; meaning the divisions of Anderson and McLaws; as if Lee and Jackson had separate commands instead of Jackson's Corps being a part of the army commanded by General Lee.

The reasons why the claim that General Jackson originated the movement of his Corps around Hooker cannot be admitted, may be stated as follows:

First. The probabilities are all against Jackson's having proposed a movement, the success of which would greatly enhance his reputation for vigor, determination and tactical skill, while in case of failure all the responsibility for the disaster would fall upon General Lee.

Second. The witnesses for and against the claim that Jackson originated the movement around Hooker are in direct conflict, and the testimony of the witnesses who claim the credit for General Jackson, is at variance with facts officially recorded at the time.

Third. What General Lee has said precludes the possibility of Jackson's having proposed the movement; for when in 1866 and again in 1867 the opportunity was afforded him to confirm the claim made by Dr. Dabney that General Jackson "proposed" the movement around Hooker at Chancellorsville, while he stated all that Jackson had done, he made no admission that the proposition to do what was undertaken and accomplished was originated by anyone but himself.

This large map, which I have used to show the position of the contending forces and the route of the 2nd Corps, is a copy of one published by Dr. Dabney in 1866, with his account of the Battle of Chancellorsville, and is additional evidence that Jackson's line of march was by the well known Furnace and Brock Roads, as indicated by General Lee, and not by a newly discovered road, as claimed by Hotchkiss.

Giving full consideration to the above evidence, I can see no reason to doubt that my above quoted personal recollections of the interview between Lee and Jackson on the night of May 1st, 1863, in the presence of Captain Boswell and myself, as given in writing to General A. L. Long, is a correct statement of what occurred.

PRISON REMINISCENCES.

By **HON. JAMES F. CROCKER.**

**An Address, Read Before Stonewall Camp, Confederate Veterans,
Portsmouth, Virginia, February 2d, 1904.**

[The estimation in which Judge Crocker is held is evinced in the brief item which appeared a day or so since: "Judge James F. Crocker will convene the Court of Hustings for Norfolk, Va., in January, (1907) and with it will end his career on the bench—a career that has been attended with much credit to himself, and of great benefit to the public. He has served six years, and was not a candidate for re-election." Two admirable addresses by Judge Crocker, "My Personal Experiences in Taking up Arms and in the Battle of Malvern Hill," and "Gettysburg—Pickett's Charge," are included in Vol. XXXII, *Southern Historical Society Papers*. —ED.]

In the charge of Pickett's Division at the battle of Gettysburg I was wounded and taken prisoner. With some others I was taken to the Twelfth Corps Hospital, situated in the rear of the left battle line of the Federals. I was here treated with much kindness and consideration. Among other officers who showed me kindness was Col. Dwight, of New York. Professor Stoeber, of Pennsylvania College, at which I graduated in 1850, on a visit to the Hospital met me, accidentally, and we had a talk of the old college days.

I wore in the battle a suit of gray pants and jacket. They were a little shabby. After I had been at the hospital a few days it occurred to me that I ought to make an effort to get a new outfit so as to make a more decent appearance. The ways and means were at command. I wrote to an old friend and former client, then living in Baltimore, for a loan. A few days afterwards two Sisters of Charity came into the hospital and inquired for me. They met me with gracious sympathy and kindness. One of them took me aside, and, unobserved, placed in my hand a package of money, saying it was from a friend, and requested no name

be mentioned. They declined to give me any information. I never knew who they were. There was a mystery about them. They could not have come for my sake alone. But this I know, they were angels of mercy.

I made known to the authorities my wish to go to Gettysburg, and while there to avail myself of the opportunity of getting a new suit. The authorities of the hospital, through Col. Dwight, conferred on me a great honor—the honor of personal confidence—absolute confidence. They gave me a free pass to Gettysburg, with the sole condition that I present it at the Provost office there and have it countersigned. I went alone, unattended. The fields and woods were open to me. They somehow knew—I know not how—that I could be trusted; that my honor was more to me than my life.

On my way to town I called by the Eleventh Corps Hospital, to which General Armistead had been taken, to see him. I found that he had died. They showed me his freshly made grave. To my inquiries they gave me full information. They told me that his wound was in the leg; that it ought not to have proved mortal; that his proud spirit chafed under his imprisonment and his restlessness aggravated his wound. Brave Armistead! The bravest of all that field of brave heroes! If there be in human hearts a lyre, in human minds a flame divine, that awakens and kindles at the heroic deeds of man, then his name will be borne in song and story to distant times.

I had my pass countersigned at the Provost office. It gave me the freedom of the city. There were many Federal officers and soldiers in the city. It was a queer, incongruous sight to see a rebel lieutenant in gray mingling in the crowd, and apparently at home. They could see, however, many of the principal citizens of the town cordially accosting, and warmly shaking by the hand, that rebel. I met so many old friends that I soon felt at home. As I was walking along the main street, a prominent physician, Dr. Horner, stopped me and renewed the old acquaintanceship. He pointed to a lady standing in a door not far away, and asked me who it was. I gave the name of Miss Kate Arnold, a leading belle of the college days. He said, "She is my wife and she wants to see you." There was a mutually cordial meeting. While standing in a group of old

friends I felt a gentle tap on my shoulder from behind. It was my dear old professor of mathematics, Jacobs. He whispered to me in his kindest, gentlest way not to talk about the war. I deeply appreciated his kindness and solicitude. But I had not been talking about the war. The war was forgotten as I talked of the olden days.

On another street a gentleman approached me and made himself known. It was Rev. David Swope, a native of Gettysburg, who was of the next class below mine. He manifested genuine pleasure in meeting me. He told me he was living in Kentucky when the war broke out. He recalled a little incident of the college days. He asked me if I remembered in passing a certain house I said to a little red-headed girl with abundant red curls, standing in front of her house, "I'll give you a levy for one of those curls." I told him that I remembered it as if it were yesterday. He said that little girl was now his wife; and that she would be delighted to see me. He took me to a temporary hospital where there were a large number of our wounded. He had taken charge of the hospital, and manifested great interest in them and showed them every tender care and kindness. I fancied that those Kentucky days had added something to the sympathy of his kind, generous nature towards our wounded; and when I took leave of him, I am sure the warm grasp of my hand told him, better than my words, of the grateful feelings in my heart.

I must ask indulgence to mention another incident. I met on the college campus a son of Prof. Baugher, who was then president of the college, and who was president when I graduated. The son gave me such a cordial invitation to dine with him and his father that I accepted it. They were all very courteous; but I fancied I detected a reserved dignity in old Dr. Baugher. It was very natural for him to be so, and I appreciated it. The old Doctor, while kindhearted, was of a very positive and radical character, which he evinced on all subjects. He was thoroughly conscientious, and was of the stuff of which martyrs are made. He was thoroughly orthodox in his Lutheran faith; and in politics, without ever hearing a word from him, I venture to say he was in sympathy with, I will not say, Thaddeus Stevens, but with Garrison and Phillips. My

knowledge of him left me no need to be told that his views and feelings involved in the war were intense. And there he was, breaking bread with a red handed rebel in his gray uniform, giving aid and comfort to the enemy. Was he not put to it to keep mastery of himself?

Happy for man that he is double sighted; that there is within him a quality allied to conscience,—call it charity—that enables him to choose on which side to look. The venerable Doctor saw before him only his old student, recalled only the old days, and their dear memories. If there was anything between his heart and his country's laws, there was nothing between his heart and his Saviour's sweet charity.

And here I must relate an incident of those old days not wholly irrelevant and inopportune. I graduated in 1850. I had the honor to be the valedictorian of my class. In preparing my address I took notice of the great excitement then prevailing on account of the discussion in Congress of the bill to admit California as a State into the Union. Great sectional feeling was aroused through this long protracted discussion in the Senate. One senator dared use the word "disunion" with a threat. The very word sent a thrill of horror over the land. I recall my own feeling of horror. In my address to my classmates I alluded to this sectional feeling, deprecating it, and exclaimed, "Who knows, unless patriotism should triumph over sectional feeling but what we, classmates, might in some future day meet in hostile battle array."

Dr. Baugher, as president of the college, had revision of our graduating speeches, and he struck this part out of my address. But alas! it was a prophetic conjecture; and members of our class met in after years, not only in battle array, but on the fields over which, in teaching botany, Prof. Jacobs had led us in our study of the wild flowers that adorned those fields.

Many other incidents occurred on this day deeply interesting to me, but they might not interest others. I returned to the hospital, but not before leaving my measure and order with a tailor for a suit of gray, which was subsequently delivered to me.

It was a queer episode—a peace episode in the midst of war. This experience of mine taught me that the hates and prejudices engendered by the war were national, not individual; that indi-

vidual relations and feelings were but little affected in reality; and that personal contact was sufficient to restore kindness and friendship.

A short while afterwards I was taken from the Twelfth Corps Hospital to David's Island, which is in Long Island Sound, near and opposite to New Rochelle, in New York. A long train from Gettysburg took a large number of Confederate wounded, not only from the Twelfth Corps Hospital but from other hospitals, to Elizabethport, and from there the wounded were taken by boat to David's Island. We were taken by way of Elizabethport instead of by way of Jersey City, on account of a recent riot in New York City. All along, at every station at which the train stopped, it seemed to me, our wounded received kind attentions from leading ladies, such as Mrs. Broadhead and others. These ladies brought them delicacies in abundance; and at Elizabethport these attentions became so conspicuous that Federal officers complained of the neglect of the Union wounded on the train, and forced the Southern sympathizers, as they called them, to distribute their delicacies between the wounded of both sides.

When we arrived at David's Island, we found there a first-class hospital in every respect. It was called "De Camp General Hospital." It consisted of a number of long pavilions, and other buildings delightfully and comfortably arranged, and furnished with every appliance needed to relieve the wounded and sick. It had been previously occupied by the Federal sick and wounded. It was quite a relief for us to get there. After our arrival, with those already there, three thousand Southern wounded soldiers occupied these pavilions. Only a few of these were officers. Most of the wounded were in a very pitiable condition. The New York Daily Tribune, of Wednesday, July 29, 1863, had this to say of them:

THE SICK AND WOUNDED.

"The sick and wounded Rebels were handled with the same care and tenderness that is bestowed upon our own invalid soldiers. Those who could not walk were gently carried on stretchers, and those who were able to stand upon their feet were led carefully from the boat to the hospital pavilions. They were in

a wretched condition—dirty, ragged, and covered with vermin—their soiled and torn uniforms, if such they may be called, were stained and soaked with blood; and their wounds, which had not been dressed from the time of the battles at Gettysburg until their arrival here, were absolutely alive with maggots. Many of them had suffered amputation—some had bullets in their persons—at least a score have died who were at the point of death when the boat touched the wharf.

“On their arrival here they were dressed in the dirty gray coats and pants, so common in the Southern army. Shakespeare’s army of beggars must have been better clad than were the Confederate prisoners. One of the first acts of Dr. Simmons, the surgeon in charge, was to order the prisoners to throw aside their ‘ragged regimentals,’ wash their persons thoroughly and robe themselves in clean and comfortable hospital clothing, which consists of cotton shirts and drawers, dressing gown of gray flannel, and blue coat and trousers of substantial cloth.

“Their old rags were collected in a heap and burned, notwithstanding the great sacrifice of life involved. We looked about the island in vain to find a butternut colored jacket, or Rebel uniform. The 3,000 prisoners did not bring with them enough clean linen to make a white flag of peace had they been disposed to show any such sign of conciliation.”

Who were these dirty, ragged soldiers, whose soiled and torn uniforms, if such they could be called, were stained and soaked with blood? The world knows them as the gallant followers of Lee, whose triumphant valor on every field, and against all odds, had filled the world with wonder and admiration,—who suffered their first defeat at Gettysburg—suffered from no want of courage on their part as Pickett’s charge shows, but solely from want of prompt obedience to Lee’s orders. The three thousand wounded Confederate soldiers, in these pavilions, were the very flower of the South—the sons and product of its best blood; inheritors of a chivalric race, the bone and sinew of the land, bright, intelligent, open-faced and open-hearted men; including in their ranks many a professional man—many a college student—readers of Homer and Plato—readers of Virgil and Cicero. There were among these ragged-jacket wearers

men who, around the camp fires, could discuss and quote the philosophy and eloquence of the Greek and the Roman. These were the men who bore with cheerfulness, and without complaint, the conditions described; who asked only that by their service and suffering their country might be saved.

Yes, it was of these men, in these pavilions, that the assistant surgeon of the hospital, Dr. James E. Steele, a Canadian by birth, said to me: "Adjutant, your men are so different from those who formerly occupied these pavilions; when I go among your men they inspire in me a feeling of companionship."

In the same article of the Tribune there is something personal to myself. I will lay aside all false modesty, and quote it here for preservation for those who take an interest in me.

ADJUTANT J. F. CROCKER.

"In pavilion No. 3 we saw several Confederate officers, with one or two exceptions, they were able, the nature of their wounds rendering it painful for them to sit up. One of these officers, however was sitting at a table writing a letter. He was very civil and communicative. He was a native of Virginia, a graduate of Pennsylvania College at Gettysburg, where he was wounded—a lawyer by profession, and really a man of superior talents and culture. He has brown hair and a broad high forehead. He is apparently 35 years of age. He said it was impossible for the North to subdue the South. The enemy might waste their fields, burn their dwellings, level their cities with the dust, but nothing short of utter extermination would give the controlling power to the North. The intelligent people of the South looked upon the efforts to regain their rights as sacred, and they were willing to exhaust their property and sacrifice their lives, and the lives of their wives and children, in defending what they conceived to be their constitutional rights. They would consent to no terms save those of separation, and would make no conditions in relation to the question of slavery. They would suffer any calamity rather than come back to the Union as it was. They would be willing to form any alliance with any country in order to accomplish the fact of separation. 'Such are my sentiments,' said the Adjutant. 'I will take the liberty of

asking my comrades if they endorse what I have said. Captain J. S. Reid, of Georgia, Adjutant F. J. Haywood, of North Carolina, Captain L. W. McLaughlin, of Louisiana, Lieut. T. H. White, of Tennessee, L. B. Griggs, of Georgia, Lieut. M. R. Sharp, of South Carolina, Lieut. S. G. Martin, of Virginia, all responded favorably as to the opinions presented by their spokesman. Mr. Merwin asked the Adjutant what he thought of the fall of Vicksburg, Port Hudson, Jackson, and the defeat in Pennsylvania. 'We have seen darker days,' replied the Adjutant; 'when we lost New Orleans, Fort Donelson, and Island No. 10. We shall now put forth extra efforts, and call out all the men competent to bear arms.' This officer undoubtedly represents the views of some of the leading men in the Confederate Army, but there is a diversity of opinion here among officers and men. If they seem to acquiesce in the opinion of such men as Adjutant Crocker, who appears to be deeply in earnest, and who looks and speaks like a brave and honest man, they do not generally respond to his views and sentiments. He says the North is fighting for the purpose of abolishing slavery, and that appears to be the prevailing opinion among the prisoners in his pavilion."

The Tribune with this article came, when it was published, into the hands of a friend who wrote: "I saw and read with a thrill of pride that piece in the N. Y. Tribune that spoke of you. I felt proud indeed to know that one of whom an enemy could speak in such terms was a friend of mine. I shall preserve it to read with increased pleasure in the future." The hand that preserved it, in after years, placed it in my Scrap-Book where now it is.

There came to David's Island a group of ladies as devoted, as self-sacrificing, and as patriotic as ever attended the wounded in the hospitals of Virginia. They gave up their homes and established themselves in the kitchens attached to the pavilions. With loving hands and tender sympathy they prepared for our sick every delicacy and refreshment that money and labor could supply. It was to them truly a service of love and joy. These were Southern-born women living in New York City and Brooklyn.

From their pent-up homes, and their close hostile environ-

ment, within which there was no liberty to voice and no opportunity to show their deep passion of patriotism, they watched the fortunes of the beloved Confederacy with an interest as keen, and an anxiety as intense, as was ever felt by their mothers and sisters in the Southland. Imagination itself almost fails to depict the avidity and joy with which they availed themselves of this opportunity to mingle with, and to serve our wounded and to give vent to their long suppressed feelings and sympathy. It was my great pleasure personally to know some of these. There were Mrs. Mary A. Butler, widow of Dr. Bracken Butler, of Smithfield, Virginia; and her sister, Miss Anna Benton, daughters of Col. Benton, formerly of Suffolk, but who many years before the war, removed to New York. There were also Miss Kate Henop and Miss Caroline Granbury, both formerly well known in Norfolk; Mrs. Algernon Sullivan, Winchester, Va., the wife of the distinguished lawyer of New York, and Mrs. Susan Lees, of Kentucky, who after the war adopted the children of the gallant cavalryman, Col. Thomas Marshall, who was killed in battle. There were others whose names have escaped me. If there ever be erected a monument to the women of the South, the names of these patriotic women of whom I have been speaking, should be inscribed on its shaft.

A Virginian, then living in Brooklyn, whose peculiar circumstances prevented his returning to his native State, Dr. James Madison Minor, made me frequent visits for the happiness of giving expression to his feelings. He said it was an inexpressible relief. His little daughter, wishing to do some thing for a Confederate soldier, out of the savings from her monthly allowances, bought and gave me a memorial cup which I still have.

Mrs. James Gordon Bennett came to the Island with a coterie of distinguished friends, among whom was General Dix. She brought a quantity of fine wines for our wounded. She with her friends came to my pavilion, and asked for me. The surgeon in charge, Dr. James Simmons, had referred her to me. When I presented myself, she said: "Adjutant Crocker, I wish to do something for your men. I do not mean mere words." With some pride of independence, I replied, "There is nothing I can ask for my comrades;" and then I quickly said: "Yes, Mrs.

Bennett, there is one request I wish to make of you for them, and I feel that you, as a woman of influence, can do something for us." She shrugged her shoulders in the polite French style, and said she was but a woman, with only a woman's influence. I made a complimentary reply and said to her: "Mrs. Bennett, my companions here had their clothing battle-torn and blood-stained. They are now in need of outer clothing. They have friends in New York City who are willing and ready to furnish them; but there is an order here forbidding our soldiers from receiving outer clothing. Now, my request is that you have this order withdrawn, or modified, so as to permit our men to receive outer clothing." She promptly replied that she would use all her influence to accomplish the request,—that she expected to have Mrs. Lincoln to visit Fort Washington (her home) next week, and she would get her to use her influence with the President to revoke the order. The New York Herald of the next day, and for successive days, had an editorial paragraph calling public attention to the order, telling of the exposure of the wounded and sick prisoners to the chilling morning and evening winds of the Sound, and insisting, for humanity's sake, that the order should be revoked. Afterwards I received from Mrs. Bennett the following note:

FORT WASHINGTON, *Sept. 14th*, 1863.

SIR:

Yesterday Mrs. Lincoln visited me at Fort Washington. I embraced the opportunity to ask her to use her influence in regard to the request you made me. She assured me she will attend to it immediately on her return to Washington. For all your sakes I sincerely hope she may succeed. I have done all in my power. I can do no more. Hoping that your prison hours may pass lightly over,

I remain with best wishes for yourself and brother officers,

Yours truly,

H. A. BENNETT.

To Adjutant Crocker."

Mrs. Bennett conversed freely with me about her husband. She said he was always a sincere friend of the South; that when, upon the firing upon Fort Sumter, the wild furor swept the

City of New York and demanded that the American flag should be displayed on every building, Mr. Bennett refused to hoist the flag on the Herald Building, and resisted doing so until he saw the absolute necessity of doing it. She said he wept over the condition of things. She spoke also of her son James. She said that when Vicksburg fell "Jimmy came to me with tears in his eyes, saying, 'Mother, what do you think? Vicksburg has fallen. Brave fellows—brave fellows!'" I replied that it was the tribute which brave men ever pay to the brave.

Dr. James Simmons, the surgeon in charge of the Hospital, was a native of South Carolina. Somehow he took a great fancy to me, and gave me a warm friendship. He took me into his confidence and talked freely with me about his surroundings, and how he came to remain in the Federal service. He married Miss Gittings, the daughter of the well known banker of Baltimore. He became a citizen of Maryland, and while waiting for his State to secede, he became involved in the Federal service, and found that he could not well leave; and he concluded that as a non-combatant he would probably have opportunities of serving our captured and wounded soldiers. He himself was not beyond suspicion; for I remember his saying to me in his office, with a motion, referring to the writers in his office, "these are spies on me." The Federal authorities, I believe, had in the war more or less suspicion about the Southern officers in the army,—that they did not fully trust them until like General Hunter, they showed cruelty to their own people. Real traitors are always cruel. Benedict Arnold on the border of the James, and on our own waters here was more cruel with the firebrand and sword than even Tarleton was. Let it ever be thus. Let infamous traits be ever allied to infamous treachery. I occasionally met Mrs. Simmons, who, I believe, spent most of her time at New Rochelle. Her warm grasp of the hand told more plainly than words that the sympathies of her heart were deeply with us. I made a request of Dr. Simmons. His kind heart could not refuse it. I told him I wanted a Confederate uniform,—that I had a friend in New York City from whom I could get it—that I knew it was against orders for him to grant my request. He answered: "Have it sent to my wife at New Rochelle." I had

my measure taken and sent to New York. Soon I received a full lieutenant's uniform in Confederate gray of excellent quality, which I, afterwards, on returning home at the end of the war, wore for a while for lack of means for getting a civilian's suit.

While at Johnson's Island to which prison I was taken after leaving David's Island, and when the exchange of prisoners had been suspended, I made special effort to obtain an exchange. For this purpose, I wrote to my brother, Rev. Wm. A. Crocker, the Superintendent of the Army Intelligence Office at Richmond, and got him to see Judge Ould, the Commissioner of Exchange on my behalf. I at the same time wrote to Dr. James Simmons to aid me in getting exchanged. I received from Dr. Simmons the following letter and enclosure:

"Medical Directors' Office,

Department of the East,

NEW YORK, *Feby. 13th*, 1864.

Dear Sir:

Your letter of the 11th Jany. did not reach me until a few days since. I have written to Colonel Hoffman in your behalf and sincerely hope that he may grant your request. I am but slightly acquainted with Col. Hoffman, and can only hope that the justice of the case may cause him to grant your request. If I can be of any service to you pray command me. I send a copy of my letter to Colonel Hoffman, and regret I did not receive your letter sooner. Be kind enough to remember me to Captain Butler, Kincaid and others.

Very truly yours,

J. SIMMONS.

Capt. J. F. Crocker,

Prisoner of War,

Johnson's Island."

"NEW YORK, *Feby. 13th*, 1864.

Colonel:

I enclose you a letter from Captain J. F. Crocker, prisoner of war now at Johnson's Island. The letter which reached me only a few days since was directed to David's Island, Captain Crocker supposing I was in charge of that hospital. If anything can be done for him not inconsistent with the regulations

of your department, I am sure you would be conferring a favor upon a gentleman and a man of honor and refinement. The orderly behavior of the prisoners while at David's Island was in a great measure due to the influence of this gentleman.

I am, Colonel,

Your obedient servant,

J. SIMMONS, Surg. of &c.

Colonel Hoffman,

Comr. Genl. of Pris.,

Washington, D. C."

With other officers I left David's Island for Johnson's Island on the 18th of September, 1863. While on the steamer going to New York City, Dr. James E. Steele, the assistant surgeon of the Island, before mentioned, came to me and asked me if I had an Autograph Book. He said a lady wished to see it. I gave it to him. He soon returned it, cautioning me about opening it. When he left me I opened it. Two names had been written in it, J. M. Carnochan, M. D., and Estelle Morris Carnochan, and within the leaves there was a ten-dollar note. I took it as a token of good feeling towards me, and as a compliment delicately made. Dr. Carnochan was a native of South Carolina. He then lived in New York City, and was by far the most eminent surgeon of that city. He frequently came down to David's Island to perform difficult operations on our wounded. His wife, as I understood it at the time, was the daughter of General Morris, of Maryland, and her mother was the daughter of the famous founder and editor of the *Richmond Enquirer*, Thomas Ritchie.

In passing from New York City through the great States of New York and Ohio to Sandusky, one thing deeply impressed me—the great number of men in civilian's clothes of the military age, who gathered at the railroad stations. I said to myself, "War in the North is fully organized—with such resources of men and war material, it is prepared to conduct the war for an indefinite time, and that it was with the North only a question of finances and of public opinion." It renewed my grief at our defeat at Gettysburg. That was the pivotal point of the war. A great victory there would have achieved peace, and would

have enabled the South, instead of the North, to determine the terms of reunion and reconstruction. Had it not been for the delinquency of some of our generals, Lee's Army would have won a complete and decisive victory on the first and second days of that battle, as I have explained in my address on "Gettysburg—Pickett's Charge."

We arrived at Johnson's Island about the 19th of September, 1863. The following officers of my regiment, the 9th Va. Infantry, had already reached there: Maj. Wm. James Richardson, Captains Henry A. Allen, Jules O. B. Crocker, and Harry Gwynn; Lieutenants John H. Lewis, John Vermillion, Samuel W. Weaver, John M. Hack, Henry C. Britton, M. L. Clay, Edward Varnier and Henry Wilkinson. I was assigned to a bunk in Block 12. This building consisted of large rooms with tiers of bunks on the sides. Subsequently I with four others occupied room 5, Block 2. My room-mates and messmates were, Captains John S. Reid, of Eatonton, Ga., and R. H. Isbell, of Tuscaloosa, Ala., and Lieutenants James W. Lapsley, of Selma, Ala., and John Taylor, of Columbia, S. C.

The first incident of personal interest to me after my arrival in this prison occurred thus: I met on the campus Colonel E. A. Scovill, the Superintendent of the prison. I said to him: "Colonel, you have an order here that no one is allowed to write at one time more than on one side of a half sheet of letter paper. I have a dear, fair friend at my home in Portsmouth, Va., and I find it impossible for me to express one tithe of what I wish to say within the limits prescribed." He replied: "Write as much as you wish, hand me your letters to your friend, and tell her to answer to my care." That kind act of Col. Scovill made him my personal friend, and he afterwards did me other important kindnesses. I believe that the surest way to become a friend to another, is to do that other person a kindness. A kindness done has more effect upon the donor, than upon the recipient, in creating mutual interest. This gracious favor of Col. Scovill was highly appreciated, and it added happiness to me and to my dear friend.

I brought my battle-wound with me, unhealed, to Johnson's Island. I had not been there long before gangrene appeared in

it. It was a critical moment. My friend, Dr. Brodie Strauchan Herndon, of Fredericksburg, Va., a prisoner, by immediate and severe remedy arrested the gangrene at once; and soon afterwards made a permanent cure of the wound, and also restored my general health. The tardiness of my wound in healing was caused by the low condition of my health. On our way to Pennsylvania, I sat on my horse in the mid-stream of the Shenandoah while my regiment, the 9th Va., waded across. I did the same when it crossed the Potomac. When we reached Williamsport I went under the treatment of our surgeon. It was there, for the first time since I was twelve years old, a drop of intoxicating liquor passed my lips, save at the communion table.

It was owing to the condition of my health that a slight injury on my lip, while at David's Island, caused by my biting it, although not malignant, refused to heal. Finally I was advised by Dr. Herndon to have it cut out. He said, however, that the operation could not be safely performed in the prison on account of a tendency to gangrene. I obtained permission to go to Sandusky for the purpose. I was given a parole. I went to the leading hotel in the city. There I met—strange coincidence—with Mr. Merritt Todd and his wife, both natives of my own county, Isle of Wight, Va., friends of my father in their early days, with their granddaughter, Parker Cooke, then about fourteen years of age. Their home before the war was in Norfolk. Mr. Todd had established a large and lucrative business in curing hams in Cincinnati where he owned valuable real estate. To prevent the confiscation of his property he made Ohio the State of his residence during the war, and was at this time in Sandusky. Nothing under the circumstances could have added more to my happiness than thus to be thrown in intimate intercourse with these friends.

I reported to the Federal surgeons. They received me most courteously. They seated me in a chair for the operation. They asked me if I wished to take an anæsthetic. It instantly flashed in my mind to show these kind surgeons how a Confederate soldier could bear pain, and I answered No! I sat in the chair from the beginning to the end of the operation without a groan or a token of pain. Their work was done skillfully, effectively

and kindly. The trouble never returned. These officers were very polite and hospitable to me. In return for their hospitality I had one or more of them to dine with me at the hotel. Don't raise your hands in horror! Why should I have been less a gentleman than they? Once a gentleman,—always a gentleman—under all circumstances a gentleman. No true Southern soldier ever lost in war his good manners or his humanity.

I again had the freedom of a Northern city. And although I walked the streets in Confederate gray, no one showed the slightest exception to it or showed me the least affront. But on the contrary, there was one citizen of the place, to the manor born, who visited me almost daily—and a very clever and strong man, too, he was. According to his account, he had been ostracized; his home had been surrounded and threatened by mobs; he had been hooted and maltreated on the streets. Why? He said because he was a Democrat and opposed to the war. He was a genuine "Copperhead," and either from intolerance or other cause, he was a warm sympathizer with the South. The opportunity to express his sympathy was a great relief and gratification to him. He never tired of talking about Lee and his battles and his successes. He had reached a state of mind when he was even glad to hear of the defeat of his country's armies and the success of ours. At the end of four weeks, I returned to the Island.

When I first reached Johnson's Island I found that the rations given to the prisoners, while plain, were good and abundant. Within the prison was a sutler's store from which the prisoners were allowed to buy without restraint. Boxes of provisions and clothing from friends were permitted. To show the liberality with which these were allowed, I received from my dear brother, Julius O. Thomas, of Four Square, Isle of Wight county, Virginia, a box of tobacco which he had kindly sent as a gift to me, through the lines under the flag of truce. It was as good to me as a bill of exchange, and I disposed of it for its money value. This condition continued until the issuing of orders, said to be in retaliation of treatment of Federal prisoners at Andersonville. These orders put the prisoners on half rations, excluded the sutler's store from the prison, and prohibited the receipt of all boxes of provisions—with a discretion to the surgeon in charge

to allow boxes for sick prisoners. The result of these orders was that the prisoners were kept in a state of hunger—I will say in a state of sharp hunger—all the time. My messmates whom I have before mentioned, were as refined and as well bred as any gentlemen in the South; and they had been accustomed to wealth. We employed a person to cook our rations, and to place them on the table in our room. What then? Sit down and help ourselves? No. We could not trust ourselves to do that. We would divide up the food into five plates as equally as we could do it. Then one would turn his back to the table, and he would be asked: "Whose is this, and this," and so on. And when we had finished our meal, there was not left on our plates a trace of food, grease or crumb. Our plates would be as clean as if wiped with a cloth; and we would arise from the table hungry—hungry still—ravenously hungry. We no longer disdained the fat, coarse pork—the fatter, the better. It was sustenance we craved. No longer did we crave deserts and dainties. The cold, stale bread was sweeter to us than any cake or dainty we ever eat at our mother's table. We would at times become desperate for a full meal. Then by common consent we would eat up our whole day's rations at one meal. And then, alas, we would get up with hunger—hungry still. My God, it was terrible! Yet we kept in excellent health. I said it then, and I have said it hundreds of times since, that if I had an enemy whom I wished to punish exquisitely, I would give him enough food to keep him in health with a sharp appetite, but not enough to satisfy his appetite. I would keep him hungry, sharply, desperately hungry all the time. It was a cruel, bitter treatment, and that, too, by a hand into which Providence had poured to overflowing its most bounteous gifts.

One practical lesson I learned from this experience; that a hungry man can eat any food, and eat it with a relish denied kings and princes at their luxurious boards. It has made me lose all patience with one who says he cannot eat this, and cannot eat that. Between such an one and starvation there is no food he cannot eat, and eat with the keenest enjoyment.

Shall I leave out of my story a bright, happy page? No. On the 13th of January, 1865, there was sent by express to me at Johnson's Island, a box prepared and packed by the joint

hands of a number of my friends at home then within the lines of the enemy, full of substantial and delicious things. The mail of the same day carried to Lt. Col. Scovill the following note:

PORTSMOUTH, VA., *January 13th, 1865.*

Lt. Col. Scovill:

Colonel: To-day by express I send a box of provisions for my friend, Adjutant J. F. Crocker. If there should be any difficulty in regard to his having the articles sent, will you do me the favor to use your influence with the surgeon in obtaining his permission for their delivery? If you will, I shall take it as a new kindness added to that one granted by you in the past, and shall not feel less grateful for this, than I did, and do still feel for that.

Yours respectfully, _____."

This note was sent into me with the following endorsement:

"Jany. 17th, 1865.

Adjt.: Make an application to Surgeon Woodbridge and enclose it to me.

Yours, &c.,

A. E. SCOVILL,
Lt. Col. & Supt."

Application was made, and that box was sent in immediately to me. Yes, it was a new and added favor from this warm, generous-hearted officer and man; and I have ever since borne in my heart and memory a kind and grateful feeling towards him. My messmates and I had a royal feast.

I cannot omit to notice the religious feeling that prevailed in the prison, and I cannot better do so than to copy here a letter written by me at the time.

JOHNSON'S ISLAND, *Sunday, July 10th, '64.*

This is the holy Sabbath, my dear friend. Can I better interest you than by giving you a religious view of our prison? There are many things in prison life, if properly improved, that conduce to religious sentiments. A prisoner's unfortunate

condition, of itself, imposes upon him much seriousness, and in his long unemployed hours reflection grows upon him. There is a pensive sorrow underlying all his thoughts, and his sensibilities are ever kept sensitive by the recollection of home, and the endearments of love from which he is now indefinitely excluded, while his patriotic anxieties are constantly and painfully alive to the wavering fortunes of his country. You will not therefore be surprised to learn that there is here a high moral tone and religious feeling. The present campaign was preceded by daily prayer meetings here, and for a long time afterwards kept up. And it would have done your heart good to have heard the earnest appeals that rose to the throne of the Great Ruler of Nations from every block. You can imagine the great burden of these earnest prayers. These prayer meetings are still of almost daily occurrence. We have here also our Bible Classes, and also our Christian Associations, that do a great deal of good. But above all we have our sermons on the Sabbath and other days. Among the officers here are a number of prisoners who are ministers. It is one of our greatest privileges that these are allowed to preach to us unmolested, and with all freedom. I can scarce ever attend one of these services without having my eyes moistened. There are two subjects that never grow trite, though never passed over without allusion in these services—our country and the loved ones at home. These ever elicit the hearty amen, and the tender tear. These touch the deepest and strongest chords of our hearts. Ah! was country ever loved as it is by its far off imprisoned soldiers! Was home and its dear ones ever loved as by him who sighs in imprisonment. The heart grows hallowed under these sacred, tender influences. Shut out from the beautiful green earth we learn to look up to the sky that is above us; and through its azure depths and along the heights of its calm stars, our thoughts like our vision, rise Heavenward. Many a one who entered these prison bounds with a heart thoughtless of his soul's high interests, has turned to his God; and now nearly on every Sabbath there is either some one baptized or added to some branch of the Church. It is a high gratification to make this record of my fellow comrades, and I know it will be a delight to you.

Your devoted friend,
_____."

The death and burial of Lt. Henry Wilkinson, Company B, 9th Va., deeply affected me; and I cannot deny him a kind word of mention in these pages. He was the only one of my regiment who died in the prison. He was severely wounded at Gettysburg, at the Bloody Angle. He was from Norfolk. He was a gallant, conscientious, patriotic soldier. He asked only once for a furlough. That came to him after we had started or were about to start on our Pennsylvania campaign. He declined it. It was to him as if he were taking a furlough in the presence of the enemy. There was something pathetic in the refusal. It was to give him opportunity to meet, and see, one whom he loved. He sacrificed to duty the heart's dearest longing.

Well do I remember his burial. That open grave is even now clearly before me, as vividly as on that day. His comrades are standing around. There is a tender pathos in the voice of the holy man, a Confederate minister, who is conducting the solemn service. There are tears in the eyes of us all. The deep feeling was not from any words spoken but a silent welling up from our hearts. The inspiration felt in common was from the occasion itself—the lowering down the youthful form of this patriotic soldier into the cold bosom of that bleak far off island—so far away—so far from his home and kindred—so far away from the one that loved him best. Well do I remember as I stood there looking into that grave into which we had lowered him, there came to me feelings that overcame me. I seemed to identify myself with him. I put myself in his place. Then there came to me as it were the tender wailing grief of all who loved me most—dear ones at home. Even now as I recall the scene, the feelings that then flowed, break out afresh and I am again in tears.

EXCHANGED.

BY A LADY IN KENTUCKY.

From his dim prison house by Lake Erie's bleak shore
He is borne to his last resting place,
The glance of affection and friendship no more
Shall rest on the Captive's wan face.
The terms of the Cartel his God had arranged
And the victim of war has at length been "exchanged."

His comrades consign his remains to the earth

With a tear and a sigh of regret,
From the land he could never forget.

He died far away from the land of his birth
'Mid the scenes of his boyhood his fancy last ranged
Ere the sorrows of life and its cares were "exchanged."

The clods of the Island now rest on his head

That the fierce storms of battle had spared
On the field that was strewn with the dying and dead
Whose perils and dangers he shared.

From home and from all that he loved long estranged
Death pitied his fate and the Captive "exchanged."

(Copied in my Autograph Book when on the Island.)

The United States government had suspended the exchange of prisoners so long that it had become a general belief of the prisoners that they would be kept in prison until the close of the war. The renewal of exchange came as a great joy to us all. It was not only personal freedom we craved, but we desired to renew again our service in our armies in behalf of our country. There had been several departures of prisoners, when, on the morning of the 28th of February, 1865, I received notice to get ready to leave, and that I was to leave at once. In a few moments I had packed up some of my belongings—as much as I could carry in a dress suit case, and joined my departing comrades. We were taken by rail to Baltimore, and from thence by steamer down the Chesapeake Bay and up the James to Aiken's Landing, which place we reached on the 3rd of March. There was no incident on the way worthy of note. I recall, however, the deep emotion with which I greeted once again the shores and waters of dear Virginia. It brought back to me the impassioned cry of the men of Xenophon, "The Sea! The Sea!" I recall as we came up Hampton Roads how intently I gazed towards this dear home city of ours, and how, as we entered the mouth of the James, I seemed to embrace in fond devotion the familiar shores of my native county. Ah! how we love our native land—its soil, its rivers, its fields, its forests! This love is God-implanted, and is, or should be, the rock-basis of all civic virtue.

At Aiken's Landing we were transferred to our Confederate steamer. "Once again under our own flag," I wrote on the Confederate steamer and sent it back by the Federal steamer to my home city to gladden the hearts of my friends there.

We landed at Rocketts, Richmond. As we proceeded up on our way to General Headquarters, and had gone but a short distance, we saw a boy selling some small apples. We inquired the price. "One dollar apiece," was the answer. It was a blow—a staggering blow—to thus learn of the utter depreciation of the Confederate currency. I may just as well say here that all the prisoners at Johnson's Island stoutly maintained their confidence in the ultimate success of our cause. They never lost hope or faith. They never realized at all the despondency at home. The little boy with his apples told me that it was not so in Richmond. I at once seemed to feel the prevailing despondency in the very air, and as we made our way up the street I felt and realized that there was a pall hanging over the city.

When I reached General Headquarters I found out that we were not exchanged, that we were prisoners still, paroled prisoners. I was given a furlough. Here it is before me now:

"Headquarters Department of Richmond,

RICHMOND, VA., *March 3d, 1865.*

In obedience to instructions from the Secretary of War the following named men (paroled prisoners) are granted furloughs for 30 days (unless sooner exchanged) at the expiration of which time they will, if exchanged, rejoin their respective commands.

Adj't. J. F. CROCKER, 9th Va. Regt.

By order of Lieut-General EWELL.

J. W. PEGRAM,

A. A. General."

The next day I went to the "Pay Bureau Q. M. Department." I was paid \$600 in Confederate notes. I have before me the certificate that was given me.

RICHMOND, VA., *March 4th, 1865.*

I certify that I have this day paid First Lieut. and Adj't.

Jas. F. Crocker, 9th Va. Regiment, from 1 June to 30 Nov., 1862, pay \$600.

GEO. A. BARKSDALE,
Capt. & A. Q. M."

I took what was given me. I asked no questions. I made no complaint. I concluded that the market would not stand a much larger issue, or the boy would raise the price of his apples. I informed the department that I wished to go to see my brother, Julius O. Thomas, in Isle of Wight county. I was given transportation tickets with coupons to go and return. I went by the Richmond and Danville Railroad to Danville, thence to Raleigh, thence to Weldon and thence to Hicksford. From Hicksford I was to make my way as well as I could. I reached without difficulty our ancestral home, Four Square, where my brother lived. I shall never forget the kind and loving welcome he and his dear wife gave me. It was indeed a true home-coming. The prison half-rations were forgotten. I remained about three weeks. I then started for Richmond to report to Headquarters to see if I had been exchanged or not. I took the train in Southampton county for Weldon and thence to Raleigh. When I reached Raleigh I heard that Richmond had fallen. When I reached Danville, I learned that Lee's retreat had been cut off from Danville. I then determined to go across the country to see my brother, Rev. Wm. A. Crocker, who was living the other side of Campbell Court House, and with whom was my dear mother. I took the stage to Pittsylvania Court House. When I reached there, I learned that Lee's army was operating in the direction of Appomattox. While waiting there a few days in uncertainty, a section of a battery was drawn up in the Court House square, abandoned and disbanded. While the men were unhitching the horses, I said to them that I had \$100 in Confederate notes in my pocket which I would be glad to give for one of the horses. A horse was at once handed to me and I gave them my last \$100 in Confederate notes. I mounted this horse, and rode him bareback to my brother's.

On my way I met large bodies of unarmed soldiers going South to their homes. Their silent walk and sad faces told of a sorrow in their hearts. These were Lee's men. They had

surrendered at Appomattox their arms but not their honor. They were heroes—but they were not conscious of it. They were unconscious of their fame and glory. These were they of whom the world was to declare they made defeat as illustrious as victory.

When I came in sight of my brother's home, I saw that his woods near the road were on fire, and that persons were engaged in fighting the fire. I saw that my brother was among them. I jumped off my horse, broke off the top of a bush, and approaching my brother from behind I commenced fighting the fire a short distance from him, turning my back on him. I had been thus engaged for some time, unobserved, and without a word, when I heard, suddenly, the cry: "Brother! My Brother!" I was in his arms and he in mine, and we wept—wept tears of affection and joy at meeting, and wept tears of sorrow over our lost country. All was over.

AN ADDRESS BEFORE THE LADIES' MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

With Glowing Apostrophe to General T. J. Jackson, at
Charlotte, N. C., May 10th, 1906.

By Hon. R. T. BENNETT, Late Col. of the 14th N. C.
Regiment, C. S. A.

[As to other addresses of Col. Bennett and notice of his admirable career, see *Southern Historical Society Papers*, Vol. XXXIII, p. 65.—ED.]

*Madame President, Ladies of the United Daughters of the
Confederacy, Citizens :*

When that illustrious man William Edward Gladstone lay in the crisis of his fate, which closed in his death May 18th, 1898, messages of sympathy from the foremost men of our Christian world were read to him, and he murmured at intervals, "Kindness, kindness, kindness!" at length as prayers were ended he exclaimed, "Amen!"

There is sunshine in my soul to-day. You have given me manifestations of sympathy akin to affection.

An old man taken in the act of doing right is your guest to-day. I value beyond weights and measures the good opinion of our people, whether they be plain people, official people, or such as determine alone or in council public opinion, that mysterious and invisible power which no man can resist—more frequently right than any man can fathom or forecast. Need I pause to define public opinion as the conception of the best and foremost thought of the time, the day, the hour. It is not the cry of the multitude, "Crucify him! Release to us Barabbas," but of the still small voice, "Be just and fear not."

I quiver with emotion in the presence of this audience, cultured and adorned with every embellishment of beauty. I reckon the

census of immortal events wrought here by the good limbs of our people.

I miss the lionhearted Jones, the intrepid Flemming, the unmatched Waring, glorious Greer, my virtuous friend John E. Brown, the steady Barringer and perennial Vance.

“At their tombs my tributary tears I offer for my brethren’s obsequies.”

I asked my wife if it would be risking too much with this assemblage of worthies to indulge my sense for humor. With Confederate precision she retorted against it and I am sworn to a severe demeanor.

I am not to herald discordant notes. Peace on earth to men of good will enthuses me. If I may twang the bow of Ulysses I recognize that you cannot annihilate the past. Verily you must not suspect me capable of infidelity to that past. Genius when young is divine.

Charles Dickens, the most pathetic of all English writers, in one of his letters from Rome, represents the early Christians of Rome as having sought and found sanctuary in the catacombs of the Eternal City, where they worshipped the God of the Christian. Their hiding place having been discovered, fathers, mothers were slain by the men of the law—the lynchers of the Apocalypse, the mot of the day.

The men who hang others upon the Statue of Liberty while professing a mission for free speech, freedom of conscience. The children of those slain for their faith witnessing the awful tragedy of fathers and mothers immolated, rush upon their tormentors crying aloud: “We are Christians.” By an access of unspeakable tenderness they were lifted above fear and looked upon death as a mere incident of life.

Those of us who were completely possessed with the principles of 1861—on fire with its scope and energy—“A burning bush.”

We are Confederates now henceforth eternally. Our methods of observation and reasoning now, as then, are the sheet anchor of our principles. We extenuate nothing—naught exaggerate in malice. Calumnies cast at the government are not our weapons.

Who would not love his country with all his might? Is she not made of our secular traditions, our unrivaled glories, our reverses, and of the genius of our great men, writers, thinkers, poets,

orators and captains crowned with victory or sanctified by misfortune? Is she not made of the brilliance of our cities, the charm of our villages of the soil, which covers the remains of our predecessors, of an industry whose power is miraculous, and of the earth which the workmen render fruitful? She is all this ; the thought of her fills and possesses us, it makes our hearts beat, it uplifts our souls and dominating us, allows this high creation to be great in the world and respected.

A nation may succumb to force, but when her honor remains—eternal hope and lofty thoughts are not forbidden her if her children, “The Trustees of Posterity,” the best asset of a State, cherish piously the cult of their country and the religion of their parents.

Old man Carlyle laughed until hoarse when it was read to him that the mob of New York city, resisting the draft of 1863, hanged negroes to lamp posts, while Lincoln and Stanton were proclaiming the war as waged for freedom. What irony! Alas, what destiny! Alas, the deep damnation of their taking off.

Wordsworth said of the persistency of the Spaniards against Napoleon :

“That when a people are called suddenly to fight for their liberty, and are sorely pressed upon, their best field of battle is the floors upon which their children have played, the chambers where the family of each man has slept upon, or under the roofs by which they have been sheltered, in the gardens of their recreation, in the streets, or in the market place, before the altars of their temples, and among their congregated dwellings, blazing or uprooted.”

This is our Saints’ day—two score and three years ago amid the tangled undergrowth at Chancellorsville, the wound which released his noble soul was inflicted. Never did the death of one man exercise such influence upon a nascent or established State. Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North, the defender of the Christian religion, the great Turenne, the foremost tactician of his age, taken off by a stray shot—these were cruel blows—not comparable, however, to the death of that tempestuous Captain, God given, intoxicated with his mission. You have marvelled, no doubt, that he should have gone forward beyond his lines, as he did, I bring you the secret. The enemy staggering from the powerful stroke

inflicted by the rout of the afternoon, had recoiled within his lines and was making temporary field works against the onset of the morrow.

That great genius read through the darkness the trepidation of Hooker and decided to attack under cover of darkness. Trusting himself only, he ventured to find the weak joint in the enemy's armor. If he had come back to us as he went, we would have been hurled against Hooker, and the Army of the Potomac would have ceased to exist as a fighting unit.

I recall the march of Jackson's Corps from Fredericksburg to Chancellorsville the day before that battle—it was full of glories. Halting to rest along a narrow road, arms were stacked—in a line as crooked as the line of an old-fashioned Virginia fence. Suddenly the sound of a great multitude who had raised their voices in accord came over the tips of the bayonets. The very air of heaven seemed agitated—it was Nature's sympathy as in the total eclipse of the sun, the onrushing of the shadow has its herald on stronger air. The horse and his rider cross our vision. The simple Presbyterian Elder, anointed of God, with clenched teeth, a very statue, passes to his transfiguration.

No artist could express on canvas the face of that man in moments of excitement. I have been transported to the summit of action in battle by his presence. The *gaudium certaminis*. He was God's hermit.

It has been said of Adoniram Judson that his life was a perpetual incense to heaven. His example was worth to humanity all the money ever spent in the mission field.

How shall I appraise the influence of our illustrious captains and the obedience of their ragged cohorts! How shall I inventory their virtues!

The night before Chancellorsville my command laid close to the spot where the two foremost men of the army of Northern Virginia held high counsel over the situation. There General Lee, pointing to the Catherine Furnace Road, traced the detour around Hooker, and the morrow witnessed the execution of a great conceit of strategy in lofty vein.

And now as he passes to his rest, his face to heaven, he talks of elemental nature.

“Let us cross over the rivers and rest under the shade of the trees.”

I've called his name a statue, stern and vast
It rests enthroned upon the mighty past
Fit plinth for him whose image in the mind
Looms up as that of one by God designed.
Fit plinth in sooth! the mighty past for him
Whose simple name is glory's synonym!
Even fancy's self in her enchanted sleep
Can dream no future which may cease to keep
His name in guard, like sentinel, and cry
From time's great bastions, “It shall never die.”

THE ADDRESS OF HON. JOHN LAMB.

Delivered at Ashland, Va., on Memorial Day, Saturday,
May 26th, 1906.

Memorial day has grown into an institution among us. The old Confederate naturally becomes reminiscent when in the presence of his comrades he recalls the hardships, the sacrifices and the conflicts of 40 years ago. The features and the forms of those who stood shoulder to shoulder with him in the conflict, or fell by his side, come before his mind's eye as distinct as the scenes of yesterday. This is a day of sadness to him, not unmixed however, with the proud recollection that he was an humble factor in one of the grandest struggles for self government that has ever occurred on the earth.

As the younger people of this generation cannot enter into our feelings now, so they cannot imagine how we felt 40 years ago. The causes for that struggle, and the motives of those who participated have been so misrepresented and maligned by the historians of the day that it becomes the sacred duty of those who survive to vindicate the motives, and explain the principles, of the actors in that great drama.

The writers and speakers of the South owe it to our dead leaders, and the noble men who followed them, to vindicate their action in the eyes of mankind, and prove to all the world, that those who fought for the South were neither rebels nor traitors.

For this reason, my comrades and the older people here, will indulge me while I present some views not new to them, but intended for the rising generation — those perhaps who studied Barnes' and Fiske's histories.

We do not meet in our Camps or on Memorial occasions to discuss the abstract question of the right or wrong of the conflict that was waged with such fury 40 years ago. It is useless to raise this question. Possibly it may be urged that in some respects both sides were wrong. The historian of the future may probably declare that upon the strict construction of the Constitution one side was

right, and owing to the changed condition of National affairs, the other side was right.

The old Confederate has never consented to say he thought he was right. He believes the expression comes of too much complacency or from lack of grit. We did not discuss its expediency after the State made its choice. Our comrades who sleep beneath the sod, died for the right as they saw it. While memory holds its place, you and your sons and daughters will pay the homage of grateful and loving hearts to their heroism and value, as annually you strew their graves with flowers, and teach your children to lisp their names and revere their memories.

As we meet on these memorial occasions, or beside the graves of our heroes, without one bitter thought for those whom they met in deadly conflict, we thank God for the courage that enabled them to face the "dangers nature shrinks from," and to die in defense of the manhood and self respect of this Southland. We could not have tamely yielded our rights and convictions to avoid suffering and loss.

The necessity for the war was written in the history of the Colonies, in the climate, soil and productions of the different States, on the flag of the first ship that brought slaves to North America. The splendid eloquence and patriotism of Henry Clay and others delayed it. The madness of a few on both sides hastened it. Two questions had to be settled, the right of secession and chattel slavery.

Some writers have contended that it was worth all our dreadful financial losses; all the sufferings of the conflict and all the blood of our precious dead, to have these two questions flung behind us forever. From this conclusion I respectfully dissent, and will endeavor to show that the right of secession rested with the South, while slavery was an incident of, but not the cause of the war; and would have ceased in time without so drastic a measure.

The histories of the Civil war, as well as the books of fiction, by Northern writers, have left a baleful and erroneous impression on the minds of the present generation.

The Southern States exercised a power that had been claimed from the very adoption of the Constitution. In the early days of the Republic their statesmen recognized the theory that the Constitution was a compact between the sovereign States, entered into for the common welfare. The sovereignty of the States was recog-

nized and the idea of coercing a sovereign State was not entertained at all.

The proceedings of the Convention which framed the Constitution, as well as those of the States that ratified it, together with the debates, go to show that at the time there was little difference of opinion as to this question. Had the framers of the Constitution declared their intention to create a supreme Central Government to bind the States beyond all power of withdrawal, it never would have been ratified at all. This State, as well as New York, and possibly others, inserted in their resolutions of ratification a declaration that the powers vested by the Constitution in the United States of America, might be resumed by them when they should deem it necessary to prevent injury or oppression.

Early in the nineteenth century the doctrine of secession, characterized as treason and rebellion in 1861, was openly advocated in Massachusetts. Col. Pickering, a member of General Washington's cabinet, in July, 1804, wrote as follows: "The principles of our revolution point to the remedy—a separation. That this can be accomplished, and without spilling one drop of blood, I have no doubt. * * * I do not believe in the practicability of a long continued union. A Northern Confederacy would unite congenial characters and present a fairer prospect of public happiness; while the Southern States, having a similarity of habits, might be left to manage their own affairs in their own way. If a separation were to take place, our mutual wants would render a friendly and commercial intercourse inevitable. The Southern States would require the moral protection of the Northern Union, and the products of the former would be important to the navigation and commerce of the latter. * * It (meaning the separation) must begin in Massachusetts. The proposition would be welcome in Connecticut, and could we doubt New Hampshire? But New York must be associated, and how is her concurrence to be obtained? She must be made the centre of the Confederacy. Vermont and New Hampshire would follow of course, and Rhode Island of necessity."

This letter shows that Col. Pickering believed that the doctrine of secession had the approval of New England, as well as New York and New Jersey.

In 1811 the admission of the State of Louisiana was violently opposed in Congress. During the debate, Mr. Quincy of Massachusetts, said: If this bill passes it is my deliberate opinion that it

is virtually a dissolution of the Union; that it will free the States from their moral obligations, and, as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some definitely to prepare for a separation amicably, if they can—violently, if they must.”

A Southern delegate, mark you, called him to order. The point of order was sustained by the Speaker of the House. From this decision an appeal was taken, and the Speaker was **OVERRULED**.

Here was an open contention of the right of secession by a Massachusetts representative, and a decision by the House that it was a lawful matter for discussion.

The Hartford Convention of 1814, consisting of delegates from the States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Hampshire and Vermont, discussed the question, and although they did not decide to secede at that time, declared as follows: “If the Union be destined to dissolution by reason of the multiplied abuses of bad administration, it should, if possible, be the work of peaceable times and deliberate consent. Some new form of Confederacy should be substituted among the States which shall intend to maintain a Federal relation to each other. Events may prove that the causes of our calamities are deep and permanent. They may be found to proceed not merely from blindness of prejudice, pride or opinion, violence of party spirit, or the confusion of the times, but they may be traced to implacable combinations of individuals, or of States, to monopolize power and office and to trample without remorse upon the rights and interests of commercial sections of the Union. Whenever it shall appear that the causes are radical and permanent a separation, by equitable arrangement will be preferable to an alliance by constraint among nominal friends, but real enemies.”

The New England States in 1844 threatened a dissolution of the Union. In that year the Legislature of Massachusetts adopted this resolution:

“The Commonwealth of Massachusetts, faithful to the compact between the people of the United States, according to the plain meaning and intent in which it was understood by them, is sincerely anxious for its preservation; but that it is determined, as it doubts not that the other States are, to submit to undelegated powers in no body of men on earth.” It further declared that “the project

of the annexation of Texas, unless arrested on the threshold, may tend to drive these States to a dissolution of the Union."

Prior to the Louisiana purchase the settlers on the Mississippi river, who were harrassed by the Spaniards, petitioned Congress, saying, "if Congress refuses us effectual protection ; if it forsakes us, we will adopt the measures which our safety requires, even if they endanger the peace of the Union and our connection with the other States. No protection ; no allegiance."

You see the right to secede was advocated by the North and West, and threats to avail themselves of this right were made by Northern Legislatures, leading statesmen, and petitioners in Congress.

Through 50 years of our history this discussion continued, and the eloquence of Webster and the logic of Calhoun were exhausted while no satisfactory conclusion was reached.

Finally, when the Southern States, for grievances that are fresh in our memories, and far outweighed all the fancied evils that New England suffered, or all the trials the Mississippi Valley settlers bore, withdrew from the Union and reasserted their sovereignty, they were coerced by Federal powers, and falsely represented, not only to the world, but to our own children, as traitors and rebels.

The question of the justice of our cause having been so completely established, why should our people admit, as we know they sometimes do, that it was best after all that we failed in the attempt to establish a separate government ?

Does the fact of failure prove that we were in the wrong, and our enemies right in the contention ? Was Providence on their side, and were we fighting against the fiat of the Almighty ? If so, why ? Was religion and character on the side of the North ? If America had to suffer the penalty of violated law, were we of the South sinners above all others ? In the conduct of the war, which side exhibited most of the Christian, and least of the brutal character ? To ask these questions is but to answer them.

In the "Confederate Secession," a work by an Englishman, the author draws a deadly parallel between the methods and aims of the two people, and sums up the matter with the significant words : "All the good qualities were on the one tide, and all the bad on the other."

Let us discard the old superstition that Heaven is revealed in the immediate results of "trial by combat." We know that the Christian civilization of the first centuries went down in the darkness of mediaeval times. We know that Paul was beheaded and Nero crowned, and Christ crucified. Our defeat was but another instance of "Truth on the scaffold, and wrong on the throne."

We know that the North succeeded because they mustered 2,500,000 men, and had the world to draw supplies from, while the South failed because she could not muster over 600,000 men all told, and was confined to her own territories for supplies.

Northern writers and speakers have attempted to show that the South plunged this country into desperate war for the purpose of perpetuating slavery. Do the facts of history sustain contention? The colony of Virginia protested again and again to the King of England against sending slaves to her shores. The House of Burgesses enacted laws on twenty-three different occasions against the importation of slaves. The King of England vetoed each act. Then the people of Virginia petitioned the King to stop the traffic. He turned a deaf ear to the appeal. In 1832 the Legislature of Virginia came within one vote of passing a law of emancipation.

On page 88, Vol. I, of Henderson's *Life of Stonewall Jackson*, you will find an interesting letter written by General R. E. Lee, showing what he thought of slavery before the war. Dr. Hunter McGuire, in his able report on *School Histories of the South*, made to the Grand Camp of Virginia in 1899, states that Lee set free his slaves before the war began, while Grant retained his until freed by proclamation. Dr. McGuire also says in his report, that not one man in 30 of the Stonewall Brigade owned a slave. Of 80 men of my Company, 40 never owned a slave, nor did their fathers before them own one.

A Northern writer says: "Slavery was the cause of war, just as property is the cause of robbery."

If any man will read the debates between Lincoln and Douglas, just prior to the war, or the emancipation proclamation, he will see that slavery was not the cause of action, or its abolition his intent. Emancipation was a war measure, not affecting the border States.

Mr. Webster said at Capon Springs in 1851: "I do not hesitate to say and repeat, that if the Northern States refused to carry into effect that part of the Constitution which respects the restoration of

fugitive slaves, the South would no longer be bound to keep the compact."

Did any of you ever see a soldier who was fighting for slavery? A celebrated English historian in treating this subject, remarks: "Slavery was but the occasion of the rupture, in no sense, the object of the war."

Slavery would have been abolished in time had the South succeeded. Virginia would have taken the initiatory in a few years. Her whole history, and the action of her statesmen and representatives in Congress, go to show this.

The enlightened sentiment of mankind, the spirit of the age, was against chattel slavery. England and France had freed their bondmen. Russia emancipated her serfs about 1880. In 1873 the Island of Porto Rico taxed itself \$12,000,000 and freed 30,000 slaves. Does any one suppose that the enlightened and Christian people of the Southern States would have set themselves against the moral sentiment of mankind? and refuse to heed the voice of civilization and progress?

I have given this hasty argument in no captious spirit, but simply to vindicate the truth of history in the presence of so many of the younger generation.

It would hasten the progress of harmony between the sections if the people of the North would acquaint themselves with these historic facts. It would hasten the era of good feeling now setting in if they would realize that the black race problem is not the only race problem that confronts us.

I look into the faces of men who on their father's knees listened to the stories of Bunker Hill, Lexington and Yorktown. Teach your children the truth of history touching both revolutions in this country. Virginia as then constituted, furnished one third of Washington's army at Yorktown, while at the same time she had 2,500 soldiers with Green in the South, and 700 also fighting the Indians on the Ohio. Let it go down to your children that the one revolution was as justifiable as the other, and that for the first, Virginia gave the immortal Washington, and to the last supplied the peerless Lee.

Let me give you a pen portrait of our chieftain from an English view point. In a translation of Homer, dedicated to "General R. E. Lee, the most stainless of living commanders and except in fortune the greatest," Philip Stanley Worsley of Oxford, wrote:

“The grand old bard that never dies
 Receive him in our English tongue;
 I send thee, but with weeping eyes,
 The story that he sung.

Thy Tory is fallen, thy dear land
 Is marred beneath the spoilers heel,
 I can not trust my trembling hand
 To write the things I feel.

Ah, realm of tombs, but let her bear
 This blazon to the last of times;
 No nation rose so white and fair,
 Or fell so pure of crimes.

The widow’s moan, the orphan’s wail
 Come round thee; yet in truth be strong;
 Eternal right, though all else fail,
 Can never be made wrong.

An Angel’s heart, an Angel’s mouth,
 Not Homer’s, could atone for me,
 Hymn well the great Confederate South,
 Virginia first, and Lee.”

On occasions like this our hearts turn to one who was imprisoned, manacled and treated with many indignities, although no more responsible for the action of the Southern States than other public men. His persecutors were unable to bring him to trial. The text books on the Constitution taught at West Point stood in the way. For the Chief Magistracy of the young republic, that arose so full of hope and noble purposes and died so free of crime, the Commonwealth of Mississippi gave Jefferson Davis; soldier, statesman and vicarious sufferer, for a people who will cherish his memory so long as valor has a votary or virtue a shrine.

OUR HEROES WHO FELL IN THE STRUGGLE.

We pause to pay a tribute to the mighty host of brave officers, soldiers and sailors who fell under the banner of the Lost Cause forty years ago. We cannot call their names. They are too numerous to be mentioned. All honor to the heroes who gave their lives to the cause of Constitutional Government. We tell

of their fate without a sigh. They were spared from witnessing the glorious flag furled. A large number of these did not turn from the fated field of Gettysburg, as did some here, with the burning thought that "Some one had blundered."

The tragic scenes at Appomattox could leave no regretful and sorrowful memories in their hearts and lives.

"As the mists of the past are rolled away,
Our heroes who died in their tattered gray,
Grow taller and greater in all their parts,
Till they fill our minds, as they filled our hearts;
And for them who lament them there is this relief,
That glory sits by the side of grief,
And they grow taller as the years pass by
And the world learns how they could do or die."

PRIVATE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

We sing praises to the officers; we erect monuments of bronze and marble to their memories; we hang portraits on the walls of our camps that will remind our children's children of their undying fame and imperishable valor, but we do not emphasize on every occasion, as we should, the self sacrifice and noble devotion to duty of the private soldier and sailor who made possible the fame and glory of their officers.

The Confederate private soldier was by far above the average of the armies of the world. No country ever had a larger percentage of thinking and intelligent men in the ranks; men more thoroughly imbued with moral principle.

To their everlasting honor stands the fact that in their march through the enemy's country they left behind them no wasted fields, no families cruelly robbed, no homes violated.

An English writer contemporaneously wrote:

"In no case had the Pennsylvanians to complain of personal injury or even discourtesy at the hands of those whose homes they had burned; whose families they had insulted, robbed and tormented. Even the tardy destruction of Chambersburg was an act of regular, limited and righteous reprisal."

"I must say that they acted like gentlemen, and, their cause aside, I would rather have 40,000 rebels quartered on my premises

than 1,000 Union troops." was said by a Pennsylvania farmer during that invasion.

No one who participated in that struggle for Constitutional government could have failed to observe the unselfish devotion of the private soldier.

The generals and line officers, charged with responsibility and nerved with ambition, too often soldiers of fortune, had a stimulus and hope of reward that did not often stir the private soldier. His breast was fired and his arm nerved by devotion to duty. He was in many cases better born and more intelligent than his officers, yet he was obedient to orders and marched into the jaws of death with a heroism and courage that challenged the admiration of the world. He knew that in the story of the battle the officers' names would be mentioned, and if among the slain, he would be borne to a well marked tomb, over which loving hands and grateful hearts would spread flowers and shed tears; while over his unmarked grave, most likely the wind would sing a sad requiem and no loving hand would plant a single flower.

A Southern soldier of the 2d Virginia Cavalry, in pathetic words has epitomized this subject. A lady of Loudoun County, Va., set the words to music. We often heard it sung around our Camp Fires:

"All quiet along the Potomac they say
Except here and there a stray picket
Is shot as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.

" 'Tis nothing—a private or two now and then
Will not count in the news of the battle,
Not an officer lost; only one of the men—
Moaning out all alone the death rattle.

* * * *

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead,
That picket's off duty forever."

THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.

No story of our war; no record of the gallant defenders of our stainless banner; no recital of the deeds of daring and the unselfish sacrifices of these men, would be complete without mention of the

heroic spirit and undying devotion of the noble women of the South. The old stories of the Roman matrons and self-sacrifices of the Spartan women, were reproduced in every State, and nearly every home of this Southland.

It would be easy to furnish from memory of the stirring events during the war between the States, incidents that would show the most exalted patriotism and the highest conception of duty on the part of the noble women of the South that the history of any people in any age can furnish.

We are proud of the fact that their mantle has fallen upon the shoulders of the Daughters of the Confederacy, whose hearts burn to day with a love and devotion as pure and sacred as that of their mothers, when they sent forth their sons to battle with the Roman matron's injunction; or gave their parting kiss to loved ones, whom they cheerfully resigned to their country's call.

The unselfish devotion of the noble women of the South upheld and prolonged the unequal struggle while their patience and sacrifices at home, rearing their children, and praying for the absent husband and father, often with no protector save the faithful slaves who stood guard at their doors, furnishes the most striking example of love and devotion that this world has ever known. When under the providence of God our vexed problems are settled, and the South comes again to her own, as under the unvarying law of compensation she surely will, another monument will crown one of the seven hills of our monumental city, erected by the sons and daughters of the Confederacy, and dedicated to the noble women of the South.

A LAND WITHOUT RUINS.

A land without ruins is a land without memories. A land without memories is a land without a history. "Crowns of roses fade; crowns of thorns endure. Calvaries and Crucifixions take deepest hold of humanity. The triumphs of might are transient; they pass and are forgotten. The sufferings of right are deepest on the chronicles of Nations."

A PARTING WORD FOR HIS OLD COMRADES.

"The shadows of the evening are lengthening on our pathway, The twilight approaches; for the most part you have lived brave lives,

May you die worthy patriots, dear to God and famous to all the ages."

Our battlefields are around us; the graves of our dead comrades remind us of the sacrifices Virginians made for their convictions. The evening song of our declining years may find passionate longing in the plaintive strain of our Southern bard :

" Yes, give me the land where the ruins are spread,
And the living tread light on the hearts of the dead ;
Yes, give me the land that is blest by the dust
And bright with the deeds of the down-trodden just ;
Yes, give me the land where the battle's red blast
Has flashed to the future the fame of the past ;
Yes, give me the land that hath legends and lays
That tell of the memory of long vanished days ;
Yes, give me the land that has story and song
Enshrine the strife of the right with the wrong ;
Yes, give me a land with a grave in each spot
And names in those graves that shall ne'er be forgot ;
Yes, give me the land of the wreck and the tomb,
There is grandeur in graves ; there is glory in gloom ;
For out of the gloom future brightness is born
As after the night comes the sunshine of morn,
And the graves of the dead with the grass overgrown
May yet form the footstool of Liberty's throne,
And each single wreck in the warpath of might
Shall yet be a rock in the Temple of Right."

From *The Journal*, Atlanta, Ga., June 3, 1906.

PRISONERS OF WAR NORTH AND SOUTH.

[A remarkable essay by MISS RUTH RODGERS, the fourteen year old daughter of Judge and Mrs. Robert L. Rodgers, a brilliant and talented girl, who has won a succession of badges, medals and blue ribbons since she first started to school.

On May 23, 1906, she won the McDowell Wolff medal for the best essay on "Prisoners of the Civil War," and was, also, awarded the prize offered by the State School Commissioner of Georgia, for the best essay on "Events of 1861—Their Importance and Influence," her essay being adjudged the best sent from Fulton county. She was valedictorian of the West End School, when it closed, and was at the same time announced the leader of her class for the year.

Judge Rodgers, her father, is the historian of the Atlanta Camp of Confederate Veterans.

It is gratifying to be informed that the cruel stigma may be removed from the memory of Captain Wirz.

At a meeting of the Louisiana Historical Association held in New Orleans, January 2d, 1907, "the Secretary laid before the Board correspondence regarding a history of 'Andersonville' that is in preparation by an influential citizen of Montana, a Republican who has held important offices in his State, a member of the Grand Army of the Republic, who was for seven months confined at Andersonville, who proposes to publish his version of that prison. In it justice will be done to Wirz's memory. It will be shown that Wirz did his best with the scant means at his command to alleviate the condition of the prisoners. He was also a member of a prison committee that waited upon Wirz several times, and he says that Wirz always granted reasonable requests if in his power."—ED.]

In the consideration of the Civil war, one of the special, and most interesting in all of its various phases is the capture and treatment of prisoners of war.

In all nations or countries called civilized, when they may be engaged in war, it is customary for the contending parties to accept the surrender of men from the opposite army, when they may be

overtaken, and to hold in custody such as surrender. Such as are thus taken are put hors-de-combat by being put in prisons, and held as prisoners of war under such rules as are commonly regarded by what is termed civilized warfare, if, indeed, any people who engage in a war may be properly called civilized. Instead of being killed after their surrender, prisoners are taken and held in prisons so that they may not further fight until properly returned or exchanged.

The civil war in the United States was one of the fiercest struggles in history. The subject of prisoners in the civil war, and their treatment furnishes to the student of military history some of the most horrible and pathetic incidents of human suffering ever known in the world. Both sides of the contest, the United States and the Confederate States of America, have much to answer for in the matter of severe and cruel treatment of prisoners. The advocates and partisans of either side have often made charges of inhumanity against the other side.

The responsibility for the harsh and cruel treatment of prisoners is not easy to fix in any specific or definite degree, and must always be considered as general, except in some special and individual cases.

As to which side was more to blame than the other can only be fairly considered and estimated by taking a comparative view of the means, powers and resources of both sides for the proper treatment of prisoners.

In view of the superior advantages of the United States government, it seems that the fair and just judgment of true and impartial history must be rendered in favor of the Confederate States government. The Confederate government, at best, was the provisional, and was not well established as a permanent and reliable government. Its credit was not well established and could not be counted on for any more than its immediately tangible and visible resources in hand at that time. Its only available asset for credit was the production of cotton, and at this period of war the raising of cotton was curtailed and limited so as to make an increase in substantial supplies for our armies. The property in negroes at this time was uncertain as to its permanent character or of duration, and was not available as security for credit.

Prisoners were simply so many parasites of the enemy on the Confederacy. They were a lot of idle, non-paying, burdensome

boarders, who had to be constantly fed and guarded and who did nothing to contribute to their own support. They were an incubus upon a government already too weak to carry its own burden, having a population of slaves who did not go into the armies to help fight the battles for constitutional principles of government wherein they were interested as to the whole number of slaves and counted for three-fifths of their number for representation.

Our women and children had to be supported while our men were engaged in the war. Then to take on an increase of hearty, hungry men of more than a quarter of a million was a great tax and undertaking for a people of limited means and resources.

Such was the condition of the Southern Confederacy when taking so many prisoners.

With the United States government matters were different, a government which the South helped organize and establish, a government of means, a government of prestige and power, and with unlimited credit and immense resources. The United States could afford to maintain as many prisoners as it could capture of the Confederate armies.

They could draw from the whole world for both men and money to meet their demands in emergency.

They could and did hire foreigners as soldiers for bounty, while native Southerners went to war without hire.

The total number of Federal prisoners captured by the Confederates was 270,000 by the report of Surgeon General Barnes, as quoted by Congressman Hill in his famous reply to Blaine, as shown by the official records in the War Department at Washington.

The whole number of Confederate prisoners captured by the Federals was 220,000. At once it is seen that the Federals were 50,000 more than the Confederates.

The number of Federals who died in Confederate prisons was 32,576, and the number of Confederates who died in Federal prisons was 26,436. So it appears, by official records, that more than 12 per cent. of the Confederate prisoners in Federal prisons died, and less than 9 per cent. of the Federal prisoners in Confederate prisons died, notwithstanding the difference and disparity in means and resources between the North and South, considering the superior advantages of the North over the South for the proper care of prisoners.

PRISON POINTS.

In the North were numerous places for prisoners. They were located at points as follows :

Alleghany, Pa., Alton, Ill., Camp Butler, Ill., Camp Chase, O., Camp Douglas, Ill., Camp Morton, Ind., Elmira, N. Y., Fort Columbus, N. Y., Fort Lafayette, N. Y., Fort Warren, Md., Fort Wood, N. Y., Fort Pickens, Fla., Point Lookout, Md., Rock Island, Ill., Johnston's Island, O., Louisville, Ky., Memphis, Tenn., Nashville, Tenn.

In this essay it is unnecessary to specify the number of prisoners in each station, as they were distributed to suit the wishes and conveniences of the government, presumably for their own convenience for supplies, guards and facility for keeping.

In the South prisons were located at Americus, Ga., Camp Sumter, Andersonville, Ga.; Atlanta, Ga.; Augusta, Ga.; Blackshear, Ga.; Cahaba, Ala.; Camp Lawton, Millen, Ga.; Camp Oglethorpe, Macon, Ga.; Charleston, S. C.; Florence, S. C.; Columbia, S. C.; Charlotte, N. C.; Salisbury, N. C.; Raieigh, N. C.; Danville, Va.; Richmond, Va.; Belle Isle, Castle Thunder, Crews, Libby, Pemberton's, Scott's, Smith's Factory.

The supposition is likewise that these places were selected for the convenience of the Confederate government for purposes of safety from raids for the release of prisoners and for proper care of prisoners.

The prison at Andersonville, called Camp Sumpter, was the most noted of all the Confederate prisons. In this prison there were more Union prisoners and more suffering than in any other prison in the Confederate States. There Captain Henry Wirz was in command, and to him has been charged the alleged cruelties and crimes at the prison.

It is undoubtedly true that there was much suffering in this prison, but it is hardly true that Captain Wirz was responsible for all of it, if for any.

He was Swiss by birth, a physician by profession, and he came to America long before the war and located in New Orleans, La. He entered the Confederate army and was severely wounded in a battle, so as to bar him from active field service. He was assigned and detailed for duty as commanding officer at Andersonville prison.

After the war he was charged by the Federal authorities with various crimes at the prison. He was taken to Washington city, and there held to trial by a military court, which condemned him to be hung, and he was executed on the 10th of November, 1865.

The military court which tried and condemned Confederate Captain Henry Wirz was presided over by General Lewis Wallace, who subsequently became the famous author of the book known as "Ben Hur," which has been published in numerous editions and read by thousands of our people.

The work was also dramatized and presented on theatrical stages to the interest of many thousands of people and vast assemblies of spectators. I wonder if any of them ever thought of the author of "Ben Hur" as the same man and officer who ruled in the military court that tried and condemned Confederate Captain Henry Wirz?

The circumstances of the Confederate government rendered it practically impossible to give the prisoners all of their necessities.

Captain Wirz was condemned and hung as a cruel felon.

His cruel judge lived on and became famous. Does it not really seem like the irony of fate?

The United States was in better condition and with more favorable circumstances for the proper care of prisoners, yet they allowed our Confederate soldiers to suffer severely, many of them being put to death without cause of reason.

Many of them died from starvation and freezing, as occurred at Elmira, N. Y., Fort Delaware, Del., and at Sandusky (Johnson's Island), Ohio.

At Sandusky and Chicago are large cemeteries of our men who died in these prisons. Brave patriots of the Southland, they were true to the last, and they now rest in those cemeteries in view of those who opposed their cause, as though they are to be silent sentinels on guard forever for Southern manhood and courage, fidelity and fortitude, honor and heroism.

Indeed, it seems appropriate and timely that the United States should adopt the suggestion of the lamented President McKinley, that the Federal government "should share with us in the care of Confederate soldiers' graves." He said: "Every soldier's grave made during our unfortunate Civil War, is a tribute to American valor."

It is simply a tale of horrors to read now the official reports of the lives of Confederate soldiers in prison. A significant fact with

regard to the records, that in the reports of the superintendents of prisons, under the headings of "conduct" almost invariably show "good" and "very good." Let us contrast these reports of uniform good conduct of Confederates in prison with the severity of the manner in which they were treated by their cruel guards. For men whose behavior was "good" to be treated as they were was simply wanton cruelty without cause.

The south had a double duty imposed upon it, in the case of prisoners in their prisons and it also contributed to the comfort of Confederate soldiers in Northern prisons.

The Confederate government sent large quantities of cotton to the north to be sold and the proceeds to be applied for the purchase of supplies for the Confederates in prison.

Confederate General William N. R. Beall was in a Yankee prison. He was released on parole of honor and was designated for the purpose of receiving and selling the cotton and buying supplies, and distributing them amongst the prisoners at various prisons.

Eight hundred and thirty bales of cotton sent to New York, after being properly prepared for market, sold at public auction February 8th, 1865, at an average price of 82 cents per pound, netted \$331,789.66, which sum was used for the purpose of buying supplies for our prisoners in Northern prisons.

On August 8, 1865, General U. S. Grant sent a telegram to General Butler as follows :

"On the subject of exchange, however, I differ with General Hitchcock. It is hard on our men held in Southern prisons not to release them, but it is humanity to those left in the ranks to fight our battles.

"To commence a system of exchange now which liberates all prisoners taken, we will have to fight on until the whole South is exterminated. If we hold those already caught they amount to no more than so many dead men. At this particular time, to release all rebel prisoners would insure Sherman's defeat and compromise our safety here."

After abundant and indubitable proofs, the responsibility for the suffering of prisoners North and South has been laid upon the authorities of the United States Government, and there let it abide in history.

HISTORICAL MEMORIAL OF THE CHARLOTTE CAVALRY.

[Our esteemed contributor, the gallant Captain E. E. Bouldin, is a prominent and successful member of the Virginia bar. An elder brother (whom we have known for a longer period) Powhatan Bouldin, Esq., was for many years the owner and editor of the *Danville Times*. He is the author of "Home Reminiscences of John Randolph of Roanoke," a work which in the testimony presented of those familiar with that erratic genius, seems to give the key to his eccentricity.—ED.]

The Charlotte Cavalry was organized in Charlotte county, Virginia, U. S. A., in 1861. On the 27th May, 1861, it was mustered into the service of the Southern Confederacy at Ashland, Va.

It served in the War 1861-5, first in Maj. George Jackson's Battalion, with one Company from Augusta county and two from Rockbridge county, Virginia, until September, 1862, when it was put into the 14th Virginia Cavalry as Company "B." This Regiment served under Brigadier-Generals A. G. Jenkins, Jno. McCausland and R. L. T. Beale, Major-General W. H. F. Lee's Division part of the time.

It was distinguished among kindred organizations for the personal merit of its members. Every General it served under recognized the high intelligence and worth of its members. It never had a member to desert. Applicants had to be voted on before they could become members. There were a large number of lawyers, physicians, teachers, and highly educated farmers and merchants in the Company.

From a camp of instruction, at Ashland, Va., it was sent in the Spring of 1861, to Laurel Hill, Northwest Virginia, to General Garnett's command. The list of killed and wounded (forty-two) in this memorial, shows how it suffered. After it was put into the 14th Virginia Cavalry, it, with the Churchville Cavalry (Companies B and I) constituted the "charging" Squadron of the Brigade. Captain E. E. Bouldin was first, and Captain James A. Wilson (of the Churchville) was Second in Command of the Squadron.

When the Brigade advanced the squadron's place was in extreme front, when it retreated in extreme rear.

It formed General R. E. Lee's extreme advance guard into Chambersburg, Pa., in 1863. It was General John McCausland's extreme rear guard all night and all day for days together, from Covington to Buchanan in June, 1864, when General Hunter advanced on Lynchburg, Va.

When Chambersburg, Pa. was burnt in 1864, this squadron acted as General McCausland's extreme rear guard when McCausland left the burning city. From Five Forks, Va., near Petersburg, it was again often in the rear of Beale's Brigade (to which it had been transferred) in Lee's retreat to Appomattox. On the morning of the surrender, 9th April, 1865, this squadron was with its regiment, the 14th Virginia Cavalry, in the last charge made by that regiment under command of Captain E. E. Bouldin. On very many other occasions, these two companies were assigned the posts of danger and hardship.

They acted nearly always together. So that in most, if not all instances, the Churchville Cavalry was engaged along with the Charlotte Cavalry in battles and skirmishes enumerated below, and its casualties were as many as those of the Charlotte Cavalry, though this memorial does not name any of them. A roll of that Company was made out by Captain James A. Wilson, of Churchville, Augusta County, Va. A roll of the members of the Charlotte Cavalry was published in Vol. XXVIII of the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, and it was also entered in the records of County Court of Charlotte County, Virginia.

This memorial was prepared by Lieutenant Samuel M. Gaines, now of Washington, D. C., from the records in that city and from his own notes and recollections, and was carefully reviewed by myself. It was sent to many of the surviving members of the Charlotte Cavalry, and corrections made where there were errors. So I hope, that it is correct in every particular, and will serve to give posterity an account of the part this Company and the Churchville Cavalry, bore in the great War, 1861-5.

The following is a chronological list of the engagements, large and small (excepting trivial encounters on picket and scout duty) in which this Company, as a whole or in part, participated during the War, with the casualties remembered.

1861. With Gen. R. S. Garnett in West Virginia.

Laurel Hill, W. Va., July 7, 8 and 9.

Kahler's Ford, W. Va., July 13.

Carrick's Ford, W. Va., July 13.

Swamp's Block House, W. Va., November —. Henry Chick killed and Isaac Friend wounded.

1862. With Gen. R. E. Lee in West Virginia.

Dry Forks, W. Va., January 8.

North Fork, W. Va., January 17. R. M. Friend wounded on scout.

Hinkle's Gap, W. Va., February 4.

Seneca Creek, W. Va., February —.

North Mountain, W. Va., March 4. Samuel M. Gaines wounded.

With Gen. Loring.

Nicholas Court House, W. Va., July 26.

Fayetteville, W. Va., September 10.

Cotton Hill, W. Va., September 11.

Montgomery's Ferry, W. Va., September 12.

Charleston, W. Va., September 13.

Buffalo, W. Va., September 27.

Charleston, W. Va., October 6.

Bulltown, W. Va., October 9.

Charleston, W. Va., October 16.

Kanawha Falls, W. Va., October 31.

*1863. With Gen. R. E. Lee in his Advance into
Pennsylvania.*

Middletown, Va., June 11.

Winchester, Va., June 13.

White Post, Va., June 14.

Bunker Hill, Va., June 15.

Martinsburg, W. Va., June 15.

Greencastle, Pa., June 20.

Chambersburg, Pa., June 20.

Carlisle, Pa., June 29.

Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 2, 3. Samuel M. McCargo killed, Henry C. Chappell, Jno. Roberts wounded and died. Wash Chappell wounded.

Monterey Gap, Md., July 5.

Hagerstown, Md., July 6. . Lieut. W. R. Gaines wounded.

Boonsboro, Md., July 7, 8.

Williamsport, Md., July 14. Lieut. D. Shepperson killed, Jno. P. Marshall wounded and died, Capt. E. E. Bouldin wounded. Andrew Hannah killed, William H. Woods wounded.

Shepherdstown, Md., July 16.

Chester Gap, Va., July 21.

Brandy Station, Va., August 1 to 11 Adj. B. C. Bouldin killed.

Kelly's Ford, Va., August 2, 3.

Little Washington, Va., August 24.

Sperryville, Va., August —.

Under Gen. Jno. Echols.

Droop Mountain, W. Va., November 6. Sergt.-Maj. R. H. Gaines wounded, Thomas C. Harvey wounded.

Greenbrier River, W. Va., December 12.

1864. Under Gen. Jno. McCausland, opposing Gen. Hunter in his Advance on Lynchburg.

White Sulphur Springs, June 1.

Covington, Va., June 2.

Panther Gap, Va., June 4.

Goshen, Va., June 6.

Buffalo Gap, Va., June 7.

Staunton Road, Va., June 8.

Arbor Hill, Va., June 10.

Newport, Va., June 10.

Middlebrook, Va., June 10. Jas. R. Crews and Norman B. Spraggins wounded.

Brownsburg, Va., June 10. Alexander S. Walker wounded, Samuel Price and William Spencer wounded, B. W. Marshall captured.

Lexington, Va., June 11.

Broad Creek, Va., June 13.

Buchanan, Va., June 13.

Peaks Gap, Va., June 14.

Fancy Farm, Va., June 15.

Otter River, Va., June 16.

New London, Va., June 16.

Lynchburg, Va., June 17, 18. Abner Ford wounded.

1864. *Under Gen. Jubal Early in his Advance into Pennsylvania.*

Forest Depot, Va., June 18.

Liberty, Va., June 20.

Salem, Va., June 21.

Leetown, W. Va., July 3.

North Mountain, W. Va., July 4.

Hagerstown, Md., July 7.

Frederick, Md., July 8.

Monocacy, Md., July 9.

Urbana, Md., July 9.

Rockville, Md., July 10.

Tenleytown, District of Columbia, July 11, 12. Norman King wounded and captured.

Rockville, Md., July 13.

Edwards Ferry, Md., July 14.

Snicker's Gap, Va., July 17.

Ashby's Gap, Va., July 18.

Berry's Ferry, Va., July 19.

Darkesville, W. Va., July 19.

Winchester, Va., July 20. Rice Dennis wounded, Charles Polk Kent wounded.

Stephenson's Depot, Va., July 20. Allen Caperton wounded.

Kernstown, Va., July 23.

Winchester, Va., July 24.

Martinsburg, W. Va., July 25.

Clear Springs, Md., July 29.

Mercersburg, Pa., July 29.

Chambersburg, Pa., July 30.

McConnellsburg, Pa., July 30.

Cumberland, Md., August 1. Samuel Dunlop wounded.

Old Town, Md., August 2.

Green Springs, Md., August 2.

Hancock, Md., August 2.

New Creek, W. Va., August 4.

Moorefield, W. Va., August 7. Lieut. W. R. Gaines wounded and Adgt. J. W. Marshall and Capt. E. E. Bouldin captured.

Fisher's Hill, Va., August 13.

Fisher's Hill, Va., August 15. Charles P. Noell wounded.

- Kernstown, Va., August 17.
Winchester, Va., August 17.
Opequon, Va., August 19, 20.
Charlestown, W. Va., August 21.
Summit Point, W. Va., August 21.
Halltown, W. Va., August 22.
Charlestown, W. Va., August 23.
Kearneysville, W. Va., August 25.
Leetown, W. Va., August 26.
Smithfield, W. Va., August 28.
Opequon, Va., August 29.
Brucetown, Va., August 30. Rice Dennis wounded.
Opequon, Va., September 1.
Bunker Hill, Va., September 3. Henry Watkins killed.
Stephenson's Depot, Va., September 5.
Big Spring, W. Va., September 10.
Darkesville W. Va., September 10.
Darkesville, W. Va., September 12.
Opequon, Va., September 19.
Winchester, Va., September 19.
Front Royal Pike, Va., September 21.
Milford, Va., September 22.
Luray, Va., September 24.
Port Republic, Va., September 26.
Waynesboro, Va., September 29.
Brown's Gap, Va., October 4.
Strasburg, Va., October 9. David Dice wounded.
Fisher's Hill, Va., October 9.
Woodstock, Va., October 10.
Cedar Creek, Va., October 11. Charles Hundley wounded.
Stony Point, Va., October 19.
Bentonville, Va., October 23.
Milford, Va., October 25, 26.
Cedarville, Va., November 12. Andrew Beirne wounded, captured and died in prison. Thos. N. Read and B. W. Wood captured.
Front Royal, Va., November 22.
Berry's Ford, Va., December 17.
Madison C. H., Va., December 20.

Liberty Mills, Va., December 22.

Jack's Shop, Va., December 23.

Gordonsville, Va., December 24.

1865. (*The Regiment was furloughed for two months and transferred to Beale's Brigade, East Virginia, W. H. F. Lee's Division.*)

Quaker Road, Va., March 29.

White Oak Road, Va., March 31. Isaac Friend wounded second time.

Five Forks, Va., April 1. Henry P. Dickerson, Albert Moses and George W. Read wounded.

Avery's Church Road, Va., April 4. Hunter H. Marshall, Jr., killed.

Amelia Springs, Va., April 5.

Jetersville, Va., April 6.

Deatonsville, Va., April 6.

High Bridge, Va., April 6.

Farmville, Va., April 7. Dallas Kent wounded.

Appomattox C. H., Va., April 9. M. C. Morris wounded. Henry Dice killed.

E. E. BOULDIN, *formerly Captain Charlotte Cavalry,
Company B, 14th Virginia Cavalry, C. S. A.*

DANVILLE, VA., June 21, 1906.

From the *News Leader*, September 8, 1906.

NEW LIGHT ON THE GREAT DREWRY'S BLUFF FIGHT.

Judge William Izard Clopton's Description of the Naval
Engagement—a Valuable Addition to Civil War
History—Facts Heretofore Unpublished.

The following report of the great naval battle of Drewry's Bluff was prepared and delivered to a large audience at Chesterfield Courthouse, Tuesday afternoon, September 4, 1906, by Judge William I. Clopton. In speaking of this address, Judge Clopton said:

"There is no effort at elocutionary pyrotechnics, nor any flowery eloquence. It is simply an historical report of what actually happened in an event which was fraught with so much moment to Richmond in the stirring times of the Civil War. The naval engagement here related is the one which prevented the men of war of the enemy from coming up to Richmond and bombarding the city in 1862."

In treating the facts concerning the naval battle which occurred at Drewry's Bluff, May 15, 1862, I am aware that much controversy has arisen as to the true state of facts.

The usual source of information is the official reports, but as these are strangely oblivious of the part taken in this very important battle by the Chesterfield company, commanded by Captain Augustus H. Drewry, I shall confine my account to the descriptions given to me by Captain (afterwards major) Drewry, and Sergeant Samuel A. Mann, which latter account is vouched for as true, by Dr. Thomas J. Cheatham, who certified that he was present during the whole action and that Sergeant Mann's account is correct in all respects.

I can perform this service in no better way than by simply reading Sergeant Mann's plain and simple, but very eloquent account of the battle, and by reading Major Drewry's account of

the building of the fort, and the part taken by his company in the battle:

MAJOR DREWRY'S LETTER.

Judge W. I. Clopton:

Dear Judge:—Referring to the conversation which passed between us at the office of our mutual friend, Judge George L. Christian, I have only to say that the present is the first moment which I have felt that I could give any attention to your request, and even now I am forced to do so under circumstances which will not allow me to do justice to the matter in question. Nevertheless I submit the following:

Early in 1862, when General McDowell was preparing for an advance upon Richmond from the direction of Fredericksburg, and General McClellan was moving up from the Peninsula, the Governor of Virginia was authorized by act of the Confederate Congress, then in session, to call for 2,000 men to man the batteries around Richmond. When Captain J. B. Jones and myself, in view of the advantages which would be enjoyed by the people of Chesterfield to enlist in its service, raised a company, composed largely of men who were beyond the age of conscription, and tendered our services to the Governor. By whom we were accepted and assigned to duty at Battery No. 19, on the turnpike, between Drewry's Bluff and the city of Richmond. After being there a while, I came to the conclusion that our position was unimportant, and that we would likely be called to field duty, for which I did not think my men were well suited; hence, I went over to see General Lee, and suggested to him the propriety of obstructing the river, and the establishment of a fort at some selected point, and let me take my command down there for service, for which they were well suited. To all of which he readily agreed, in view of the fact which was clearly foreshadowed that Norfolk would soon be evacuated, and the river open to a raid upon the Confederate capital by the Federal gunboats. The following day, accompanied by Major Rives and Lieutenant Mason, of the engineers department, we went down the river to select a suitable position. Upon reaching Howlett's, which is at the head of the Horse

Shoe, forming Dutch Gap, we concluded that was the best place, both on account of its great elevation, and the more even depth of the river at that point, with an abundance of timber on either bank for the obstructions; soon, however, upon the examination of some charts of the river, which we had with us, it was seen that the Federals might cut through at the Gap, and pass on up the river, and we would have to go above for our fortifications. Then Drewry's Bluff was found to be the next best place. Thither I removed my command the following day, and went to work with Lieutenant Mason, in helping to obstruct the river and throw up the fort, furnishing him details from my company, who put in the cribbing, employing my team, labor and company to aid him, which was likewise done by other members in my command. So the work went on pretty much after the order of a private enterprise until a short while before Norfolk was evacuated, when the remnant of our navy made their appearance in their flight before the Federal gunboats, terribly demoralized, and surprised that we should think of resisting those heretofore victorious and invincible gunboats. With some persuasion they were induced to stop with us, and planted themselves on the river above our fort, with assurance that we could take proper care of them. The Confederate authorities and the City Council of Richmond had in the meantime become alive to the importance of our work, and gave us considerable help to its completion. It is true that Captain Farrand, who had been run out from Mobile, was sent down; he messed with me and would occasionally sally out to look after his defunct navy, but his being there was more of an accident than otherwise, and he did not undertake to interfere with my command in the fort, which bore the brunt of the fight, and I am not aware that any man connected with the navy put his hand upon any gun in the fort during that engagement. After the fight, Captain Farrand reported to Mr. Mallory for the navy, and I, upon the recommendation of General Mahone, who witnessed the engagement, reported to Governor Letcher, who communicated with the Secretary of War, and upon their recommendation, I was promoted to major of artillery, and in the body of my commission, directed to remain in command of Fort Drewry, which I did until it was determined to make a naval post out of it, in

command of Captain Lee, and my command was revoked with instruction to report to Brigadier-General John H. Walker, which I declined to do, as I belonged to the provisional army, and they had no right to call upon me elsewhere for duty. I have forgotten to mention that the gallant Captain Tucker, of the Patrick Henry, did casemate one of his eight-inch guns on the river bank, just above the entrance to the fort, but as heavy rain had fallen the night before the gunboats reached the fort, its whole superstructure fell in, and we lost the benefit of his help, until the fight was nearly over; also that Lieutenant Catesby Jones did have a nine-inch Dahlgren in position around the curve in the river, but being out of range, he could not render us any help.

(Signed) A. H. DREWRY.

SERGEANT MANN'S ACCOUNT.

The company afterwards known as the "Southside Heavy Artillery of Virginia Volunteers," was enlisted early in January, 1862, and towards the latter part of the month, assembled at Chesterfield Courthouse, where we proceeded to elect our commissioned officers, with the following results:

For Captain—Augustus H. Drewry.

For First Lieutenant—James B. Jones.

For Second Lieutenant—Spencer D. Ivey, and

For Third Lieutenant—Dickerson V. Wilson.

All of the lieutenants had been officers in the Chesterfield militia, in which Lieutenant Wilson had held the rank of captain. We then returned to our homes subject to a call to service in the Confederate States army, which had been at war with the United States army for about ten months, with varied success, previous to this time.

When on the 5th day of February, 1862, those of us who lived on this side of the county took train for Richmond at the Pocahontas depot, in the city of Petersburg, and were put off opposite to, and went into camp with the rest of the company at Battery No. 19, on the turnpike, a little south of Manchester, the day that the writer of this lacked eleven days of being twenty

years old. Our quarters consisted of a ridge pole set up east and west, with plank set up on each side, at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and covered so as to break joints, and formed a very good storm-proof roof, with no light or ventilation, but such as could come in at the end doors and cracks through the roof. The east end was partitioned off for officers' quarters. We found it erected, and bunks inside, filled with clean straw for beds.

And the writer met the largest majority of the members of the company on this day for the first time.

Thus we began our army life.

Soon we were allowed to elect our non-commissioned officers, when Colonel Robert Watkins, of the Chesterfield militia, was elected first orderly sergeant, and I was chosen third corporal.

Shortly an officer who had lost an eye at First Manassas, came over from Richmond, and mustered us into service of the Confederate States of America, Colonel Joe. Selden.

The ages of the men of the company ranged all the way between seventeen to about forty-five or fifty years, and were, by occupation, mostly farmers, with a sprinkling of carpenters, cotton-mill hands, with some gentlemen.

On the 28th of February, in the afternoon, we were marched over to the old armory in Richmond, and were furnished our first muskets of Virginia make, which had been altered from flint-lock to percussion. Then we were marched back to camp, late on a cold, blustering evening.

About this time a man who was a Scotchman, McFarland, spare-built, and appeared to be about thirty-five years of age, who told us that he had been a soldier for sixteen years; first in England, and lately in the United States army, was sent down to us as drill-master, and began to teach us our facing, and the manual of arms, according to Hardee (Lieutenant Wilson had taught some of us the year before according to Scott), and after we had made some progress, we acted as provost guard in Manchester for about ten days. Then we proceeded to erect good, two-room frame houses for quarters, and had occupied some of them, when, on the 17th day of March, with drums beating and

colors flying, accompanied with all our impediments, we were marched along the turnpike, down to Drewry's Bluff, on the "Noble James river," about seven miles below Richmond, and bivouacked at the future "Gibraltar" that night, grumbling about the hard fate that had overtaken us, at having been turned out of our nice new houses and forced to make our beds on the bare ground.

Then Captain Drewry took us in hand, and with his accustomed energy, hurried us on towards erecting log-cabins for quarters, and preparing the battery for mounting guns, &c.—the fort had been laid out by Lieutenant Mason, of the engineers—sometimes we were forced to work on it day and night. After a busy time, the quarters were finished, and occupied, and emplacements to hold three heavy guns were prepared on the river face of the bluff. The two eight-inch Columbiads, which we were told had been constructed at the Bellona arsenal, in Chesterfield county, on the upper James river, above Richmond, were sent down the river on lighters, drawn by tugs, to the wharf, erected at the mouth of the ravine, just east of the fort. Then the heavy work of landing them and hauling them up the steep incline-railway to the level of the fort, ninety feet above the water began, and after severe labor finished, and they were at their places in the battery, ready to be mounted.

Then after skilled workmen had built substantial foundations and laid down level platforms, and laid out the traverse circles, we, under Colonel Robert Tansell, who wore the full regimentals as colonel of artillery, proceeded to mount them to their places by the aid of a "gin" and much heavy pulling on ropes by hand.

After which our aforementioned Scotchman, Robert Stuart McFarland, (Major Drewry employed him), by name, began to teach us the manual of the heavy artillery tactics, showing us how to go to our places for action, take implements, sponge, load, in battery, point and fire, all of which motions we had to go through with "at double quick time." And from thence forward every day, and almost all day long, we were kept at severe drill at the heavy guns.

About this time a man named McMellon (Major Drewry

employed him), who had belonged to the Ordnance Department of the English army, came down to teach us what he knew about drill at the guns, and how to arrange the powder in the magazine, and the shells in their houses. He also taught us some hygiene exercises.

They sent us down a ten-inch Columbiad from Richmond, which we mounted on the western emplacement, already prepared, took it in charge, and began to drill with it also. The company thus had all three guns under its charge, mounted and ready for action, and numbered from east to west, as follows: Gun No. 1, eight-inch; Gun No. 2, eight-inch (64 pounder), and Gun No. 3, ten-inch (128 pounder). I was assigned to Gun No. 2, as gunner, and remained at the same post as long as the company remained at the fort.

Meanwhile some workmen were detailed from the company—Lieutenant Ivey among them—to work, obstructing the channel of the river below the wharf, driving piles with steam pile-driver, building cribs and loading them with stone. The steamers Jamestown and Curtis Peck were sunk at the last moment to help make the blockade more secure.

All of us were thus kept busy until about the first of May, when one day, while at work on the battery at the fort, we saw several steamers loaded to the guards with soldiers, closely following each other, being carried to reinforce the batteries down towards the mouth of the river. They seemed to be in high spirits, for they cheered us as they passed hastily by. But only after a few days we again saw them returning up the river, looking sad and apparently very dejected.

Still we kept at work, when one day late in the afternoon we saw the foremost of our battery steamers slowly making their way up from Norfolk, which had been evacuated by the Confederate troops, leaving the navy-yard to fall into the hands of Federal forces, and we learned through the newspapers that the Merrimac (Virginia), had been blown up, thus leaving our river open to this place.

On Tuesday, May 13, 1862, about noon, while we were at work at the fort, one of our exchange steamers—under flag of truce—came up the river, passed up through the blockade, stopped

in front of the battery, "hailed," and told us to get ready, as five gunboats, including the Monitor and Galena, were at Harrison's bar, coming up the river to make an attack on this place.

Then all was hurry and some confusion, but we kept on steadily, making preparation to defend the fort. I think we loaded all three guns this day.

The crew of the Merrimac had, in the meantime, since their arrival from Norfolk, a few days before, been busily engaged mounting a gun on the river bluff, outside of a little to the west of the fort, covering it with heavy logs, so as to form a casement over it, and another, maybe still higher up the river, this latter was out of range.

We were told by some of our working party that some of their working party declared that to attempt to defend the place would only make it a slaughter pen, and they further told our men that the boats would run our company out of the battery in five minutes after the action began.

Wednesday, May 14th, every one very busy making things ready at the battery, when near towards noon, probably, the boats having reached a point around the bend in the river to eastward, and out of sight from us in the fort (for the large ravine east, southeast and south from it, was then covered with original forest growth), fired a shot, directed over the fort, although high overhead, but we were startled by its vicious rush through the air, and as it was the first hostile one many of us had ever heard, besides it was of gigantic size, compared to those generally used, and we heard it drop away back toward the turnpike. But they did not fire another that day, and we kept on at work until night, and were told before we retired to our quarters that a signal shot would be fired by the sentry on post at the battery, as a signal, that the hostile boats had appeared around the bend at Chaffin's Bluff, and to warn us to hurry to the fort, and to take our places at the guns. But none were fired that night, so most of us slept very well, but some of the men were kept at work all night.

Thursday, May 15, 1862, was cloudy, after smart rain last night, and likely for more to-day; some light showers fell. We

were up early, and about 6 o'clock A. M., while my mess were at breakfast, we heard the expected signal musket fired from the battery; when each one taking a biscuit in his hand, hurried silently to the fort. When upon arriving there, we found the working party toting sand-bags (which had been filled on the outside), to inside, and placing them so as to form embrasures to the gun. And we were ordered to assist them, which we did to the last moment. Meanwhile we could see the five gun-boats in the reach below, and very slowly making their way towards us, firing some guns to right and left towards some pickets in the field on our side, and at some guns of the "Washington Artillery"—as we were told, stationed on Chaffin's Bluff, who speedily retired out of range. The boats then continued on, nearer and nearer (and we still toting up sand-bags from outside and next to them), until they got so near we made a rush for the gun, but Captain Farrand, the naval officer, ordered us not to fire until he gave the word. Then we waited with baited breath.

Meanwhile we got to our stations at Gun, No. 2, in the following order: Post No. 1, Richard H. Pond; Post No. 2, John Hamilton; Post No. 3, Richard E. Jordan, and Post No. 4, Watkins Coleman. Calvin T. Taylor brought the powder from the magazine to us, and Archibald W. Archer, with Stephen B. Ellis, handed up the shot. I took my place upon the turntable, behind the breech, to act as gunner.

This detachment was not relieved, but continued to serve during the whole time that the battle went on.

Robert S. McFarland, our drill master, went to Gun No. 1, to act as gunner, with enough men to make three detachments, with corporals to serve vent. I am not informed as to their names as a whole.

Captain Farrand, the naval officer, Captain Drewry, with Lieutenant Wilson, took their stations at my gun (No. 2), Lieutenant Jones also stayed there some; we were well looked after.

Captain Jordan, of the Bedford Artillery, with his men, took charge of the ten-inch (Gun No. 3); I think they came to the fort the night before.

Thus we stood, ready for the word to "commence firing" at the proper time.

The boats, continuing to advance, finally took up the following positions: The three wooden ones—Aroostock, Port Royal and Naugatucket, lay to and stood about "bows on" at the mouth of Wilton creek, which enters on the north side of the river, about three-fourths of a mile from the fort, and hugged the bank pretty well. The Monitor and Galena—iron-clads—kept on till about six hundred yards from the fort, when the Galena stopped, turned "broadside," with her stern not far from the Chesterfield low water-mark, and threw out her anchors. The Monitor took up her position nearly abreast of the the Galena, going over her flag-staff, and struck a lime-pile on river. And from where we stood she looked pretty much like a barge inverted tank, on a very low raft, and we did not need to be told her name, for we knew her at a glance.

Some weeks before this day after we could handle the guns pretty well, an army officer, who had been at Roanoke Island, came to the fort and to my gun (No. 2), and showed us how to fire two five-second shells from said gun, being the first and only I had ever heard fired and exploded up to that time. I acted as Post No. 1, and he acted as gunner, and explained to me very carefully about pointing the gun for that range.

As soon as the last boat took position Captain Farrand shouted: "As soon as you get a chance fire on them!" When Captain Drewry, seeing me about to point the gun, climbed up to me, and said: "Let me aim this gun," when I stood and looked over his shoulder, and thinking about what I had been told by the officer aforementioned about the range, said to him: "Captain, you are aiming the gun too high." He replied: "Oh, no, you come with me," when we went to windward to avoid the smoke, had the gun fired, and saw the shot just miss the top of the Galena, going over her flag-staff, and struck a lime-pile on the right short, some distance beyond. Then he turned to me and said: "You go try your hand." This, I think, was the first shot fired during the engagement. Then I ran back to my post on the gun, served the vent—the detachment continuing to load as coolly as if on parade. We ran the gun "in battery" and I pointed it, aiming at the Galena "amid-ship," about half-way

up her shield, ran to my post of observation. Then Lieutenant Wilson again gave the order to "fire" in his most stentorious tones. When the shot struck pretty much where it had been aimed, and glanced off, and the last I saw of it, it was vanishing in the distance, towards Chaffin's Bluff, but it left a visible scar on the boat.

Gun No. 1 had also been "fired," presumably with good results as its gunner was considered an expert, and was a brave man.

Captain Jordan's ten-inch gun had been fired, shortly making a most deafening report, and the gun was disabled with the violence of its recoil, which came very near to dismounting it, as the carriage ran back with such force as to knock off the "rear-hurters" on the turn-table, thus preventing its being run "in battery." And it only resumed its fire near the end of the engagement.

The naval gun, just west of the battery, was also disabled by having its casemate of heavy logs cave in on it. Thus leaving Captain Drewry's Company with the two eight-inch guns (64 pounders) to continue the fight alone, and both guns continued to fire as fast as possible to the end of the battle.

As soon as we opened fire every gunboat simultaneously commenced pouring their huge shells into us. All the boats using one hundred-pound (parrott) rifle shells, except the Monitor, which used her two eleven-inch (11) smooth-bore (Dahlgren) gunshells, which weighed about one hundred and sixty (160) pounds. And I have thought that when the first broadside of four shells from the Galena passed just over the crest of our parapets and exploded in our rear, scattering their fragments in every direction, together with the sounds of the shells from the others, which flew wide of the mark, mingled with the roar of our guns, was the most startling, terrifying and diabolical sound which I had ever heard or ever expected to hear again.

With "blanched," but earnest faces, we continued to pelt the flagship, Galena, trying to penetrate her armor, which we finally did at the water-line, when the shot could be seen coming out of and tearing up her deck, after glancing up, having been deflected by something inside of her hull.

Thus the unequalled struggle went on for four long hours, and it looked, sometimes, like they would finally overcome us. But many a secret prayer was offered up to Heaven from anxious, if not faithful hearts, to the Ruler of the Universe, and God was very good that day, for "He delivered our souls in peace from the battle that was against us"—for not a man of the company was seriously hurt. Although Lieutenant Wilson, who was a strong, heavy man, of about thirty years of age, had been dashed to the ground very violently by a shell, which came through the cordon of sand bags very near him, and I had received a heavy fall, as at one time, I was making a dash from my post where I could observe the effect of our shot, back to where I served the vent—stumbled over the rammer and fell heavily on the hard platform. But neither of us was much hurt, and no one had been disabled, which seemed miraculous. And our company was thus enabled to contribute fully towards repulsing the formidable and hitherto victorious fleet of Federal gunboats.

Captain Jordan, together with our navy had seven men killed while trying to remount their guns. And I believe they were all struck down while our two guns were silent toward the end of the action, when we were ordered by Captain Farrand to "cease firing for half an hour," presumably to save our ammunition. But we had to commence firing again long before the time expired. For the commander of the Federal fleet, no doubt, thinking that all of our guns had been silenced, signaled to the three wooden boats, which immediately advanced and took up a new position, right behind the Monitor, Galena, and all five of them redoubled their fire on our batteries. And I have always thought that it was at this time all the casualties on our side took place. As we heard the first outcry of the unfortunate wounded while we were lying down with all our guns silent.

About this time a naval officer walked down and said to me, "we must commence to fire again, as the boats are now firing into our men." So without further waiting we all resumed our posts for action at the guns. When Captain Drewry, on seeing how the boats had been concentrated, commanded in a very confident tone of voice: "Fire on those wooden boats and make them

leave there," when both of our guns resumed fire, and put some shot through them broadside, when shortly, I think I saw a shell from the ten-inch gun—which had at last been remounted, burst on the deck of the Galena, and I am not sure, but that Captain Tucker's naval gun also began to lend its aid at the "eleventh" hour.

Then after both sides had exchanged a few more rounds, I saw a peculiar flag (to me) slowly creeping up the small iron mast of the Galena, so I called to the men and cried: "Look out, they are going to try some other scheme." When at once, (about 11:05 o'clock), after the fight had been going on fully four long hours, the three wooden boats turned and began to steam rapidly down the river, followed more slowly by the Monitor and Galena.

Captain Farrand immediately gave the command: "Cease firing," but as my gun had just been sponged, preparatory to loading it, and my enthusiasm got the better of my discipline, for my spirits had now risen several degrees above despondency, I said to Lieutenant Wilson: "Let us give them a parting salute." He replied: "Don't care if you do." No other objection being raised about our thus disobeying orders, we loaded the gun as fast as we possibly could, and by the time we got it "in battery" the wooden boats had gotten nearly a mile from us. So after pointing carefully and giving what was thought to be the proper elevation, when after most of the men, including Captain Farrand, had jumped to the top of the parapet to watch the shot on being fired, fell a little short, but ricochetting, struck the boat, which we took to be the Naugatucket, about half-way from deck and water, directly astern. Dick Pond, our No. 1, afterwards declared that the hole made by the shot into the boat looked as large as a flour-barrel, and must have done some damage to her.

Then we tossed our caps into the air, and shouted our cry of victory.

After which Captain Drewry took us in hand, and said: "Don't a man leave for the quarters, for I want you to fix up these parapets that have been knocked down, and those sand-bags torn to pieces, must be replaced and get ready for them, for the boats will probably be back here again in two hours.

But they never returned again.

President Jefferson Davis, with General Robert E. Lee, having galloped down from Richmond, came to Gun No. 2, soon after the firing ceased. The General showed us how to replace the sand-bags, and both seemed well pleased with the results of the engagement.

Thus the writer of this who had never been absent from duty since the company had been mustered in, must have made it clear to the reader that Captain Drewry, with his company, of most all Chesterfield men—he and most of them plain farmers—had by his indomitable pluck, skill and daring, almost unaided, as has been shown—won a remarkable victory that day.

As has been said, the guns not disabled had also been made in the county. And so:

“The Monitor was astonished,
And the Galena admonished,
And their efforts to ascend the stream
Were mocked at.

“While the dreadful Naugatuck,
With the hardest kind of luck,
Was very nearly knocked
Into a cocked-hat.”

And the behavior of the officers and men of the company on that occasion, under the circumstances, was extraordinary.

Captain Drewry and Lieutenant Wilson, at my gun, were alert and aggressive, and seemed to be devoid of fear, and the men, judging from those that worked Gun No. 2 (and were not relieved during the four trying hours), could not have been excelled by veterans or regulars for coolness, cheerfulness, skill and courage of a high order.

It was true that some of the sick ran home, and many of the unemployed were dreadfully demoralized. But that kind of timidity is usual among men in all commands, while receiving their baptism of fire and unable to defend themselves.

The disabling of Gun No. 1 (ten-inch), in charge of Captain Jordan's company, has been alluded to, but I will state further that it was badly disabled at the time of the first fire, by a too severe recoil, and for some time we thought that it had been handled awkwardly, and the mishap had been caused by its

having been fired "in gear." But we afterward came to the conclusion that it had in two charges of both powder and shot, as the report was very loud, indeed, as burnt grains of powder fell at our gun (the line of fire being very oblique). It remained disabled nearly the whole time.

And Captain Tucker's naval gun, as before mentioned, was disabled by the rain causing its superstructure to give away so that its casemate of heavy logs caved in on it, which deprived us of their help also, until near the end of the fight.

No doubt the moral effect caused by the presence of the crew of the Merrimac was great. But otherwise without any fault of theirs, they rendered very little help towards the repulse of the hostile fleet of gunboats. It was true that Captain Farrand, with his professional skill, in giving very pertinent commands, rendered valuable aid. Yet they have always claimed the almost entire credit for the victory. And but for the fact that Captain Drewry was promoted to the rank of major of artillery, and ordered to take command of the main fort at Drewry's Bluff by the Secretary of War, George W. Randolph, upon the recommendation of General William Mahone, who had witnessed the fight, seconded by Governor John Letcher, who knew of all the circumstances of the defence, his company's claim to fame would have been entirely ignored by the officers and men of the Confederate navy, as well as by others higher in command. But truth struck down will rise again. When history, as well as posterity, will finally be compelled to give honor to whom honor is due.

Perhaps, here, it would be well to state that our skill of gunnery and the effectiveness of our fire, were greatly aided by the fact that, unfortunately for us, the Monitor and Galena (the front sights of our guns being short), came within point-blank range, thus rendering themselves conspicuous targets easy to hit, so that we wasted very few shots. Our height, ninety feet above the water, caused the line of fire of our guns to be about three degrees depression to reach them, while theirs on the contrary, had to be about the same degrees of elevation to reach us.

It is now useless to discuss the "might have beens," but if our two guns had been ten-inch calibre instead of eight-inch,

thus making the projectiles as heavy, the Galena would have been rendered a total wreck.

Captain Drewry was pleased to compliment me for the part taken by me in the affair, and our expert, McFarland, held my skill as gunner in great repute after that time.

As has been said, the fire of the fleet killed seven Confederates and battered the parapets of the fort badly, and also shot our large flag to pieces and cut down trees of all kinds and sizes, for they did not seem to offer any resistance to their huge, blustering projectiles, that were sometimes hurled against them in showers.

Now, as to the damage to the fleet. We afterwards heard that the Galena lost about forty men—wounded and killed—and that she was badly damaged by having her armor jarred loose, and her deck ripped up by our shot, after penetrating being deflected upward by chains, anchors, &c., piled on that side for the purpose. And that eighteen were killed on board the Naugatuck by the explosion of one of her own guns, besides other damage rendered by us.

SAMUEL A. MANN.

I was present during the whole engagement and certify that the foregoing is a true statement. Of course, there are many things which I observed as a spectator, which Samuel A. Mann, being engaged, could not see. I will give a statement of my observations in full.

THOMAS J. CHEATHAM, M. D.

Thus we find that one of the most wonderful achievements of the whole war was the result of the foresight, skill, labor and courage of the men of Chesterfield commanders, naval or military, and of which the reading public knows nothing.

The only efficient service in this battle was done by the Chesterfield company, commanded by Major A. H. Drewry. The two eight-inch guns, which did the fighting, were made at Belona arsenal, at his foundry in Chesterfield county, and the battery at Drewry's Bluff was constructed by Chesterfield men with their own resources, and was built upon land owned by Major Drewry.

A glorious victory over the hitherto invincible navy of the United States was achieved and the fall of Richmond was pre-

vented, for if the Federal gunboats had succeeded in passing Drewry's Bluff on that day the capital of the Confederacy would have at once been at their mercy, and the Confederate troops would have been compelled to retreat from Richmond, and probably from Virginia. This gallant band of Chesterfield men by their heroic conduct on this occasion, thus not only saved the capital of the Confederacy from capture, but prolonged the war for three years, and enabled the "Army of Northern Virginia" to write its heroic achievements in blood and fire for three long years. The proud record of that magnificent army, which will be the boast of all future generations of Virginians, might never have been made.

The men of Chesterfield who composed the Southside Heavy Artillery, commanded by Augustus H. Drewry, who drove back the iron-clad fleet down the James river on that momentous day are justly entitled to the laurel wreath of victors, and should ever be cherished in the hearts of their countrymen.

TOWNSEND'S DIARY—JANUARY–MAY, 1865.

**From Petersburg to Appomattox, Thence to North
Carolina to Join Johnston's Army.**

**By HARRY C. TOWNSEND, Corporal 1st Company, Richmond
Howitzers.**

January 1st, 1865, Friday. Lying encamped in winter quarters at Mrs. Dunn's farm, near Port Walthall Junction, and about five miles northeast of Petersburg. The quiet of the military atmosphere remains undisturbed. We are living in the hope of receiving and eating a large New Year's dinner, which the citizens of Virginia promise.

2d. This has been a day of disappointment. Our expected dinner was delayed until patience was exhausted, and then when it came it was of such meagre dimensions that we concluded to give our portion to the other companies of the battalion. We bore our disappointment quite well however under the circumstances.

3d–11th. All quiet. Succession of rains and warm sunny days.

12th. Went to Richmond (on mail pass) and returned on the 13th, finding everything "in statu quo."

14th. All quiet.

15th. Sunday. Heard Mr. Oliver preach this morning. On guard today, and tonight.

16th. Wrote to Mr. E——, things remaining very quiet.

17–20th. No change to record in the aspect of affairs; commenced today repairing some damages in our breastworks, caused by the late heavy rains.

21st. Wrote to mother; cold and rainy; all quiet.

22–25th. No change in the aspect of military affairs.

26th. Employed ourselves in getting a load of wood, which was pretty cold work.

27th. Wrote to ——. All remains quiet.

28th. Exceedingly cold. A rumor current in camp that General Jos. E. Johnston has been given command of this army in place of General Lee, who is appointed General-in-Chief. This is supposed to have been done at the request of General Lee, who thinks that

he cannot be Commanding General and retain command of this army.

29th. Sunday. All quiet. Captain Anderson, commanding battalion, requested me to act as Sergeant-Major of same, until the 8th, Mr. Blair having received leave of absence until that time. I requested him to get someone else, but he demurred at this, and I therefore consented to the proposition.

30th. Transferred myself to headquarters of battalion; find Lieutenant Falligan, who is acting Adjutant, quite a pleasant gentleman.

31st. All remains "statu quo."

February 1st. Nothing of consequence occurring. Received a barrel of vegetables, etc., from home.

2d. Our slumber disturbed this morning by the quick discharge of musketry, supposing it to be some false alarm we did not arise. Learned afterwards that it was an attack on the enemy's pickets by our forces, who succeeded in capturing a few. Papers of today state that General Lee was on yesterday appointed by the Senate General-in-Chief. Problem. Who will command this army now?

3-4th. All remaining quiet; on the 3rd were paid three months wages (\$55), by the quartermaster. Lieutenant Falligan went off on 24 days' furlough this morning (3rd), and I am now acting Adjutant of the battalion.

5th. All is quiet today. Remained in camp until evening, when I paid a visit to the company, and afterwards went to hear Mr. Oliver preach.

6th. Received a letter from —— and answered it. The distant booming of cannon this morning broke the reign of quiet which has held us in subjection so long. The firing was quite heavy and rapid, and indicated the progress of a severe fight. Reports state it to be an attempt of the enemy to take possession of Dinwiddie Courthouse, which brings them within striking distance of the Danville railroad. A very improbable rumor states that the enemy have possession of Dinwiddie courthouse.

7th. The papers of today state that it was merely the cavalry of the enemy which attacked our lines at Dinwiddie Courthouse, and that the attack was repulsed with heavy loss. Quite heavy and rapid firing is still maintained in that direction, however, and it is probable that the fight is not over. Wrote to mother.

8th. Still at headquarters, where it is likely I shall be compelled to remain until the 14th instant, as Blair's furlough has been

extended five days and I have sent it to him by today's mail. This is not a very pleasant prospect to me, as the loneliness of the place is decidedly disagreeable.

9th. All very quiet. Weather quite cold. Blair not having arrived as yet, I suppose that he has received his extension of leave.

10th. All quiet.

11th. The papers of today have an order from Adjutant General's office announcing the appointment of General Robert E. Lee as General-in-Chief of the Confederate armies. This gives universal satisfaction, and will silence the voice of croakers and dispel, in a great measure, the gloom which has filled the hearts of the people for sometime. Papers of today contain also, notice of the grand indignation meeting held in Richmond to send back a fit answer to Mr. Lincoln's insulting propositions. The lion is at length aroused; let them beware, who have awakened him.

12th, Sunday. All quiet; went to Carlton's church and heard Mr. Oliver preach in the morning; and in the afternoon heard Mr. Gardner at our company church—a bitter cold day.

13th. Wrote to father and also to mother. Nothing of interest transpiring.

14th. Blair returned today, much to my satisfaction, and I was enabled to return to camp.

15–16th. All quiet. A rumor prevalent in camp, imported from Richmond, to the effect that Thomas is marching with his army by way of Fredericksburg. This story bears an air of probability.

17th. All quiet during the day. At about 11:30 o'clock at night the Yankee gunboat in the river threw a shell into our camp, disturbing our slumbers somewhat and causing us to rise and go out to the breastworks, remaining there a short while. As it was not repeated we went to bed again.

19th–21st. All quiet; T. E. and S. B. A. went home on the 20th. Commenced a newspaper arrangement on the same day. Wrote to *Examiner* on 21st.

22d. The Yankee celebrated this day with a great many salutes, as usual; very pleasant weather. General Pendleton was here to-day, and says that furloughs have been stopped, and that we may expect a fight very soon. Captain P. says that it is supposed that Grant will attempt to open communication with Sherman. Wrote to the *Examiner*.

23rd. Disturbed by rumor and report of the movement of troops, and the evacuation of Petersburg. It is supposed that these troops are going in the direction of Burkeville or Danville.

24th. Received orders today to hold ourselves in readiness to move at a moment's warning.

25th. Expecting to receive orders to move. Rodes' (now Grymes') Division, was taken from our front today and carried to the right. General Pickett extended his lines so as to cover our front, in addition to his former front.

26-28th. No orders to move as yet. This is owing to the rainy weather, which has prevailed during this time, I suppose.

March 1-8th. All quiet. Unprecedented bad weather prevailing. Sheridan is out on another raid, but this rain will doubtless defeat some of his plans. T. E. and S. B. A returned today. Paid news-boy up to 7th, inclusive. Pickett's division removed from the line.

8-15th. No excitement prevailing; rumors very numerous. Sheridan still riding on a raid. Early whipped and his army scattered. Beautiful weather prevailing, but the roads are still very bad.

16-22nd. All quiet; most strangely beautiful weather (for this season of the year). Roads in very good condition. The question is being asked daily, Why does Grant delay? The opinion is now very general that he is waiting for the development of the campaign of Messrs Sherman, Thomas and Hancock, whose columns are nearly ready to make the co-operating moves which Ulysses deems necessary for the capture of Richmond.

23rd. No change. Election day for members of the Legislature passed off quietly.

24-29th. Still quiet. *New York Herald* of the 27th received here today, states that President Lincoln has gone to City Point for the purpose of conferring with General Grant and increasing his powers so that he may be authorized to offer terms of capitulation !!! to General Lee and his army when they surrender, which is expected in a very short time. What fools the Yankees are.

30th. Quite a heavy fight occurred in front of Petersburg last night, commencing at 10 o'clock and concluding about 11:30 o'clock. The artillery and musketry were quite loud upon the occasion. Have not heard the result as yet.

31st. All quiet; firing last night found to proceed from an attack made by the enemy upon General Gordon's line in retaliation, I suppose, for his foray upon them a few nights since.

April 1st. All quiet.

April 2d. During morning heavy fight was in progress on the line near Petersburg, which according to the report received resulted rather to our disadvantage. Later in the afternoon we received orders to move to Chesterfield Courthouse. At 9 P. M. started, marched all night through a very muddy country which caused a great deal of baulking by the horses, which were at the best very weak. Arrived at our destination at 8 A. M. on the 3rd, at which time we halted for the double purpose of cooking breakfast and feeding the horses. At 10 A. M. resumed the line of march and halted at 9 P. M. within few miles of Goode's Bridge over Appomattox river. The enemy pressed our rear closely, but were held in check by Mahone's Division. Heard of the evacuation of Richmond.

4th. Marched from daybreak until sunset, crossing the Appomattox river at Goode's Bridge and camping two miles beyond, and within seven miles of Amelia Courthouse. The enemy pressing us hard, we burned the bridge after crossing.

5th. Broke camp at 3 A. M. and marched to within a half mile of Amelia Courthouse where we struck the main body of the army; found the enemy's cavalry across the railroad, and attempting to dispute our further advance. To our great dismay we found there were no rations for the army which, inasmuch, as we had eaten our last the night previous, was rather interesting intelligence. Received orders to take a road running west of the railroad and parallel with it, also with the road which the main body of the army is to travel. We are to have but a small force of cavalry to guard our line of march, which is I think, a very insufficient force to protect the very large amount of artillery which will accompany our battalion. The battalions of Hardaway, Lightfoot, Lane, Huger, Owen, Leyder and our own comprise the force thus sent, being in all about one hundred guns. Many rumors are afloat of the presence of the Yankee cavalry along the route which it is supposed we will take, and it is evident that our position is not altogether a safe one. We camped at 9 P. M. within five miles of Clementown Mill's Bridge over the Appomattox river.

6th. Marched at 4 A. M.; crossed the Appomattox river, marched through Cumberland Courthouse, and halted at 11.30 P. M., within nine miles of Farmville, having travelled 36 miles in 19½ hours. Such an arduous march as this caused a great deal of

straggling on the part of the boys, the majority of whom were completely broken down.

7th. Broke camp at daylight and marched $13\frac{1}{2}$ miles, going through Curdsville and camping $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles beyond New Store, in Buckingham county. Several alarming rumors of the nearness of the Yankee Cavalry are prevalent, and several stories are told of their daring and successful attempts to cut off portions of our artillery and wagon trains. Most of them, however, are doubtless the creation of excited imaginations.

8th. Marched at 1 A. M.; passed through Appomattox Court-house and halted near Appomattox Station, on the Southside Railroad at 3 P. M. While engaged in making dinner, a brisk skirmishing commenced in our rear, which stragglers reported as caused by an appearance in force of our Yankee pursuers. This information excited some surprise, and we are disposed to be very incredulous in regards to the story, but as the firing continued increasing in intensity and nearness, and stray minies began to whistle painfully near to us, we commenced preparations to give the enemy a befitting reception. We formed our guns in a hollow circle of some 40 feet diameter, presenting "war's horrid brazen front" on all sides to the advancing foe. These latter soon approached, appearing at all sides at the same moment. Although we had no infantry to support us, and nothing more than a few scattered cavalry with us, we determined that we would sell our lives dearly. We loaded with cannister, and as the enemy approached our position (which was a miserable one) we poured a fire into them which completely broke them. They returned to the charge four times and each time were similarly repulsed. This kind of reception did not seem to their liking, and they appeared to have retired for consultation. At this moment, and while we were waiting in expectation of a renewal of the attack, which had dwindled into firing between a few skirmishers, orders were received from General Walker, who commanded us, to withdraw our guns to an adjacent road. We obeyed orders immediately, covering our retreat by firing into the enemy's position. Arriving at the road, we found an immense quantity of artillery and wagons, which shortly after commenced marching in the direction of Lynchburg. After travelling that road a short distance, we were ordered to countermarch and take a by-path, which led, I know not where. We proceeded on this road a short distance, and were then com-

pelled to retrace our steps a portion of the way, and take another path. When we had gone about five miles down this road, and passed about half a mile beyond Red Oak Church we halted for the night, it being about 2 A. M., and we having marched 23 hours almost without rest.

9th. Moved at 7 A. M., and after a great deal of marching and countermarching over about a mile of the road, on which we camped last night, found out that we were cut off from General Lee.

About this time a courier arrived from General Lee with a dispatch for General Walker. This courier should have arrived last night, but had difficulty in getting through the Yankee cavalry which are around us. The dispatch was in effect: "If you can join me with your artillery by daybreak you will be able to do me some service, as I will attempt to cut my way out on tomorrow. If you find it impossible to do so, adopt the means which, in your judgment, shall seem proper under the circumstances. Those in your command who may be in favor of continuing the contest may report themselves to the town of Lincolnton, in Lincoln county, North Carolina, where they may receive further instructions."

Before the receipt of this dispatch it was resolved as we could not get our guns out of the Yankee meshes in which we were prisoned, we would dismount, spike and bury the pieces, cut down the carriages, disband the companies and disperse the men in small squads, with directions to report at the point indicated in General Lee's dispatch. These resolutions were immediately carried into effect and were the occasion of many solemn and affecting scenes. Our company divided itself into numerous squads, the members of which, with but few exceptions, were actuated by the determination to reach North Carolina if it were possible. The party with which I connected myself was composed of sixteen young men whose names are as follows: Edward G. Steane, of Richmond; Willie T. Eustace, of Louisiana; Harrison Sublett, Richmond; J. B. Ayers, Buckingham; Henry C. Barnes, Richmond; S. E. Ayres, Buckingham; Frank J. Barnes, Richmond; John W. Seay, Buckingham; John W. Todd, Richmond; J. Walker Barnes, Stafford; Willie H. Page, Richmond; Bird G. Pollard, King William; W. P. Gretter, Richmond; O. A. Mosby, Louisa courthouse; Harry C. Townsend, Richmond; James S. Carter. These having elected E. G. Steane as their leader struck out in the direction of James river, intending to cross that and place it between them and the Yankees, purpos-

ing thereafter to make for the Blue Ridge Mountains and travel down to North Carolina. After marching through the woods about four miles we halted for the night in an old tobacco barn, which we found deserted and in a very retired spot. It was a very pleasant situation for a camp, having a bountiful supply of wood on all sides, while water was furnished by a pretty little branch which threaded its tortuous way through a shallow ravine and a gravelled bed and through the long grass. The banks of the little streamlet were covered with a luxuriant growth of broom-straw which afforded a most welcome repose for our wearied limbs, and where we could enjoy the freshness of the scenery. The romantic aspect with which the circumstances invested the picture, the noise of the babbling water, the happy song of the birds, the delicious temperature of the wind which fanned our cheeks and cooled our brows, and the pleasant thoughts which would spring up despite the many adverse circumstances in our present situation. Here we cooked, washed and made our arrangements for the night.

10th. Arose at sunrise, cooked and ate breakfast and took up the line of march for Colonel Walker's upon James River, at which place we understood that we could obtain transportation across the river. We arrived there in a very short time, and were ferried across by one of Colonel Walker's negroes, whom we paid thirty dollars for the kindness. Before embarking, we made an exchange with some of his other servants of some coffee for two dozen eggs. After gettiug across we took the road for Amherst Courthouse, which was distant about twelve miles. On the road met a great many stragglers whose report was that General Lee had surrendered his whole force to the Yankee Army under General Grant. Colonel L—— of the artillery was one of these stragglers, and was not the least demoralized of them. His horse's head was turned toward Richmond, and this was, we supposed, his destination. However, we paid no attention to these rumors, and marched on to within five miles of the Courthouse, when we came to a forked road which puzzled us. To settle the difficulty, we sent out scouts to a neighboring house, at which, we received directions to turn aside from our intended route, as the Yankees were reported to be in possession of Amherst Courthouse. The proprietor of the place advised us to make for Buffalo Springs, some twenty-five miles distant. This gentleman was kind enough to give us eight quarts of meal, which was very liberal, considering that he was, himself,

a refugee. We acted upon his suggestion, and leaving the Court-house road, struck out for the Buffalo River, which we waded, after crossing the South Branch by a log, proceeded about two miles into the country, and stopped for the night at the Wesleyan Church, about five miles E. N. E. of Amherst Courthouse, and about three miles from New Glasgow Station, on the Charlottesville and Lynchburg R. R. Here we were very kindly treated by the citizens of the neighborhood. Rev. Robert Watts loaned us the use of the Church, and sent us an abundant supply of corn bread for our supper. Mr. Wood took our meal, cooked it, and made our coffee, besides accommodating us in several other ways very acceptable. At this place we enjoyed ourselves immensely and slept undisturbed.

April 11th. Marched at 8 o'clock this morning and took the road for New Glasgow. On the route we passed the house of Mr. Maye, at which we obtained some sorghum and had the pleasure of conversing a few minutes with a very patriotic and an exceedingly pretty young lady—*his daughter*. Passing the house of a Mr. Lipscomb and a Mr. Fletcher, and arrived at New Glasgow, a little village of about twenty-five dwellings and two hundred inhabitants. Here we met countless rumors for our hindrance. Colonel Cabell had just left the place to go to his brother's farm, (twelve miles distant) to remain until he could arrive at some determination regarding his future course. In view of the report that General Lee had surrendered, not only the force present with him, but also all of the stragglers that might have been within twenty miles of him, at the time of the capitulation, he was under the impression that it was his duty to remain in the State until he could learn further particulars. In view of his action, several of our party were of the opinion that it would be better for us to remain in New Glasgow about a day longer in order, if possible, to obtain more information. This suggestion met with a great deal of opposition, and we left the town and marched about a mile before it would be acceded to. It was then agreed to (in order to prevent breaking up the party), and having obtained lodgings at the residence of Mr. Grinnan (a very kind, worthy gentleman) we put up for the night. At New Glasgow, Mr. Pendleton gave us a small quantity of sorghum and Mr. R. A. Coghill a day's rations of meal and bacon. In the country, near Mr. Grinnan's, we obtained a quart of buttermilk. Truly God has thrown our lines into pleasant

places, and provided for us upon this march. In addition to a very comfortable lodging place, Mr. Grinnan sent out to us a supper, consisting of eggs, bread and sorghum, which we relished very much.

12th. This morning Mr. Grinnan sent us some eggs for breakfast and, when about to start, a collection of pies and puffs, which was a most unexpected treat. After thanking this hospitable family for the great kindness they had shown us, we started for Buffalo Springs. After marching about a mile, we came to a Mrs. Coleman's, who gave us about twenty pounds of meal and a pint of sorghum (which latter was exactly half of what she had). About two and a half miles further a Mr. Coleman (brother to the lady), gave us two quarts of sorghum. At Mrs. Wm. Saunders', on Buffalo River, we were given a shoulder of bacon.

After passing this last-mentioned place, we had to ascend some exceedingly high hills, the climbing of which caused us to puff and blow considerably. From this summit a view of great beauty is presented the beholder. Below stretches a short and picturesque valley, through which the waters of the Buffalo distribute themselves, looking like a huge snake lying at ease upon Nature's green carpet. Around, above, are mountains, in all of their grand and varied proportions, with thin cloud-capped heads rising high into the upper firmament. On each side were numerous beautiful residences, which completed the illusion that the scene was apt to produce upon the mind of the traveler, viz: that *another Switzerland had sprung into existence in this New World of ours*. As I gazed upon this picture, involuntarily a sigh escaped me, which was provoked by the thought that would thrust its skeleton head before me. "How soon may the hand of war, with all of its blighting influences, change the beauty of this scene into desolation and ruin." Turning aside from the contemplation of this picture, we continued our journey. After going a short distance, we arrived opposite the residences of Dr. James Taliaferro and Mr. William Hill, to both of which places we sent foragers. From the former we obtained half of a middling of bacon, and from the latter, after *much persuasion*, a canteen of sorghum. We pressed on further, and came to the house of Mr. Taliaferro, who gave us about five pounds of bacon. About a half mile further, we obtained a canteen of sorghum from a gentleman, whose name we did not hear. At about 6 P. M. we arrived at Buffalo Springs, where we obtained sleeping accommodations for the night, and by the kindness of Mr. Turner, the pro-

prietor, had our provisions cooked, and our clothing washed. The only objections we had to the place, was in regard to the sulphur water, which was the principal element which it afforded. It was not very disagreeable to the taste, but was exceedingly repulsive to the organs of smelling. It brought very forcibly to one's remembrance some of the scenes of his "wild oats" days, when rotten eggs were distributed very loosely, and with little regard to the place where they fell. This water was very distasteful to us, and we managed after some time to get some from another spring which was more palatable.

13th. Left Buffalo Springs this morning about 9 o'clock, and shortly after came to a Dr. Smith's, about two miles distant. Here the roads forked, one going to Rope Ferry across the James river, and the other leading over the Blue Ridge Mountains Robinson Gap. This caused quite a division of sentiment in our party, one side being in favor of taking the Rope Ferry road, and the other inclining to the Gap road. At one time permanent division of the party was threatened, neither side being willing to give up their opinions or their conflicting wishes. It was at length decided, however, by a vote of the party to go Robinson's Gap; we then proceeded on our journey, stopping for a resting spell near what was called "Pine Mountain Church," in the vicinity of which we obtained from a Mr. Jeffries a shoulder of bacon. Passing beyond this place about a half mile we crossed "Peddlar Creek," a very good sized stream which brought before us visions of mountain trout and pickerel. Several of the party threw in their lines and attempted to draw from this aquatic treasury the supplies necessary for our dinner. But on account of the rapid flow of this little stream and our lack of the "tight-line sinkers" for such waters, this attempt to kidnap some of the finny tribe met with no success. Passing from this place we shortly after arrived at Mr. Samuel Richardson's, whose wife treated us very kindly, offering to provide dinner for the party, and when we declined putting her to that trouble, furnished us with about thirty pounds of flour, some sorghum and bacon. Passing on we commenced the ascent of a very steep and rugged road which led over some very high hills which prefaced the way to Robinson's Gap; when within a mile of the Gap we obtained some meal from a lady. At length we entered the Gap, and of all the rocky roads that it was ever my fortune to travel this surpassed the combination of them; huge boulders would be found now and then

filling up the road which was at the best, but a continual layer of stones of every size and shape. At occasional intervals the rushing waters of some mountain streamlet would be found across our path or monopolize the road for some distance. Struggling over the obstacles we at length reached the summit after resting once or twice upon the way. Here we came upon a mountain residence which stood upon the east side of the mountain just where the roads forked in their descent towards the Roanoke valley; selecting the shortest of these roads we commenced the downward trip which led us through a rugged path. It made us consider which was the most difficult, the ascent or descent. The principal characteristic of the road was the steepness and its roughness; a mountain streamlet followed the road in all its windings and crossed it about eight times during a distance of two miles. The mountains seemed loathe to leave us, as they followed the road for two or three miles until we emerged into the broad daylight at the North river just about seven miles east of Lexington. It being nigh on to evening it was thought proper to make a stop for the night, and we were fortunate enough to obtain lodging at a Mr. Laird's, where we were treated very kindly. Mr. Laird tells us we have travelled twenty miles today.

14th. Crossed North River this morning and started for Natural Bridge, followed the tow path along the canal for about three miles and then stopped for the purpose of bathing; this occupied us for about two hours, after which we started upon our march again. Having lost the way we had been directed to take we had to improvise a road by cutting across some coal fields which led us to Mr. James Thompson's house on Buffalo river. Here we found a copy of an order which General Lee had issued to the army of Northern Virginia as follows :

General Order No. 9.

Headquarters A. N. Va., April 16th, 1865.

After four years of arduous service made by unsurpassed courage and fortitude the army of Northern Virginia has been forced to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources.

I need not tell the brave survivors of so many hard fought battles who have been steadfast to the last, that I have consented to the result from no distrust of them. But feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that would compensate for the losses that would have attended the continuance of the contest, I determined

to avoid the unnecessary sacrifice of those whose past services had endeared them to their countrymen.

By the terms of the agreement officers and men will be allowed to return to their homes and remain until exchanged. You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from duty faithfully performed, and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you His blessing and protection with unceasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

R. E. LEE.

This occasioned quite a discussion in the party, some construing the order as including the whole army of Northern Virginia whether they were present or absent, while others understood it as meaning only those who were present at the place of surrender. The former contended that it was our duty to go to Lynchburg and give ourselves up to the Yankee authorities, as we were by the terms of that order undoubtedly included in the surrender. The latter argued that it was absurd to speak of a general surrendering men who were absent from him and beyond the pale of his authority. However neither party being able to convince the other it was finally agreed to separate, nine taking the road towards Lynchburg (J. W. Barnes, W. T. Eustace, S. B. Ayres, T. E. Ayres, S. A. Mosby, J. W. Seay, James T. Carter, F. J. Barnes, Jr., W. P. Gretter) and seven continuing their journey to North Carolina (E. G. Steane, Harrison Sublett, John W. Todd, Henry C. Barnes, Willis H. Page, Byrd G. Pollard, Harry C. Townsend). The party of seven proceeded towards Brady's Furnace, at which point we crossed the Buffalo river; here we found a very large iron furnace, two grist-mills and some government stores. At Mr. Brady's residence we obtained a very good dinner; after partaking of this repast we proceeded on our journey, and after travelling quite briskly through a very picturesque country arrived at the Natural Bridge; our party descended the steep road which leads down under the bridge and had quite a fine view of it. We sat down upon a ledge of rocks immediately under the bridge and spent about an hour in the inspection of this natural curiosity. Some of the boys cut their names upon the rocks and all of us drank of the waters of Cedar creek. When we passed over the bridge several of us obtained pieces of the arbor vitae that is so abundant

there. Passing beyond the bridge on the road to Buchanan we stopped for the night at Dr. Arnold's where we were hospitably received and treated.

April 15th. The skies this morning were very sombre, the rain fell in torrents, and made us very loathe to leave the nice beds into which Dr. Arnold's kindness had put us. We were very agreeably surprised by the coming up of five of the party who left us on yesterday. S. B. Ayres, T. E. Ayres, Frank J. Barnes, Jr., J. W. Seay, Jos. T. Carter. Shortly after we separated on yesterday, this other party met General Pendleton, who was returning to his home, being a paroled prisoner of war. He told them they had misinterpreted General Lee's order, that they were not surrendered at all, and it was their duty to go on to North Carolina. This was deemed sufficient by the majority of the party, who immediately retraced their steps, and endeavored to rejoin our party. The other four continued their march to Lynchburg. This action grieved us a great deal, and somewhat surprised us. After an excellent breakfast at Dr. Arnold's, we started on our days march, although with many misgivings. We proceeded about one mile, when we reached the diminutive village of Springfield, where we found a vacant house, which afforded us a hospitable shelter from the almost drowning rains. During our resting spell we had some bread cooked at a Mrs. Heck's, who added to her kindness by a gift of about a gallon of butter milk and a pound of butter, both of which were exceedingly acceptable. About one o'clock we took up our line of march again, as the rain had subsided, reached Buchanan about five o'clock, crossing the James River in a ferry boat, the proprietor charging us \$30 for bringing us across, besides speaking to us in a very insolent manner. We had expected to obtain rations and clothing at the quartermaster department at Buchanan, but upon making known our hopes to Captain Duncan, the post quartermaster, he informed us that it would be impossible for him to supply us, as all of his supplies were issued. This rather perplexed us for a short time, as we had depended upon this mode as the basis of our hopes for supper and breakfast, but by the kindness of Dr. Hamilton, we obtained accommodations at his house and at Mr. Wm. D. Crouch and Colonel J. T. Lochbridge's, distributing the party among the three. The citizens of Buchanan are certainly a hospitable set.

April 16th. Left Buchanan, after having the \$30 returned to us that we paid for crossing the river (through the kindness of Mr.

Crouch) about ten o'clock, and after marching about four miles, sent two ahead to make arrangements for our reception at Botetourt Springs, twenty miles distant. About seven miles from Buchanan some of the party obtained dinner at a Mrs. Waskey's. Having heard that it might be possible to obtain government cloth at Fincastle, we turned aside from the *turn pike*, about eight miles from Buchanan, and took the road toward that point. Having arrived there about 6 o'clock, we called upon Major Wilson, post quartermaster, in regard to the obtaining of the desired cloth. Mr. Wilson having none, directed us to a Mr. Ammon. This being Sunday, the party were furnished accommodations at the homes of Mr. Wilson, Mr. Miller and Mr. Bowyer, whose kindness and hospitality will ever be remembered. We attended the Presbyterian Church that night and heard the Rev. Dr. Stiles preach, and afterwards spoke to him. Our two couriers went on to Hollins' Institute, and stopped with the Rev. Dr. Seely. Two others were sent on to apprise them of the change of our destination on the part of the main body with directions to wait until Monday afternoon for their coming.

April 17th. Fincastle. Went to see Mr. Ammon, who informed "the boys" that although he had no government cloth, he possessed some private stock, a portion of which he sold to those of the party that wished it. As he *could* not take Confederate money, the boys gave him a check on Purcell, Ladd & Co., for the amount he charging 75 cents per yard. After getting the cloth, the next trouble was to get it made up into suits. This was easily accomplished through the kindness of Mrs. Wilson, and the "Fincastle Female Sewing Union," who by their promptness, industry and kindness succeeded in making the clothes by 5 P. M. Immediately after this was done, the boys bade adieu to the kind people of the little town whom they will ever remember with grateful hearts, and started towards Botetourt Springs. Before they had gone more than four miles, darkness overtook them, and they were compelled to seek for lodgings, which they obtained at the houses of Mr. Snyder and a Widow Guch, where they were treated kindly and fared exceedingly well. At Botetourt Springs, we waited today for the Fincastle party to return; the hours passed and night came on, and they did not arrive; suppose they stopped for the purpose of having clothes made, and we concluded to wait until tomorrow, and if they did not come, to continue our journey to Salem, as it is

possible they have passed to that place by some other road.

18th. The Fincastle party arrived here this morning about 10:30 o'clock; after resting a spell we continued our march in the direction of Big Lick where Major Wilson had agreed to meet us and give us some information in regard to the practicability of getting horses. Arrived at Big Lick about 3 o'clock and obtained lodgings at the houses of Mr. B. T. Tinsley, Mr. Trout and Mr. Thomas. Called upon Gen. T. T. Munford in order to gain some information about the possibility of getting horses from him. He could give us no help unless we joined his command. If we could find any government horses throughout the county we had his sanction to impress them.

19th. Left Big Lick and crossed the Blue Ridge Mountains through a very poor country, inhabited by a very rude and uncultivated people. Obtained dinner for our party at Miss Murray's and the widow Boone's. Passed by Boone's Mills and stopped, half of the party going to Mr. James C. Smith's, the rest going to Mrs. Bowman's and Mrs. Skemberry's, both of whom were Dunkards. These people appear to be a class of honest, well-meaning persons, who however are not very friendly to the Confederate cause. They are opposed to slavery, I believe, and like the Quaker, will not fight. They have some very curious notions and hold some peculiar tenets.

20th. Marched today on what is called the "Old North Carolina Road," after going some five miles were on account of inclemency of the weather forced to stop. Six of the party obtained a resting place at Mr. James Leftwich's, the others across the river at a Mr. Galloway's, who appears to be a kind and hospitable gentleman and has treated us very generously. The rain continuing all day we were compelled to stop our journey, which rest came in very apropos as it gave us an opportunity of having our clothes washed, &c. Here we remained all the afternoon, receiving excellent fare and meeting with good treatment. At night Mr. Galloway put us into nice feather beds which caused us to forget all our weariness very quickly. At Mr. Leftwich's also the other party were treated very hospitably and found very good fare.

21st. After a good breakfast at Mr. Galloway's and Mr. Leftwich's our party took up the line of march about 7 A. M., Mr. Galloway directed us to reach Mr. Harrison on the south side of Smith river, which was according to his statement about twenty

miles distant. Our route for some six miles passed through a dense strip of woods; at length we reached a piece of open country and soon arrived at the house of a Mrs. Wade, where we were told that Smith river was twenty-three miles distant. Here we crossed a river of quite respectable size, the name of which we did not learn; having passed on about a mile beyond this river we were told that Smith river was fifteen or twenty miles distant, and still further on we were told twenty-five, by an old country man we met driving an ox cart. Shortly after meeting this last named personage we came to what was called Stony Creek Church where two roads met and crossed; taking the right hand one we passed Capt. Peter Saunders' Iron Furnace and came to the residence of another Mr. Saunders, a shoemaker; we were advised by him to turn off this road which he represented as being much travelled and take a more private one, which he recommended and which would bring us to Smith's river at Mr. Daniel Helm's. The first road we struck after leaving the main road we had travelled all the morning was one which led us up a steep mountainous ascent, the climbing of which caused us to blow not a little. Coming down the hill we attempted to get dinner at a little hut near the foot of the hill, but failed on account of the poverty of the proprietor; he directed us to his father's, a Mr. Young, who, he was very confident, would furnish us with a meal. Following his directions we arrived at Mr. Young's house and asked for something to satisfy our hunger; he was unable to supply us, as his servant had gone to the mill after meal, and he himself was waiting for his return before he could eat; if we would wait he would supply us very willingly. We went on further and after scrambling over rocks and attempting to walk along the side of a steep hill where was no path, and climbing up high hills and almost running down precipitous descents, we came to the house of Mr. Sam Prillerman; here we obtained dinner, which was very acceptable. We also learned that it is eight miles to Mr. Helms, and the road was a very rough and hilly one; we obtained directions from Mr. Saunders and started off up the road bed higher and still higher until it brought us out upon what is called "the Ridge Road." This led us after about three miles fast travelling to a Mr. Turner's, where we were directed to Mr. Stephen Turner's, from which point we could find our way to Helms. To our dismay the road to this latter Mr. Turner's led up an exceedingly steep ascent which caused us much puffing and

blowing. At the summit we struck the river road again, which we travelled for about one and a half hours when the waning light of day warned us to look for shelter for the night. Sending out scouts, they discovered some houses about a mile distant to which we immediately directed our way. Descending the mountain we crossed a creek by wading and came to the house of a Mr. Dyer's; he had no room for us and directed us to the residence of another of the same name about a mile distant where he knew we could find accommodations. The gathering darkness was enhanced by the storm clouds which were threatening us and the occasional rain drops all concurred to hasten our steps. Before we reached our destination quite a shower of rain commenced, and it was, I fear, with very little ceremony that we entered the porch of Mr. Dyer's house. He was in very moderate circumstances and could offer no supper, but furnished us with room on his floor to sleep, the excellence of which we were not long in trying.

22nd Mr. Dyer being unable to furnish us with breakfast, this morning we started out quite early (at about 6 A. M.) for the purpose of procuring one. About our first step brought us to the foot of a very steep hill, near which we obtained breakfast for three of our party, from Mr. Stephen Turner, who but for his scanty stock of provisions would have fed all of us. He directed the remainder of the party to climb the hill and go down to the house of a Mr. Smith, who, he thought, could supply us. Following his directions, we clambered up this almost precipice, and descended to the opposite valley, in one nook of which we found Mr. Smith's house, a rude log hut of a very antique appearance, surrounded by several others of like make and different sizes. Although he appeared to be in reduced circumstances, Mr. Smith professed, and doubtless felt an entire willingness to accommodate the entire party, but was unable to carry out his wishes. He did take, however, three of the party and gave them a very good meal. We were very much amused here by an old negro woman who assured us that in the day's travel which we had contemplated, we would have nothing more difficult—some "moderate hills" to pass over, at the same time pointing to some of the Blue Ridge mountains, as examples. To our eyes these seemed terribly high and steep, and much beyond our ideas of "moderate hills." Mr. Smith directed us to the residence of a Mr. Ross, which we were to get by following the course of a creek which passed by the former's house. The remain-

ing six of our party struck out and followed the path along the creek, until it carried us into a thick undergrowth of ivy laurel, etc., whose almost impenetrable thickness offered quite a bar to our further advance. We at length found a log across the creek, and came to a path which led us along a more pleasant road than the one we had just left. Here we witnessed the novel and painful sight of a beautiful young girl and a boy acting as horses to a plough in the field; their horses had been taken by the Yankees. We followed this path for about two miles, sometimes going through a low valley, then again ascending the steep sides of a mountain, then again following the bed of some dried-up stream. We reached Mr. Ross's at length, and found to our dismay that we could obtain no breakfast there, as his cook was sick, and they had no fire at which we could cook anything. However, she very kindly gave us some meal and directed us to another house at which we could have it cooked. We travelled on to that point and found a very kind widow, Mrs. Philpost, who cooked our meal and meat for us, and added something from her own store. She was a very hospitable old lady and seemed to feel a peculiar consideration for soldiers, having lost her husband by the war. After breakfast, we were ferried across the river by the son of the old lady, to whom we paid \$12.00. Taking the road to Penn's Store, we travelled it for about six miles, when we stopped at a house at the forks of the road and obtained our dinner. After that rest, reached Penn's Store by six o'clock, where we were received with much greater hospitality than ever before on the route. Mr. Zentmeyer, one of the firm, took eight of us into his house, and would have taken us all, but Mrs. Penn declared she must be allowed to accommodate some of the party. Four of the party therefore stayed at her house, where they were treated as if they were her own children. At Mr. Zentmeyer's, the household seemed to vie with the other as to who should treat us with the greatest consideration and kindness.

23d. Leaving Mr. Zentmeyer's quite early this morning we struck out for Mr. Edward Tatum's from whom we were to obtain direction for our further route. On our way we crossed the North Branch of the Mayo river and passing over the hill struck through the woods by a path, which we thought agreed with the directions of Mr. Zentmeyer; after following this path for a short distance we met a gentleman who informed us we were going directly away from the point to which we were aiming. As he was going in that

direction for a short distance he volunteered to act as our guide; we joyfully accepted his proposal and followed him through a by-path which led us over quite a rugged road, at length we came out upon a main road which led us by Mr. Cobb's, Mr. Foster's and Major James Penn's, at this latter point our guide left us after giving us the necessary directions. After going about a mile and a half we came to a point where the road made three forks; we took the central one. Proceeding down this road for a mile and failing to arrive at a church which we were told would be upon this road, two miles from Major Penn's, we came to the conclusion that we had lost the road again. We sent out scouts to find out and their report confirmed our opinions. In order to get ourselves right we were compelled to take another by-path which led us by quite a round-about way to Mr. Edward Tatum's, it being then about 2 P. M. We obtained dinner from him and then started on again for Mr. James Tatum's about seven miles off. We reached the residence of this gentleman without further adventure about 6 o'clock and were very hospitably received; here we were told of a band of deserters which had figured very prominently of late in a number of depredations upon the citizens and passing soldiers; we were cautioned to be careful in our actions and language while passing through the country in which their camp was situated. This is within the bounds of Stokes county, North Carolina, into which State we cross tomorrow. This is the last night we expect to spend in Virginia for some time, "It may be for years and it may be forever."

24th. We crossed the dividing line between the Old Dominion and North Carolina quite early this morning and made our debut before the people of the old North State. Shortly after getting into the State we were hailed by one of the natives with the exclamation, (uttered in evident surprise) "Hullo strangers, you're on the back track, aren't you." He informed us that he intended to designate "The Army" by that expression. One of our party told him that this was our destination, which piece of information caused his eyes to expand in an expression of bewildering surprise. He was evidently, I think, one of that class of "Buffaloes" with which this portion of this State seems to be infested. The people are Tories or Union men in sentiment and are much greater lovers of the Yankees than of the Confederates. They often attack Confederate soldiers who may be passing through this country and strip

them of their valuables. We feared somewhat that the people might be induced to attack our party, as we were so devoid of weapons of defence, but determined to put on a bold front and take the risks. Either because the size of our party intimidated them or because they imagined that a body of men that were bold enough to march through this country which had for so long a time been a terror to all travellers must also be a very troublesome set in a fight, or because they had been too much scattered by the recent defeat which they had sustained, we were not molested on our journey. At about 12 o'clock we arrived at "Buck Island Pond" on Dan river, which is a rapid rocky stream at that point. Here several of the party waded across the water, being in no place more than two and a half feet deep, and finding a boat upon the other side and a good place above the ford to ferry it started for the remainder of the boys. All of them were gotten over without accident or adventure until the last boat full. For this Todd volunteered to act as ferryman, and in one of his fits of mischief nearly succeeded in carrying the boat over some rapids which were just below the landing place. Had not the party (Steane, Page, Ayers) managed to catch the limb of a tree whose branches overhung the rapids they would have received a rather unceremonious introduction to the waters of the Dan and been subjected to an unpleasant wetting. However after a little delay and a little wading out in the deep water the boat was brought safely to land and the voyagers disembarked. As soon as this excitement and hilarity subsided somewhat we started on our way to Danbury again, it being reported about three miles distant; arrived there about 2 P. M., stopped for dinner at the houses of Dr. McCandlish, Mrs. Smith and two others. This little place contains some twelve or fifteen houses, among which is a hotel and a courthouse, it being the county seat of Stokes county. It has a very pretty situation on the summit of a hill with the Dan rolling at its feet. In the process of time and by the addition of some enterprising men it will become a manufacturing town of some importance. After dinner we proceeded about two miles beyond the town and stopped about 6 o'clock at the house of Mr. J. Reveson for the night, where we were most kindly treated. Our host and hostess were of that plain, honest order of nature's creation, that refreshes the eye wherever we may meet it. They were ardently Southern in their feelings, and to judge by their reputation in the country, in their actions. They have three sons in the army.

25th. Left Mr. Reveson's early after an excellent breakfast, and struck out for Germantown, which he reported to be eleven, but which proved to be twelve miles distant. We reached it without any adventure of note about 10 o'clock, six of us stopping at Mr. Rodney's. This place was formerly the courthouse of Stokes County, but when Forsythe was formed out of the latter, the county seat was moved to Danbury, a more central position. It contains about three times as many dwellings as the latter place, a few of which are very pretty; the majority of them, however, have an old and seedy appearance. Left here immediately after dinner and arrived at Bethania, or Housetown, as it is more commonly called, at about six o'clock. Four of our party we left at Mr. Jones', four at Mr. Samuel Stanbers, outside the town, while the remaining four obtained accommodations in the town. The first two parties fared exceedingly well, the last had rather poor accommodations. The town is settled by Moravians, some of whose doctrines, as we learned, are most singular. They are not allowed to furnish sleeping accommodations to a stranger within the same house in which any of their family or sect are sleeping. No man, however wealthy, is allowed to be without a daily occupation. They seem to be an honest, industrious, sober minded, intelligent people. At Salem they have a "Female Institute" in progress, which is said to be the finest conducted of its class in the South. We slept in a very neat little school house, and ate at different houses.

26th. Crossed the Yadkin River today at Glenn's Ferry, about nine miles from Bethania and marched on to Yadkinsville, fifteen miles distant. After passing the river about two miles, we reached the residence of Mr. Glenn, a most beautiful place. Here we obtained three canteens full of "sorghum beer," which was very little more than sweetened water; it was, however, quite cooling and refreshing. We obtained dinner when within eight miles of Yadkinsville, and then continued on our way. When nearly a mile north of the town, we left six of the boys at Mr. Tom Philips', and carried the other six on; two of the latter we left at Mr. Nicholson's, two at Dr. Wilson's, two somewhere else in the town. We were treated well, but the others fared badly.

27th. Started off for Olin early this morning; after going a short distance met a party of North Carolinians, who represented themselves as recently members of Johnston's army. According to their statement, they had been disbanded and told to go home and

give up the struggle, as we were going back into the Union. There were reports that not only the troops of the State, but the whole army of General Johnston is being thus disbanded. We have heard this report all along the road from Virginia to this place, but do not intend to accept it as a fixed fact until we obtain some more reliable testimony. When about seven and a half miles from Yadkinsville, we reached the small village of Hamptonville, and passed from that point to Eagle Mills, about the same distance beyond. Here we obtained dinner. Passing on thence, we arrived at Olin near sunset, and obtained accommodations for the night at the houses of Mr. Fulcher, Mr. Word, and another. This is one of the neatest villages we have met upon our route, and contains about two hundred inhabitants. Most of the residents are descendants of Virginia families, and the place reminds me very forcibly of some of the homes in the Old Dominion. The people resemble Virginians more closely than any that I have seen since I crossed the North Carolina line.

28th. Took the road for Island Ford on the Catawba River, which is said to be twenty-two miles distant; when within about nine miles of the ford, obtained dinner at the house of Mrs. Grey. Reached the river about six o'clock, and waded it at points—where several islands afforded resting places. After crossing two of the streams, we supposed that we had completed our job, and started on what we supposed to be the main road to Lincolnton. After proceeding about twenty-five yards, we, to our great dismay, found that more than half of our work remained undone. Two wide and rapid forks of the river, running down between two islands, still remained barriers between us and the main bank. Casting a long look at the rushing waters beneath us, we again undressed, and were soon breasting the first stream. This we crossed without difficulty, although it was somewhat deep. When we entered the last fork, however, and were nearing the further bank of the river, we found it quite difficult to stem the current, which was very strong, and the water very deep. We all crossed, however, and resumed the line of march; being now nearly dark, we concluded to stop for the night, and sent out scouts for the purpose of procuring accommodations. Six of the party obtained lodgings at the house of a Mr. Abernethy, who proved to be a second edition of Mr. Zentmeyer, of Patrick County. The remaining six, after many rebuffs, found accommodations at a Mr. James', who lived

about three miles and a half from the Ford. This gentleman had retired when we arrived, about nine o'clock, but arose, had supper cooked for us, sleeping apartments arranged, and treated us with the greatest hospitality. He is one of the most perfect gentlemen I have met during this march. He informed us that the Yankee forces left Lincolnton on last Sunday morning, and have gone in the direction of Knoxville. He seems to believe the report which we have heard all along our route, of the prevalence of an armistice of sixty days duration between Johnston and Sherman. He thought it very probable that the former has disbanded his army, and the war has ceased for the present. He doubts the truth of French intervention, rumors of which have prevailed along our route of travel, as he has seen no confirmation of them.

29th. Left Mr. James' about eight o'clock, and marched until nearly 2 P. M., when we stopped for dinner. Passing on our route we reached Lincolnton just as the town clock struck "five." This town seems to be of considerable size and is very pleasantly situated on the top of a high hill, which gives it an atmosphere of a salubrious temperature. The people of the place are the most respectable North Carolinians met during our march in this State. They seem to be very kind, hospitable and intelligent, and certainly treat soldiers very well. They had provisions provided at the Courthouse for passing soldiers, and sleeping accommodations were provided at the houses of different citizens. Six of our party slept at Mr. Johnston's hotel, and six others at Mr. Pillups'.

We had expected to gain some definite information at this point which could guide our future course, but found no orders awaiting us, nor any officer in command of the place from whom we could learn anything reliable. We learned that Lieutenant Colonel Lane, of the artillery, was stopping in the town, a paroled prisoner, and we applied to him for advice. He complimented us very highly for the spirit of determination and patriotism (as he was pleased to term it) which we had evinced in coming to this place, and applauded our intention of going further on, to place ourselves under the command of General Johnston. He told us, however, that he was reliably informed that General Breckinridge had refused to accept the services of a large number of officers and men who had tendered themselves to him, alleging that he had no authority to receive them. Colonel Lane further stated, upon the same authority, that General Breckinridge had advised all of those men to return to

their homes and await the turn of events, saying at the same time that no Confederate government existed now east of the Mississippi River; and if it were not for the position he occupied as "Secretary of War," he should not think of going to the Trans-Mississippi Department. He, however, would advise us, to go on to Charlotte and endeavor to hear something definite there, and if we could not do so, then to carry out our intention of reporting to General Johnston at Greensboro. Upon further consultation, we determined to adopt this course. We appear to have created quite a sensation here. We are the only Virginians that have been here, and as we have marched on foot so far (455 miles) and still continue to express the determination to join some army that may be fighting for Southern Independence, we have become heroes in the eyes of the people of Lincolnton. Young and old of both sexes seem to look upon us as men "of more than mortal mould," and to vie with one another in doing us honor. Colonel Lane has talked so extravagantly about us to the people of our patriotic spirit, that he has caused quite a sensation in the little town in regard to us.

30th, Sunday. We expected to go to Charlotte this morning by means of a hand-car, but when we went down to the railroad to make our arrangements we found that none were there, and we could not leave until about 2 P. M., at which time a hand-car was expected down the road. Upon learning this we concluded to make ourselves as easy as possible until then; we made ourselves as respectable looking as we could and went to church, some attending the Methodist others the Episcopal. At the latter we heard the Rev. Mr. Wetmore deliver a passable sermon. After dinner we made ourselves ready for a speedy departure from the town. Two, three, four, five o'clock came, still no car. At 5:30 o'clock our patience was rewarded by the sight of it and we immediately embarked, bidding adieu to Lincolnton and its pretty girls (of which it possessed not a few) and started for the Catawba Railroad Bridge twenty miles distant. At first we found some difficulty in steering our machine, but soon learned the "modus operandi" and got along very handily; we arrived at the bridge without accident at 11 o'clock and slept for the night in an old shed upon the banks of the river.

May 1st. Awaking early this morning we crossed the river in an old fashioned batteaux, which made the experiment of crossing a very doubtful one. However we succeeded in getting across in

safety, and after paying the grumbling negro ferry \$15 00 (he wanted \$65 00), we washed in the waters of the river, and mounting another hand car took the road for Charlotte. After proceeding about three miles we obtained breakfast at a neighboring house by giving a pound of coffee for nine pints of meal, then cooking it ourselves. After breakfast we continued our journey, leaving the hand-car behind us, as it proved to be very cumbersome and a slow moving machine, which did not give enough enjoyment to compensate for the labor. Taking down the railroad afoot we entered Charlotte about 6 o'clock. This town presents quite a pretty appearance; it is ornamented with quite a number of shade trees, a great addition to the natural beauty of the situation. The dwelling houses are examples of taste and beauty, the public buildings are numerous and well situated. Of those citizens that I have seen only a very small minority possess the air of respectability. Of the ladies the same seems to be the rule. The respectable are in the minority, and as well as I can learn are refugees. In sentiment the regular citizens seem to be quite rotten in regard to the Confederacy and our cause. I had not been in the town a half hour before one of them refused to take Confederate money from me. A body of them had attacked a residence of a private citizen that morning and robbed him of some stores which he had bought; their pretense for this was that they were Government stores and they were being hidden by this man for private purposes. They helped themselves freely to soda, coffee, cotton, cloth.

Upon reporting to General Hoke, Commander of the Post, he gave us a letter of introduction to General S. Cooper, Adj. and Inspector General, C. S. A., who is now staying in the city. Waiting on the latter he informed us that General Johnston had disbanded his army, but that the Confederate army was reorganizing at Augusta, Georgia. If we would wait for two or three days and aid Col. Hoke in the protection of the property of private citizens, he would afford us every facility for going further South. Steane agreeing to that proposal in the name and for the whole party, the General gave us an order to report to Colonel Hoke, whom he directed to supply us with rations and shoes, and to treat us with every possible consideration. The party were very glad to obtain the rations and shoes, but disliked very much to assist in doing guard duty for the protection of such people as the citizens of Charlotte appeared to be. We preferred to go on immediately

to Augusta, but upon expressing that idea to Colonel Hoke he declined to allow us to do so, and directed us to remain here. As he was our superior officer we were of course compelled to obey. He designated a point at which he wanted us to do guard duty for the night, and also a place at which we could find sleeping accommodations. To this latter point we immediately went and deposited our baggage and made our arrangements for the night, having already had our rations cooked and disposed of. We found that the point which we had to guard was a government stable with a number of horses; we are to supply two posts and stand with loaded muskets, with orders to fire upon anyone who may make any attempt on horses, wagons, &c. Here we kept guard all night which passed without any adventure of note.

2nd. This morning drew two days rations of flour, bacon, rice, coffee and tobacco, and three hundred pounds of salt. The number of guard posts was decreased to one this morning, to be kept up during the day. We learned today that according to Johnston's agreement with Sherman, our little party is included in his surrender, and that we may expect Yankee officers here this evening, who will give us *Paroles*. This is quite a doleful finale to our attempt to reach the Trans-Mississippi Department. This afternoon about 6.30 o'clock, a train, arrived from Salisbury, bringing Major Walcott, of the United States Army, the purpose of whose visit is to parole the officers and men, and take charge of the public property in the name of the Yankee government. He is, I am told, a very gentlemanly looking officer, and does not show many signs of hard service. He created quite a sensation by his coming. He is accompanied by Colonel Lee, of Johnston's army.

3rd. Today has been occupied with the paroling of the officers and men collected about the place, the number of whom will, I suppose, amount to nearly four thousand. Three thousand of these are comprised in a body of Wheeler's Cavalry, which is camped just out-side of the town. We expect to receive our papers this evening, and leave this place early tomorrow morning, as an escort for General S. Cooper, who hopes to start for Danville at that time. This afternoon waited upon Major Walcott for the purpose of obtaining our paroles. He endorsed upon the list of our names, which we handed him as follows:

"These men belong to Lee's army, are not within the terms of agreement between Generals Johnston and Sherman, and, conse-

quently, do not need paroles under it, but can go quietly to their homes, reporting themselves when circumstances require it, as belonging to General Lee's army.

F. WALCOTT, Major U. S. A."

In answer to an inquiry as to whether we were considered as prisoners or no, he answered in the negative, and told us we were at liberty to go wheresoever we might please. In consideration of the fact that Salem, Mobile, Montgomery, Augusta, and, in fact, every point of note along the route to the Trans-Mississippi Department, is in Yankee possession; in view, also, of the orders and advice of General Breckenridge, Secretary of War, which were to the effect that the soldiers should return quietly to their homes and await the turn of future events, we determined to go back to Richmond, and settle down as quietly as possible, until we could find an opportunity for doing our country further service. We will take the train in the morning for Salisbury.

4th. Arose at 4 A. M., and after breakfast, proceeded to the train, which left Charlotte at eight o'clock. Arrived at Salisbury about 5 P. M., having been delayed nearly four hours by the necessity of changing cars when within eight miles of the town. Arriving there, we drew rations of flour, rice, ham, salt for three days, which we had cooked by paying a pair of shoes. We slept in the car at night and enjoyed ourselves very well.

5th. This morning a detachment of Yankee soldiers entered the town for the purpose of taking charge of it. Very shortly after, a division or so of Confederate troops passed through the place with colors flying and bands playing. We left Salisbury at 11 A. M., and passing through Thomasville, High Point, Jamestown, and arrived at Greensboro about 4 P. M. When we arrived at Greensboro, we were informed by Colonel John W. Reily, A. A. G., that it would be necessary for us to obtain our parole here, as Yankee guards would be upon the trains, and would demand our papers. In order to avoid future trouble, he advised us to obtain them here. In obedience to his counsel, we waited upon Captain I. L. Don, Provost Marshal, who furnished us with *Paroles*. There are quite a number of Yankee troops in the place, who behave themselves very well, and seem disposed to be friendly toward Confederate soldiers.

6th. We left Greensboro at 11 A. M., and changed cars at Cedar Creek, the bridge over which has been burned. Having a drunken

conductor in charge of the train, we were detained much longer than we expected, and did not reach Danville until 7 P. M. We found a large force of Yankees camped just outside the town, and a good number of blue coated guards inside the precincts. These, however, treated us very civilly. We placed our baggage in a box car and slept there all night.

7th. Left Danville at 5 A. M. and arrived at Burkville without any noteworthy adventure. Continued the journey to Petersburg, at which place we arrived about 11 P. M.

8th. At 9 A. M. we took the train for Richmond, where we arrived in about two hours. We were joyfully received.

SOME WAR HISTORY NEVER PUBLISHED.

Famous Conference at Centerville when Question of
Invading North was Settled.

MR. DAVIS'S VERSION OF IT.

His Letters that have never before been put in Print.

WASHINGTON, May 10, 1906.

Editor Times-Dispatch;

Sir,—The papers which I send you, although lengthy, I think ought, in justice to President Davis, to be published; and I think they will be read with interest.

All of the parties named are now dead. President Davis left the letters in my hands to use at my discretion. I think the time has now come when it ought to be given to the public, with the paper, "Council of War at Centreville."

I submit them for publication at your discretion.

Very truly,

MARCUS J. WRIGHT.

COUNCIL OF WAR AT CENTREVILLE.

October 1, 1861.*

On the 26th September, 1861, General Joseph E. Johnston addressed a letter to the Secretary of War in regard to the importance of putting this army in condition to assume the offensive, and suggested that his excellency the President, or the Secretary of War, or some one representing them, should at an early day come to the headquarters of the army, then at or near Fairfax Court-House, for the purpose of deciding whether the army could be re-inforced to the extent that the commanding general deemed necessary for an offensive campaign.

His excellency the President arrived at Fairfax Court-House

*The exact date does not appear in the records. That above is approximately, if not absolutely, correct.

a few days thereafter, late in the afternoon, and proceeded to the quarters of General Beauregard. On the same evening General Johnston and I called to pay our respects. No official subjects of importance were alluded to in that interview. At 8 o'clock the next evening, by appointment of the President, a conference was had between himself, General Johnston, General Beauregard, and myself. Various matters of detail were introduced by the President, and talked over between himself and the two senior generals. Having but recently arrived, and not being well acquainted with the special subjects referred to, I took little or no part in this conversation. Finally, with perhaps some abruptness, I said: "Mr. President, is it not possible to put this army in condition to assume the active offensive?" adding that this was a question of vital importance, upon which the success or failure of our cause might depend. This question brought on discussion. The precise conversation which followed I do not propose to give; it was not an argument. There seemed to be little difference of opinion between us in regard to general views and principles. It was clearly stated and agreed to that the military force of the Confederate States was at the highest point it could attain without arms from abroad; that the portion of this particular army present for duty was in the finest fighting condition: that if kept inactive it must retrograde immensely in every respect during the winter, the effect of which was foreseen and dreaded by us all. The enemy were daily increasing in number, arms, discipline, and efficiency. We looked forward to a sad state of things at the opening of a spring campaign.

These and other points being agreed upon without argument, it was again asked: "Mr. President, is it not possible to increase the effective strength of this army, and put us in condition to cross the Potomac and carry the war into the enemy's country? Can you not by stripping other points to the last they will bear, and, even risking defeat at all other places, put us in condition to move forward? Success here at this time saves everything; defeat here loses all." In explanation and as an illustration of this, the unqualified opinion was advanced that if for want of adequate strength on our part in Kentucky the Federal forces should take military possession of that whole State, and, even

enter and occupy a portion of Tennessee, a victory gained by this army beyond the Potomac would, by threatening the heart of the Northern States, compel their armies to fall back, free Kentucky, and give us the line of the Ohio within ten days thereafter. On the other hand, should our forces in Tennessee and Southern Kentucky be strengthened, so as to enable us to take and to hold the Ohio river as a boundary, a disastrous defeat of this army would at once be followed by an overwhelming wave of Northern invaders, that would sweep over Kentucky and Tennessee, extending to the northern part of the cotton States, if not to New Orleans. Similar views were expressed in regard to ultimate results in Northwestern Virginia being dependent upon the success or failure of this army, and various other special illustrations were offered, showing, in short, that success here was success everywhere, defeat here defeat everywhere; and that this was the point upon which all the available forces of the Confederate States should be concentrated.

It seemed to be conceded by all that our force at that time here was not sufficient for assuming the offensive beyond the Potomac, and that even with a much larger force an attack upon their army under the guns of their fortifications on this side of the river was out of the question.

The President asked me what number of men were necessary, in my opinion, to warrant an offensive campaign, to cross the Potomac, cut off the communications of the enemy with their fortified capital, and carry the war into their country. I answered, "Fifty thousand effective, seasoned soldiers," explaining that by seasoned soldiers I meant such men as we had here present for duty, and added that they would have to be drawn from the Peninsula, about Yorktown, Norfolk, from Western Virginia, Pensacola, or wherever might be most expedient.

General Johnston and General Beauregard both said that a force of sixty thousand such men would be necessary, and that this force would require large additional transportation and munitions of war, the supplies here being entirely inadequate for an active campaign in the enemy's country even with our present force. In this connection there was some discussion of the difficulties to be overcome and the probabilities of success, but no one questioned the disastrous results of remaining inactive

throughout the winter. Notwithstanding the belief that many in the Northern army were opposed on principle to invading the Southern States, and that they would fight better in defending their own homes than in attacking ours, it was believed that the best, if not the only, plan to insure success was to concentrate our forces and attack the enemy in their own country. The President, I think, gave no definite opinion in regard to the number of men necessary for that purpose, and I am sure that no one present considered this a question to be finally decided by any other person than the commanding general of this army.

Returning to the question that had been twice asked, the President expressed surprise and regret that the number of surplus arms here was so small, and I thought, spoke bitterly of this disappointment. He then stated that at that time no re-inforcements could be furnished to this army of the character asked for, and that the most that could be done would be to furnish recruits to take the surplus arms in store here (say 2,500 stand); that the whole country was demanding protection at his hands and praying for arms and troops for defense. He had long been expecting arms from abroad, but had been disappointed; he still hoped to get them, but had no positive assurance that they would be received at all. The manufacture of arms in the Confederate States was as yet undeveloped to any considerable extent. Want of arms was the great difficulty; he could not take any troops from the points named, and without arms from abroad could not re-inforce this army. He expressed regret, and seemed to feel deeply, as did every one present.

When the President had thus clearly and positively stated his inability to put this army in the condition deemed by the generals necessary before entering upon an active offensive campaign, it was felt that it might be better to run the risk of almost certain destruction fighting upon the other side of the Potomac rather than see the gradual dying out and deterioration of this army during a winter, at the end of which the term of enlistment of half the force would expire. The prospect of a spring campaign to be commenced under such discouraging circumstances was rendered all the more gloomy by the daily increasing strength of an enemy already much superior in numbers.

On the other hand was the hope and expectation that before

the end of winter arms would be introduced into the country, and all were confident that we could then not only protect our own country, but successfully invade that of the enemy.

General Johnston said that he did not feel at liberty to express an opinion as to the practicability of reducing the strength of our forces at points not within the limits of his command, and with but few further remarks from any one, the answer of the President was accepted as final, and it was felt that there was no other course left but to take a defensive position and await the enemy. If they did not advance, we had but to await the winter and its results.

After the main question was dropped, the President proposed that, instead of an active offensive campaign, we should attempt certain partial operations—a sudden blow against Sickles or Banks, or to break the bridge over the Monocacy. This he thought, besides injuring the enemy, would exert a good influence over our troops and encourage the people of the Confederate States generally. In regard to attacking Sickles, it was stated in reply that, as the enemy controlled the river with their ships of war, it would be necessary for us to occupy two points on the river, one above and another below the point of crossing, that we might by our batteries prevent their armed vessels from interfering with the passage of the troops. In any case, the difficulty of crossing large bodies over wide rivers in the vicinity of an enemy, and then recrossing, made such expeditions hazardous. It was agreed, however, that if any opportunity should occur offering reasonable chances of success, the attempt would be made.

During this conference or council, which lasted perhaps two hours, all was earnest, serious, deliberate. The impression made upon me was deep and lasting; and I am convinced that the foregoing statement is not only correct as far as it goes, but, in my opinion, it gives a fair idea of all that occurred at that time in regard to the question of our crossing the Potomac.

G. W. SMITH,
Major-General, C. S. Army.

Our recollections of that conference agree fully with this statement of General G. W. Smith.

C. T. BEAUREGARD,
General, C. S. Army.

J. E. JOHNSTON,
General, C. S. Army.

Signed in triplicate.

Centreville, January 31, 1862.

BEAUVOIR, *Harrison County, Miss.*,
6th December, 1882.

General M. J. Wright;

My Dear Sir,—Col. Scott kindly offered to send me the published volumes of the official records, and I replied by accepting the offer for the 5th volume, the four first having been sent to me by one of our members of Congress. The fifth volume has arrived, and promptly looking for the secret paper of Johnston, Beauregard and Smith, I was surprised to find at the head of the paper a date, not existing on the copy you sent me, and which was verified as a true copy by General G. T. Beauregard, his sign manual, I think, but that was not the only difference between the printed paper and the MSS. you sent me. In the latter the paper closes thus:

“Centreville, Va., January 31, 1862.

“Signed in triplicate. Signed.

“G. W. Smith, Maj.-Gen., C. S. A.

“Our recollections of this conference agree fully with this statement of General G. W. Smith.

“Centreville, Va., January 31, 1862.

“Signed, G. T. Beauregard, General, C. S. A.

“Signed in triplicate.

“J. E. Johnston, General, C. S. A.”

Then follows the verification, which from the word “late” has evidently been made since the war.

“A true copy, G T Beauregard, late General, C. S. A.”

Will you have the goodness to inform me how the derivation from the certified copy occurred?

My recollection is that the army was not at Centreville on October 1, 1861. If General Smith, as early as the 1st October, was engaged in a combination to undermine, his subsequent correspondence and intercourse intensify by the hypocrisy the baseness of the act. I, however, think it more probable that he was inspired and wrote the paper about the date of his signature, as set forth in the MSS., viz.: 31st January, 1862.

One purpose would be served by the early date, *i. e.*, to make it appear to have been written very soon after the conference. Believing a fraud has been practiced, I desire to learn the facts of the case. I did not feel willing to write to Colonel Scott about this matter, and, therefore, trouble you, as one of the family of C. S. A.

Ever truly your friend,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Note from Colonel Scott on receipt of Mr. Davis' letter:

"The date, October 1, 1861, is that of the meeting, and does not appear on the document. See note at foot of page 884. The date of the paper from the completion of it by signature is shown on page 887 to have been January 31, 1862.

"The record is printed from triplicate copy turned in by General Joseph E. Johnston. Copy sent to Mr. Davis must have been from Beauregard's copy.

"R. N. S."

On receiving this endorsement from Colonel Scott, Mr. Davis wrote me as follows:

BEAUVOIR, December 20, 1882.

General M. J. Wright;

My Dear Sir,—Please accept my thanks for your attention to my inquiry about the printed letter of S. G. and B., found in Vol. 5.

The explanation, you must permit me to say, does not quite cover the case. The date at the top is added to the certified copy of the original and the date of Smith's signature near the close of the paper is omitted, and substituted by the date for the joint signature of the three, that being after the endorse-

ment by G. and B., whereas in the original the date of Smith's signature was before it, though you inform me that the letter as printed was taken from the copy turned over by General J. E. Johnston, you do not say whether the additional omission was made by him or the printer.

Very truly yours,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

This letter being submitted to Colonel Scott, he made the following endorsement:

"The date Oct. 1, 1861, does *not* appear in General Johnston's copy or Smith's man.; that date is that of the meeting. The date January 31, 1862, appears in the Johnston copy as date of signatures of Smith and Beauregard.

"In 2nd edition I'll have that Oct. 1, 1861, so displayed as to prevent misunderstanding. It should have been in fine '*italic caption.*'"

BEAUVOIR, *Harrison Co., Miss.*,
29 July, 1882.

General Marcus J. Wright:

My Dear Sir,—Various circumstances have delayed the preparation and copying of the accompanying paper, reviewing the secret plot, as I must consider its make-up a record for themselves, by officers to whom I hoped to co-operate for our country in the unequal contest forced upon it. You need not be told how entirely the mass of our people sunk all private considerations in their zeal for our cause.

That those to whom the lives and liberties of their countrymen were speedily entrusted should have been exceptions to the general spirit of the Confederates must equally be the cause of surprise and regret.

I trust if the poison is circulated by publication among the records, that you will be able to have the antidote out with it. If the other is not published, please add another to your many kind attentions by returning my own.

Very truly your friend,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

BEAUVOIR, MISS., 15th Oct. 1880.

General Marcus J. Wright:

Dear Sir,—Please accept my sincere thanks for your kind letter of the 5th instant, and for your consideration in enclosing to me the copy of a “paper” the existence of which was unknown to me, and which because of its special reference to myself I am glad to possess.

The “paper” purports to be a statement of a conversation of two hours’ duration, and to have been prepared from memory, four months after the conversation occurred. The occasion is represented to have been an official conference or council between myself, as the President of the Confederate States, and the three senior generals of the Confederate army in Northern Virginia.

It is a condemnatory fact, not stated in the paper, that no notice was given to me of a purpose to make a record of the conversation, and no opportunity allowed me to make any correction of expressions attributed to me in the paper, thus secretly prepared, and so preserved until, in the nineteenth year after its date, it was revealed to me by being offered to the United States for publication among the documents relating to the war. It may naturally be asked why was it secretly prepared, and why now offered for publication?

Without assigning a motive, or directly answering the questions, I think, however, it can scarcely be claimed that the object was thereby to increase the military power and to promote the ultimate success of the Confederate cause.

Now, having introduced this contribution to the history of the war, in the questionable shape under which it appears, I will summarily notice its prominent features.

The paper bearing date 31st January, 1862, appears to have been written by Gen. G. W. Smith, and to have been approved by Generals Beauregard and J. E. Johnston. It does not in some important respects agree with my recollection of what occurred, and is wanting in consistency, that infallible test of truth.

The document opens with a paraphrase of a letter said to have been written to the Secretary of War by Gen. J. E. Johnston, asking for a conference to be held at his headquarters to decide whether the army could be reinforced to the extent that the commanding general deemed necessary for an offensive campaign.

The manner in which General Johnston on other occasions requested me to visit the army under his command was so different from that represented in this paraphrase that I wish a copy of the letter had been given, which was probably not longer than the statement made of its contents.

If the purpose was to discuss the reinforcement of his army by the transfer of troops from other commands, as the recital of the paper indicates, General Johnston would have known that in Richmond, where all the returns were to be found, that question could be best considered and decided. As his army was not engaged in active operations, it would seem to have been probable and proper that he should have gone to the War Office, rather than have asked that "the President, or the Secretary of the War, or some one representing them," should go to his headquarters to solve so grave a problem, not by the best attainable data, but on such speculative views as the paper exhibits.

Very little experience, or a fair amount of modesty without any experience, would prevent one from announcing his conclusion that troops should be withdrawn from a place, or places, without knowing how many were there, what were the terms or conditions of their enlistment, and what was the necessity for their continuance in that service.

I went to the headquarters of the army, in compliance with the request of General Johnston; on the day after my arrival reviewed the troops on the plain above Fairfax Courthouse; after which I proposed to General Johnston that we should have the desired conference, and readily assented to his wish that the two generals next in rank to himself, Generals Beauregard and G. W. Smith, should be present. I was there by invitation, and the confidence I felt in those officers, and in the purpose for which the consultation was desired, is shown by the fact that I met them unattended, and did not require minutes to be kept of the proceedings, conditions which would not have existed if the use to which the meeting has been put had been anticipated.

In view of previous correspondence, the question for consideration, so far as I knew, was what course should be adopted for the Army of the Potomac in the immediate future. Therefore, I made the preliminary inquiry as to the number of troops there present for duty.

To my surprise and disappointment, the effective strength was stated to be but little greater than when it fought the battle of the 21st of the preceding July. The frequent reinforcements which had been sent to that army in nowise prepared me for such an announcement. To my inquiry as to what force would be required for the contemplated advance into Maryland, the lowest estimate made by any of them was about twice the number there present for duty. How little I was prepared for such a condition of things will be realized from the fact that previous suggestions by the generals in regard to a purpose to advance into Maryland had induced me, when I went to that conference, to take with me some drawings made by the veteran soldier and engineer, Colonel Crozet, of the falls of the Potomac, to show the feasibility of crossing the river at that point. Very little knowledge of the condition and military resources of the country must have sufficed to show that I had no power to make the demanded addition to that army without a total disregard of the safety of other threatened positions. It only remained for me to answer that I had not power to furnish such a number of troops; and unless the militia bearing their private arms should be relied on, we could not possibly fulfil such a requisition until after the receipt of the small arms, which we had early and constantly striven to procure from abroad, and had for some time expected.

Whatever other object there may have been for intensifying the dangers of inaction, it surely could not by these conferees have been thought necessary to impress that danger specially on me, and to put their thoughts on record for after times in such connection as to give them that special application.

My correspondence of anterior dates might have shown that I was fully aware of it, and my suggestions in the interval, certainly did not look as if it was necessary to impress me with the advantage of the action.

In one part of the paper it stated that the reinforcements asked for were to be "seasoned soldiers," such as were there present, and who were said to be in the "finest fighting condition." This, if such a proposition had been made, would have exposed its absurdity, as well as the loop-hole it opened for escape, by subsequently asserting that the troops furnished were

not up to the proposed standard. It must be remembered that this was during the first year of the war, into which the Confederacy entered without an army.

In another part of the paper it is stated that there was hope and expectation that, before the end of the winter, arms would be introduced into the country, and that then we could successfully invade that of the enemy; but this supply of arms, however abundant, could not furnish "seasoned soldiers," and the two propositions are, therefore, inconsistent. In one place it is written that "it was felt it might be better to run the risk of almost certain destruction fighting upon the other side of the Potomac, rather than see the gradual dying out and deterioration of this army during a winter," etc.; but when it was proposed to cross into Eastern Maryland on a steamer in our possession for a partial campaign, difficulties arose like the lion in the path of the sluggard, so that the proposition was postponed and never executed. In like manner the expedition into Western Virginia was projected and achieved by Gen. T. J. Jackson, who was not of this council.

We are not informed who it was that "felt" that stern desire and purpose dread to go forth at "the risk of almost certain destruction," but from the foregoing and other indications, including the decision of the conferees that twice the force available was necessary for the contemplated movement across the Potomac, it is to be inferred that elsewhere than among the three generals the described feeling must have existed. It is true that to some extent, quite short of the dire extremity of "destruction," a desire to cross the Potomac in 1861 was expressed by other officers, who thought the risk should be taken with the means then possessed. For instance, there were those who thought it feasible, by using the steamboat, then at the mouth of Aquia creek, to cross into Eastern Maryland, and, by a rapid movement, to perform a valuable service in that region; another example of daring and desire to use the power then available was the request, sent through Gen. W. N. Pendleton, of the artillery, by Brigadier-General T. J. Jackson, that his brigade should be detached and permitted to cross the Potomac and attack the enemy at his capital.

To return to the paper now under review: In one place it is

written that the President stated "at that time no reinforcements could be furnished to the army of the character asked for." In another place he is made to say he could not take any troops from the points named, and, "without arms from abroad, could not reinforce that army." Here, again, it is clear from the answer, that the proposition had been for such reinforcements as additional arms would enable him to give, not for "seasoned soldiers," but for such men as would be brought into service when we could supply them with arms. Those arms he expected to receive, barring the dangers of the sea, and of the enemy, which obstacles alone prevented the "positive assurance that they would be received at all."

It was, as stated, with deep regret and bitter disappointment that I found, notwithstanding our diligent efforts to reinforce this army, before and after the Battle of Manassas, that its strength had but little increased; and that the arms of absentees and discharged men were represented by only twenty-five hundred on hand. Again, it is seen that the question was how many arms could be had for new levies, the requisition for reinforcements being always treated as a thing dependent upon the supply of arms. The forces of the Confederacy consisting of its citizens who had been mustered into service as and when arms could be obtained, during the brief period since the Provisional Government was instituted, then about seven months, what could have been more idle than to have asked for seasoned soldiers equal in number to the largest and oldest array we had, unless it would have been the "large additional transportation and munitions of war," which, it is stated, was required, if reinforcements proposed should be furnished. To a long established government with a "standing army" and arsenals supplied with the munitions of war, such a requisition might have been properly offered, but under the well-known condition of the Confederacy it could not have been seriously made or respectfully received.

Having noticed the improbabilities and inconsistencies of the paper, and referred to the circumstances under which it was prepared, I submit to honorable men the fact of the concealment from me in which it was kept, and leave them to judge of the motive for that *ex parte* statement, and the chances for such co-intelligence as needs must exist between the executive of a gov-

ernment and the commanders of its armies to insure attainable success.

The position at Fairfax Courthouse, though it would answer very well as a point from which to advance, was quite unfavorable for defense, and when I so remarked, the opinion seemed to be that to which the generals had previously arrived. It therefore, only remained to consider what change of position should be made in the event of the enemy threatening soon to advance. But in the meantime I hoped that something could be done by detachments from the army to effect objects less difficult than an advance against his main force, and particularly indicated the lower part of Maryland, where a small force was said to be ravaging the country and oppressing our friends. This, I thought, might be feasible by the establishment of a battery near Aquia creek, where the channel of the Potomas was said to be so narrow that our guns could prevent the use of the river by the enemy's boats; and, by employing a steamboat lying there, troops enough could be sent over some night to defeat that force, and return before any large body could be concentrated against them. The effect of the battery and of the expedition, it was hoped, would be important in relieving our friends and securing recruits from those who wished to join us.

Previously General Johnston's attention had been called to possibilities in the Valley of the Shenandoah, and that these and other like things were not done, was surely due to other causes than "the policy of the administration," as will appear by the letters hereto annexed:

"RICHMOND, VA., August 1, 1861.

"*Gen. J. E. Johnston:*

" * * * General Lee has gone to Western Virginia, and I hope may be able to strike a decisive blow in that quarter, or failing in that, will be able to organize and post our troops so as to check the enemy, after which he will return to this place.

"The movement of Banks will require your attention. It may be a ruse, but if a real movement, where your army has the requisite strength and mobility, you will probably find an opportunity, by a rapid movement through the passes, to strike him in rear or flank, and thus add another to your many claims to your country's gratitude. * * * We must be prompt to avail

ourselves of the weakness resulting from the exchange of new and less reliable forces of the enemy for those heretofore in service, as well as of the moral effect produced by the late defeat.

“I am, as ever, your friend,

“JEFFERSON DAVIS.””

From the correspondence which occurred after the conference at Fairfax Courthouse, I select a reply made to General Smith, who had written to me in advocacy of the views he had then expressed about large reinforcements to the Army of the Potomac, for an advance into Maryland. Nothing is more common than that a general, realizing the wants of the army with which he is serving, and the ends that might be achieved if those wants were supplied, should overlook the necessities of others, or accept rumors of large forces which do not exist, and assume the absence of danger elsewhere than in his own front.

“RICHMOND, VA., October 10, 1861.

“*Major-General G. W. Smith, Army of the Potomac:*

“ * * * Your remarks about the moral effect of repressing the hope of the volunteers for an advance are in accordance with the painful impression made on me when, in our council, it was revealed to me that the Army of the Potomac had been reduced to about one-half the legalized strength, and that the arms to restore the numbers were not in depot. As I then suggested, though you may not be able to advance into Maryland and expel the enemy, it may be possible to keep up the spirits of your troops by expectation, such as that particularly spoken of against Sickles’ brigade on the lower Potomac, or Banks’ above. By destroying the canal and making other rapid movements, to beat detachments or destroy lines of communication.
* * *

“Very truly your friend,

“JEFFERSON DAVIS.”

The joyous exultation of the people over the victory at Manassas, on the 21st of July, 1861 (was followed by murmurs of dissatisfaction at what was termed a failure to reap the fruits

of victory, and partizan zeal invented the excuse that the generals were prevented from pursuing the routed enemy and triumphantly entering his capital, by the untimely interference of the President, when this baseless fiction had been so utterly exploded that those who were responsible should have been ashamed of it; in due time another complaint arose, that patriotic citizens continued to be sent forward to reinforce the victorious army and to spend their time in camps of inactivity; and this begat as fallacious a story as the first, viz.: that the inaction was due to the "policy of the administration." The two letters inserted above, one written before, and the other after the conference at Fairfax Courthouse, show what was the fact and who could best have corrected the fallacy.

"Again thanking you for your kind attention, I am,

"Respectfully and truly yours,

"JEFFERSON DAVIS."

From the Portsmouth, Va., *Star*, June 8th, 1906.

SHAFT TO HISTORIC OLD PORTSMOUTH ARTILLERY.

Beautiful Tributes to Survivors as Well as Those who
Fell in Battle in Ranks of Famous Command.

Unveiled by Misses Emmerson and Grimes, Descendants
of Gallant Former Commanding Officers.

Addresses of Captain JOHN H. THOMPSON, Giving History of the
Command, and of Colonel WM. H. STEWART on
the "Patriotism of Peace."

There was unveiled today in this city a noble shaft, bearing the record of the achievements of one of the most famous military organizations in the history of Virginia, or of the South.

The beautiful monument erected to the memory of the survivors as well as those who fell in the engagements in which the old Portsmouth Artillery Company, now Grimes' Battery, participated, was with appropriate and impressive ceremonies, dedicated to this and succeeding generations of liberty-loving Virginians, this afternoon.

The ceremonies took place at the site of the monument, at Washington and South Streets, at 5 o'clock, and were participated in by the survivors of the old battery, as well as the veterans of Stonewall Camp, C. V., who served in other commands during the Civil War. The Portsmouth battalion of the Seventy-first Virginia Regiment, commanded by Major Edwin W. Owens, participated in the parade, wearing the blue uniform, which the members of the battery wore in the days when they fought for the perpetuation of American independence at Craney Island, long before sectional strife caused them to change their uniforms and their flag for the same principle.

The successors to the men who marched under Emmerson and under Thompson and under Grimes were there in line, too, the reincarnated command bearing the same honored name, under which

the battery was reorganized after the war, in honor of its gallant commander who fell in defense of its guns.

There, too, were the noble women who have perpetuated the traditions of the South, but who love the Union for which the old battery fought as loyally as it did for the South, and for which it stands ready to fight again.

The Daughters of the Confederacy will have perpetual charge of the monument unveiled today, which they received at the conclusion of the afternoon's ceremonies, from the hands of those who have faithfully worked to erect it.

The committee appointed by the Portsmouth Chapter of the Daughters to receive the monument were as follows: Mrs. Elizabeth N. Neely, Mrs. R. Emmett Crump, Mrs. Alice Parrish, Mrs. William H. Stewart, Mrs. C. W. Walker, Mrs. Beulah Lynch Cross, Miss Harriet Williams, Miss Alexinia Shannon.

The unveiling ceremonies at the monument were highly impressive. After prayer by Rev. C. J. D. Parker, pastor of the Fourth Street Baptist Church, and the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" by a trained chorus of twenty-five voices, under the direction of Mrs. J. Griff. Edwards, Captain John H. Thompson, a former gallant commander of the battery, made an historical address. "The Bonny Blue Flag" was then sung and the formal act of unveiling performed by Miss Annie Emmerson, a niece of Captain Arthur Emmerson, who commanded at Craney Island in the War of 1812, and Miss Palmetto Grimes, a daughter of Captain Carey F. Grimes, who led the command to victory on many a hard fought field in the Civil War.

The ceremonies took place upon a stand erected by the city. The stand and the monument itself were during the day beautifully decorated by a committee of ladies appointed by the Daughters of the Confederacy. The committee consisted of Mrs. Paul C. Trugien, Chairman; Mrs. John W. H. Porter, Mrs. F. S. Hope, Miss Lucrece Schroeder, Miss Jennie Shea.

When the covering fell apart, it disclosed the only peace monument in the South, the crossed banners of the Union and the Confederacy, bearing evidence to the veterans' love of both.

After the singing of "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," Colonel Stewart delivered his oration, "The Patriotism of Peace." "Dixie" was then sung, and the report of the Treasurer, Mr. W. B. Lynch, read.

The choir then sang "Maryland, My Maryland," and the formal presentation of the monument to the Daughters of the Confederacy was made. Mrs. Neely, the President of the Chapter, and the ladies with her accepted the sacred trust by rising.

The exercises closed with the singing of "America" and the benediction by Rev. R. H. Potts.

The members of the trained choir which rendered the music are as follows: Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Virnelson, Misses Claudia Old, Elizabeth Old, Reta Renn, Nellie Howell, Sadie Wilkins, Mamie Schroeder, Louise Wilson, Annie Blunt Ridley, Gertie Brooks, Janie Neely, Messrs. Arthur Hutchins, Kit Morse, Timothy Riley, Tom Hume, Johnson Neely, Raymond Pearce and Dr. Crossman.

SKETCH OF THE PORTSMOUTH LIGHT ARTILLERY.

Portsmouth has never had but one artillery military company. It was organized in August, 1809, when John Tyler, the father of President Tyler, was Governor of Virginia, by Capt. Arthur Emmerson. The State furnished its pieces, and one of them is now exhibited in the park of the United States navy yard. The company was named the Portsmouth Light Artillery Company, and under its organizer, Capt. Emmerson, fought valiantly at Craney Island, June 22, 1813.

The roll of the men who fought in that eventful battle, under the Stars and Stripes when the flag contained only eighteen stars, has been preserved by the descendants of Capt. Arthur Emmerson, and Arthur, of the fourth generation, is now a resident of the city.

The company continued its organization, and when the war between the sections began it enrolled over 100 men, who were mustered into the Confederate service on the 20th of April, 1861, under Capt. Carey F. Grimes. Its career was marked in this service. It was hotly engaged at Malvern Hill, Second Manassas and Sharpsburg, where its gallant captain was shot from his horse while directing its guns. After this engagement its ranks were so depleted that it was disorganized and its men divided between two other artillery organizations.

After the war it was reorganized for the Virginia volunteers under Capt. George W. R. McDonell, and after he retired Capt. Carey R. Warren was elected its commander.

The organization is now commanded by Capt. Charles A. Cuth-

riell, a son of one of its veterans. In July last Mr. Wilson B. Lynch, one of its Confederate veterans, conceived a plan for a monument to commemorate its organization, and he with several of his companions associated themselves for the purpose of carrying out the plan. Mr. Lynch was elected treasurer, and, appealing to the people, he soon raised sufficient funds not only to erect the monument, but to place a suitable marker over the grave of the gallant Grimes.

The shaft is eighteen feet high, of rough Virginia granite, with four polished sides. On one side is inscribed the names of Capt. Arthur Emmerson's men who fought with him at Craney Island, surmounted by two United States flags, crossed, and on the first base "Craney Island" in raised letters. The other three faces contain the roll of the Confederate soldiers who served under Capt. Grimes. The names are surmounted by the Confederate battle flag, and on the base "Malvern Hill," "Manassas" and "Sharpsburg." This design is an unique conception, and is probably the first monument in the United States containing both the Stars and Stripes and the Confederate flags. It will stand, although small in proportions, as a great peace monument between the sections, exemplifying the beautiful sentiment which has united the country in spirit as well as in song.

MEN WHO TOOK PART IN BATTLE OF CRANEY ISLAND,
JUNE 22, 1813.

Captain Arthur Emmerson,
First Lieutenant Parke G. Howle,
Second Lieutenant Thomas Godwin,
First Sergeant William P. Young,
Second Sergeant William Drury,
Third Sergeant James B. Butt,
Fourth Sergeant Samuel Livingston,
First Corporal William Moffett,
Second Corporal Daniel Cameron,
Third Corporal John M. Kidd.

Privates—Richard Atkinson, William Barber, Edward Carter, Benjamin Cox, James Deale, George Eames, T. L. Emmerson, James Foster, John Gourdie, James Hughes, Philip Hockaday, William Hoffer, Richard Keeling, Watson Kelly, John Lawton,

Aaron Meadow, Abner Nash, John Newell, Samuel Owens, George Peel, John Pully, John Roper, Francis Souceedo, James H. Simmons, Nicholson Scott, George Sweeney, Nathaniel Walker, Joseph Whiterock.

MEN WHO SERVED IN COMPANY, 1861-65.

Captain Cary F. Grimes, Captain John H. Thompson, Lieutenant Bernard Fauth, Lieutenant Richard Webb, Lieutenant W. T. Fentress, Lieutenant Thomas J. Oakhum, Lieutenant Francis Russ, M. W. Allen, J. W. Ashe, William Ashby, William T. Backus, Jr., William A. Batten, E. E. Beaton, W. H. Bell, Thomas Bland, C. Bohannan, D. Boyce, R. M. Boutwell, George W. Brent, William J. Bright, A. M. Brownley, W. H. Buchanan, James Cherry, W. H. Cherry, Walter A. Creekmore, G. E. Crismond, J. W. Crismond, S. J. Cummins, G. D. Culver, William H. Cuthriell, J. A. Dillion, J. H. Dilsburg, B. Duveryier, John Ewell, T. Fitzsimmons, V. Forbes, J. H. Gaskins, Robert Gaskins, J. W. Griffin, H. P. Goodson, I. I. Guy, W. R. Hansford, H. Hopkins, J. H. L. Hopkins, W. H. Hughes, A. C. Ironmonger, C. E. Ironmonger, F. M. Ives, Jesse Ives, E. H. Johnson, William Jones, G. T. Jones, E. H. Jones, J. Jordan, G. W. King, Samuel Lanier, G. W. Lash, Robert Lewis, William A. Lewis, C. B. Linn, H. Liverman, Wilson B. Lynch, William B. Mahoney, E. G. March, A. Mathews, Edward Mathews, J. W. Mathews, Stephen McHorney, Henry Miles, T. E. Miller, John Miller, P. H. Miller, A. M. Minter, Richard Montgomery, W. A. Moore, J. E. Moore, J. E. Morris, Edward Moreland, J. B. Moreland, A. Morgan, D. Murry, John Murphy, W. T. Myers, S. J. Newby, F. J. Nicholson, Q. Overman, A. K. Parker, E. H. Parker, Thomas Parker, Robert Peed, William B. Phillips, M. E. Reardon, Frederick Rehm, W. W. Rew, J. S. Reynolds, Joseph Rieger, F. D. Rogers, Samuel P. Russ, Robert Saunders, E. J. Sheppard, A. Sprague, H. C. Stokes, M. E. Stokes, J. M. Stokes, Richard S. Stores, E. G. Straub, J. W. Snow, E. T. W. Summers, William Swain, John B. Tyler, Thomas H. Virnelson, James T. Waller, C. R. Warren, James Webb, Jr., T. C. Webb, John Weymouth, Robert Whitehurst, S. Whitehead, V. Whitehead, William Whitehead, T. J. D. White, Charles C. Williams, Charles L. Williams, Edward B. Williams, John Wilson, Willis Wilson, Thomas P. Wing, John Wrench, W. E. Shepherd, James Stores, John J. Warren.

The officers of the Portsmouth Light Artillery Monument Association are Captain John H. Thompson, president; M. W. Allen, secretary; Wilson B. Lynch, treasurer.

Music Committee—Mrs. J. Griff. Edwards.

Unveiling Committee—Misses Annie Emmerson and Palmetto Grimes.

Chief Marshal—F. J. Nicholson.

Monument Acceptance Committee—Mrs. E. N. Neely, Mrs. Beulah Lynch Cross, Mrs. C. W. Walker, Miss Alex. Shannon, Mrs. Alice Parrish, Miss Harriet Williams, Mrs. R. E. Crump and Mrs. W. H. Stewart.

Stage Decoration Committee—Mrs. Paul C. Trugien, Mrs. J. W. H. Porter, Mrs. F. S. Hope, Misses Cressie Schroeder and Jennie Shea.

Invitation Committee—Captain John H. Thompson, M. W. Allen and Wilson B. Lynch.

Grand Stand Committee—Samuel J. Newby, John Wilson and John W. Wood.

Historical Address of the Former Commander of Grimes Battery.

Fellow Citizens of Portsmouth:

The Confederate veterans of the Portsmouth Light Artillery Company, who have survived the Civil War and lived to see this day, are deeply thankful to the people of Portsmouth for this monument, to the erection of which the good men and women have freely and generously contributed.

My comrades and I desire to make public acknowledgement of our gratitude to the contributors.

We have made research as far as possible; and have ascertained that this company was organized on the 14th day of August, 1809, under Capt. Arthur Emmerson, who was commissioned by the first Governor Tyler of Virginia. All the officers and soldiers who fought at Craney Island on the 22d day of June, 1813, are inscribed on the north face of this shaft.

The next commander of whom we find any record is Capt. T. B. Beaton, in 1827. He was succeeded by Capt. Charles Cassell, who remained at its head until 1840, when he was succeeded by Capt.

Charles I. Dimmock. Afterwards Capt. George Bourdette and Capt. Virginius O. Cassell were commanders, whether successively or not, I am not advised.

During this long period the organization seems to have maintained a prosperous condition, for its rolls bear the names of many of the foremost citizens of our town and county.

Capt. Carey F. Grimes succeeded Capt. V. O. Cassell and was at its head when Gov. John Letcher called out the Virginia volunteers to defend State sovereignty.

At this time, April 20, 1861, Bernard Fauth and I were lieutenants, and forty-five men were on its muster roll; but in a short time the company was recruited to over 100 men. On the night Gosport navy yard was evacuated by Com. Charles S. McCauley we were ordered out and parked with four old iron smoothbore guns on the court green. The next morning a gun's crew was sent to the navy yard and the balance of the men with the guns were sent to Fort Nelson, and there the men who had been sent to the navy yard rejoined the company during the day. We remained at Fort Nelson until May 16, 1861, when we were transferred to Hoffer's Creek, in Norfolk county. There we were comfortably encamped in a location where we could observe all the marine events on Hampton Roads, including the celebrated battle between the C. S. Iron-clad Virginia and the Federal fleet.

Our first engagement occurred on October 7, 1861. Some of our men were fishing in a small boat, off shore, when a Federal steamer came over from Newport News after them. We unlimbered our rifle cannon, having received new guns prior to this event, and fired one shot at her. She returned the fire, but her shots falling short, she hastily put back to her own shore.

Time will not allow me to detail many events of our camp life at Hoffer's Creek, so I will only note two incidents.

On Wednesday, November 7, 1861, an election was held with the following result: For President, Jefferson Davis, 48 votes; for Congress, John R. Chambliss, 28 votes; for Congress, William Lamb, 17 votes.

On Tuesday, March 28, 1862, the company was reorganized with ninety-nine men present, all of whom re-enlisted and elected the following officers: Carey F. Grimes, captain; John H. Thompson, first lieutenant; W. T. Fentress, second lieutenant; T. J. Oakum, second lieutenant; Francis Russ, second lieutenant.

April 1 the medical examination took place and we were mustered into the Confederate service by Maj. Edmond Bradford,

On the 23d of April, 1862, our battery was ordered from Hoffler's Creek to reinforce Gen. A. R. Wright at South Mills, N. C., but arrived there too late to participate in the battle of Sawyer's Lane.

We crossed the new cut of the Dismal Swamp canal and bivouacked at Richardson's Mill, on the Pasquotank river, and on the first of May the battery was divided into two sections with a view of attacking the Federal gunboat Lockwood, which was at anchor a few miles above Elizabeth City, N. C.

Capt. Grimes with his section of one gun, recrossed the river to go down on the opposite side so we could attack the enemy simultaneously from both sides of the river.

I took one rifle parrot gun and proceeded by the main road until within range of the vessel, then went into masked bivouac to wait for daylight, and about daylight on the 2d of May I opened fire, firing five shots at the steamer in rapid succession, and I think we struck the ship, for she hauled off down the river. The report of her commander says:

U. S. S. LOCKWOOD,

Pasquotank River, N. C., May 2, 1862.

Sir—While lying at anchor at Three Miles Reach about daylight this morning, the enemy opened fire upon me with or two more field pieces at a bend in the river three-quarters to a mile distant. After a sharp engagement of twenty minutes' duration, I drove them from their position (as I have subsequently learned), wounding eight of their number and disabling the carriage of one of their field pieces. No casualties on our side. Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

G. W. GRAVES,

Acting Master Commanding.

To Lieutenant Commander C. W. Flusher, Commanding Naval Forces at Elizabeth City, N. C.

Now Mr. Graves was very much mistaken as to the damage to us. No man was injured in the affair on our side, nor was any damage done to our gun. We did retreat and return to our camp at Richardson's mill.

When we returned to Portsmouth, we bivouacked for a short time on Edward's farm, and on May 8th were ordered to Bower's

Hill. From there we went to Petersburg, arriving on the 14th of May. Then on the 24th of May we were sent to Drewry's Bluff, and at midnight on the 28th reached Richmond, sleeping the balance of the night on the stone steps of the custom house.

Next morning, Mrs. K. Adams, who kept a bakery, generously treated the whole company to a hot breakfast, which they enjoyed and so highly appreciated that the men afterwards held a meeting and adopted resolutions of thanks, which were presented to her by a special committee. That day we turned our faces toward McClellan, who was advancing on Richmond from the Peninsula.

On the 25th of June we had two guns in action at French's Farm, and on July 1st our battery was hotly engaged at famous Malvern Hill, where we lost three men killed and seven wounded, and had fifteen horses killed and wounded. The conduct of our company was highly complimented by General Armistead.

On the night of the 28th of July we were in action with the gun-boats and transports at City Point.

When we turned westward for the first Maryland campaign, we were, on the 26th of August, engaged in an artillery duel at Warrenton Springs, Va., where we lost three wounded, one of whom, mortally. Then moving forward we were engaged in the battle of Second Manassas; then at Crampton Gap on the 14th of September, and, finally, as a distinct organization at bloody Sharpsburg.

There were three sections of Grimes' Battery. I commanded the right section at the Stone Barn when we went into action at Sharpsburg. The left section was about 200 yards distant. Captain Grimes, while directing the fire of the guns on the left, was shot from his horse, and while being carried from the field received two more wounds, and two of the men who were bearing him were killed before they got him under cover.

I was ordered to move the battery back about two hundred yards to a range of hills, and then I heard for the first time that Captain Grimes was wounded. I found him sitting up against a hay rick, almost unconscious. I dismounted from my horse, went to him, put my arms around his neck, drew his head over my shoulder, and said: "Carey, do you know who I am?" He did not speak, but nodded assent. I saw he was dying, then I put my mouth close to his ear and said: "Carey, this is our last meeting on this earth; if you have got any message for me to carry home, if I should

live to get there, now tell me." He whispered: "Tell my wife I died for my country and her."

Then becoming unconscious, I left him, with a detail of men. He died about 8 o'clock that night, and next morning we wrapped his body in a tent fly and buried him under a tree in the field with Masonic rites.

While we were engaged in the ceremonies, the owner of the farm joined us, and said: "This shall be a sacred spot: I will put a fence around it to protect it."

Soon after we were ordered to retreat to the Virginia side of the Potomac; we then disinterred the body, put it in an ambulance in charge of Keith Parker and John W. Snow, who brought it over the river and buried it on the farm of Mr. Levi Mohler, the father of Mrs. Arthur Wilson, of this city. There it remained until it was brought home and reinterred in our Oak Grove Cemetery, where the Portsmouth Light Artillery Monument Association has set a granite marker to tell the spot where the ashes of the brave soldier rest.

The battle of Sharpsburg took place on the 16th and 17th of September, 1862. The artillery organization was reduced in men and horse to such an extent that on the second of October General Lee instructed General Wm. N. Pendleton to submit a plan for reorganization, which he did, and it was approved and made effectual in special orders No. 200: Headquarters, Army Northern Virginia, October 4, 1862. * * * VII. The three companies of Major Saunders' Battalion will be formed into two. The officers of Thompson's Battery (late Grimes') are relieved from duty with the company, and the men will be distributed by Major Saunders between Moorman's and Huger's batteries.

There were seventy-two batteries in the army and eighteen were consolidated, leaving fifty-four organizations. This order was promulgated to our company at Winchester, and aroused great indignation among the men, and almost insubordination was manifested; but I advised them to consider the matter soberly and not to disgrace themselves; that I would seek a personal interview with General Lee to see if he would revoke it. I immediately rode to his headquarters, and after dismounting, met Colonel Chilton, and asked him if General Lee was in? He said yes, and just at that time General Lee came out of his tent. I walked up to him with his order in my hand, saluted him which he returned, then intro-

duced myself as Captain Thompson, of the Portsmouth Light Artillery Company. Presenting the order, I said : "General, I have come to ask for a reconsideration of this order." He replied : "Captain, that order was from the best information of the condition of the artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia, and it was promulgated for the best interest of that arm of the service. The distribution was not intended to reflect upon the officers or men, but was necessary for the better organization of the artillery corps. Now, Captain, you know that the highest duty of a soldier is to obey orders; go to Richmond as your orders require and do whatever you may be ordered. It is just as honorable to do your duty there, and far safer." The great commander treated me with the utmost consideration, and I saw it was useless to say more on that question, so I said : "General Lee, I wish to shake your hand." He gave me a warm handshake, and we parted.

I went to Richmond as required, reported and was assigned to duty in the provost marshal's office.

After awhile, I was sent to Augusta, Ga., to supervise the transportation of prisoners to Andersonville, when the prison at that place was established. On my return to Richmond, General Winder made a requisition for me to command the prison at Andersonville, upon which an order was made out and sent to me, which I returned with this endorsement :

"I respectfully return this order to the general commanding the Department of Henrico, with this statement : Captain Thompson did not enter the Confederate army to become a 'Jack Ketch,' a jailer or a prison keeper."

General Gardner immediately sent for me and said : "Captain, do you know the responsibility you have incurred by such an endorsement on an official paper?" I said : "I mean no disrespect; but I hope you will take up my cause and keep me from being a prison keeper." Through my general's influence the orders were revoked and Captain Henry Wirz was sent in my place.

Friends, I cannot go over my military service in further detail. I was in Danville when General Lee surrendered, went in company with Mr. J. H. Sands, of Richmond, to Greenville, N. C. There General Beauregard advised us to go back to Dick Taylor. I said : "If there is a spot of land where our flag flies, I will find it." We

pushed on, but were captured and paroled in South Carolina, so ended my career as a Confederate soldier.

My wife was a refugee in Richmond, therefore I made my way to that city. I wore the uniform in which I surrendered, having on this coat, and coming out of Fourth street to the corner of Broad, I met the provost guard in command of a lieutenant, who accosted me : "Don't you know it is against orders to wear those buttons?" and before allowing me time to respond, ordered his men to cut them off, and the soldiers performed the operation. When it was over I said : "Well, that is the bravest act I have witnessed since I have been in Richmond." The "brave" officer warned me to say no more on penalty of arrest. I was under parole, and it was a humiliating oppression, which I knew General Grant would have scorned; but I have forgiven all of my enemies, and have since made many dear friends among those who wore the blue uniform. Since the day of parole, I have always endeavored to follow the advice of General Lee, and be a good citizen of the United States.

THE PATRIOTISM OF PEACE.

Colonel William H. Stewart on the Lessons of Adversity—
The Star Spangled Banner and the Southern
Cross on the Same Rock.

*Ladies and Gentlemen, Soldiers and Veterans of the Portsmouth
Light Artillery.*

What is the meaning of this vast throng of people?

Why have these men turned from their daily labor to pause here
in the highway?

Why this rest of strong soldiers in martial ranks?

Why these happy, beaming eyes of youth and beauty?

Why these grateful hearts of venerable sires?

Why the one mind to halt here in the presence of mute blocks
of stone at this hour? Is it the force of patriotism? Is it the spon-
taneous outburst of gratitude for the chivalry of fathers? Is it the
love of household gods—home love? Is it to honor virtue and
kindle the flame for this (monument) stone vestal lamp to light the
path of honor and glory forever?

Yes. It is Portsmouth striking the cords of civic pride in the
hearts of her young people.

Looking backward, you see her sons, in the long ago, bearing the goddess of virtue, pass through the gates of honor and place upon the brow of Portsmouth a crown of fame.

Now her young people bow in prayer around the monument of her heroes as the altar of good will and peace between all the American States.

Here the old and the young display the patriotism of peace.

“From pitying Heaven a radiant angel came;
Smiling, she bade all sounds of conflict cease,
Her wide wings fanned away the smoke and flame;
Hushed the red battle’s roar—God called her peace.
She sheathed the dripping sword; her soft hands pressed
Grim foes apart, who scowled in anger deep.
She laid two grand old standards down to rest,
And on her breast rocked weary war to sleep.

From land and sea she swept mad passion’s glow,
Yet left a laurel for the hero’s fame;
She whispered hope to hearts in grief bowed low,
And taught our lips, in love, to shape her name.
Peace spreads her pinions wide from South to North;
Black enmity within the grave is laid,
The church towers chime their holy anthems forth,
To still the thunders of the cannonade.”

Peple—Munsey.

Here is the first peace monument of the nation, where the flag of the Southern cross and the Star Spangled Banner are graven on the same rock to say: “Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.”

Nearly two thousand years ago Julius Ceasar invaded the British islands and forced the Celtic race to yield to his Roman Eagles; afterward the Saxons planted their banners on the land of the conquered people, and in turn the battle of Hastings brought Englishmen under Norman rule. But these invasions gave new arts that stimulated recovery from spoliation. The war of the roses in the fifteenth century made bitter days for England, and perhaps the lessons Britain learned from adversity aided in making her mistress of all the seas. The Northmen came upon us in 1861 “to save the Union.” They despoiled our homes, and made

poverty and deep humiliations possess our fair Southland. By preponderance of arms they forced us to surrender our independence; but ours was not a "lost cause," because, as the Rev. Dr. McKim puts it: "If it is due the valor of the Northern army and navy that we have today an indissoluble Union, it is due to the valor of the Confederate soldiers and sailors, that that indissoluble Union is composed of indestructible States." Who can say that the Southern States will not come out like the British Kingdom of old, and be the heart of our great republic.

The manufactories of the South are marvelously growing year by year. Cotton is still king, and when the \$380,000,000 worth of raw cotton now shipped to Europe and the Orient is manufactured at home, the South will take her place as one of the richest sections of the globe.

Peace shall give us victory outlasting the stings of war and enthrone the reign of charity for our happiness and pleasure.

I thank God, every day, that I have lived to see an era of love supplant the wrath of war.

Peace has grown upon us with imperceptible silence and sweetness, and has possessed us like a charm of mythical mystery.

It germinated in the hearts of firing line of soldiers and drew as the wind blows from all quarters.

Twenty-five years ago a brave captain of the Blue Line, when many at the North were still denouncing the South, said: "There was a time, during the war, when I was mad, too, but when our regiment, well to the close of the struggle, flanked a regiment of Johnnies out of their camp, and I saw and heard the prisoners, I felt like lifting my hat to them, and as I now recall them and their condition, it pretty nearly brings tears.

"The ground was frozen and every lost prisoner was barefooted, and they told us that not more than a quarter of the regiment had boots and shoes.

"For two weeks their rations consisted of one ear of hard corn, on the cob for each man a day, and some of the poor fellows were so hungry they ate it raw—couldn't wait to parch it. And yet those men fought like tigers for what they thought was right."

Yes. What they knew was right. He wrote further to his comrades: "The way I look at it, boys, it was an honor, a great credit to us to fight and get the best of an army of such men and soldiers. I am glad as any of you that we won, but I could no more say mean things of those brave fellows, than some of our

chaps are saying, than I could say mean things about George Washington and my dear old grandmother."

That was the echo of the patriotism of peace from the Pacific shore, then from great New York a dying soldier called his son to his bedside, to place a Confederate flag in his hands to be returned to the Virginia regiment from which it had been captured, "With my heartiest good wishes and fraternal feelings." So from heart to heart reason spreads, and then the dove of peace flew from the North, bringing home the emblems of war, which had waved in our comrades' hands on many bloody fields of honor, and some had fallen from the dead hands of our color bearers, to go into the forum for the victor's trophies.

What Southern soldier will not respond to these beautiful tokens of peace out of the fullness of heart?

All hail. Peace in the hearts of Northmen! All honor! for the true Southern souls which follow the white plumes of Fitz Lee, Gordon and Wheeler into the realms of charity and forgiveness!

All, glory! to the men of the South and the North who strive onward with one mind for the honor and safety of the republic!

M. W. Allen, Wilson B. Lynch, John H. Thompson and other soldiers of the Portsmouth Light Artillery, living and dead, whose names are inscribed on this shaft, are the types of manhood who welcome peace.

Although this Union was made indissoluble by blood and iron, against their will, Robert E. Lee told them that it must be their country—its flag their flag—and that they should live and labor for its honor and welfare.

They have obeyed the injunction of their beloved chieftain since the close of hostilities with the same faithfulness as they were wont to obey his battle orders.

They are now heroes in peace as they were heroes in war. They stood up when the sun appeared to stand still over the field of blood and the day to have no ending.

These venerable artillerymen, before you, stood up where Mars flashed and thundered; stood up at the muzzles of their cannon as flashes quickened and grew together into one terrible glare of blinding light; stood up with rammers ready as the blaze from brazen mouths shone down upon the upturned faces of dead comrades; stood up as valiant men for honor and country; stood up for homes and firesides; stood up for priceless virtue and the glory of our city of Portsmouth.

These veteran artillerymen strikingly illustrate the truth, that honor lies not in wealth or emoluments, but only in the memory and consciousness of high, noble and unselfish deeds.

I do not mean to draw any distinction between Grimes' soldiers and the men of Craney Island under brave Emmerson, for that glorious victory saved our twin towns from destruction, and no braver soldiers stood up on any field of blood. It was said that the valiant Emmerson fired the shot which sunk the Centipede, resulting in the retreat of the British.

Resolutions were offered in the General Assembly of Virginia tendering the heroes of Craney Island a vote of thanks, and directing the Governor to present swords to Major James Faulkner, Captain Arthur Emmerson, Lieutenant Parke G. Howle and Lieutenant Thomas Godwin, and gold medals to Sergeants William P. Young and Samuel Livingston and Corporal William Moffett, three non-commissioned officers of the Portsmouth Light Artillery Company, for their zeal and gallantry in this action. So the faces of this monument bear the names of soldiers of two wars, as valiant as ever trod battlefields of any nation—equal honor for the heroes of the years 1813 and 1861-65.

Fellow citizens, well do you praise them by graving their names with an iron pen on this everlasting rock, a tribute to virtue and valor forever.

The ancients said that virtue is the most manly ornament; that truth, the mother of virtue robed in garments as white as snow, made the road to honor by a passage through the temple of virtue. Then place all these artillerymen who stood up in the fiery strife of two wars upon the highest plane of honor. The patriotism of peace springeth from their inspiration.

Kindness subdued the hate of sectional strife; then with a flash of glory, all our instruments of war pointed outwardly to make our republic a leading world power among the nations.

This monument to the virtues of our artillerymen under two flags is also a vestal lamp for peace between all the Commonwealths of the American Union. It is a peace monument which Portsmouth dedicates today.

Vesta, the sister of Jupiter, was the household goddess. So great was her devotion to virginity that when her brother gave her liberty of asking what she would, she requested that she might

always be a virgin and have the first oblations in all sacrifices. She was not only granted her desire, but received this further honor among the Romans, that a perpetual fire was kept in her temple, not upon an altar, nor in the fireplace, but in earthen vessels hanging in the air, which the vestal virgins tended with so much care, that if by chance this fire was extinguished, all public and private business was interrupted, and a vacation proclaimed, till they had expiated the unhappy event with incredible penalties and pains.

In recompense for this severe law the vestals obtained extraordinary privileges and respect; they had the most honorable seats at the games and festivals; the consuls and magistrates gave way whenever they met them; their declarations in trials were admitted without the form of an oath, and if they happened to encounter in their path a criminal going to the place of execution, he immediately obtained pardon.

Upon the calends of March every year, though the fire was not extinguished, they used to renew it, with no other fire than that which was produced by the rays of the sun.

This vestal fire,* while kept by virgins in Rome, was kept by widows in Greece—a beautiful symbol for purity in womanhood and honor in manhood.

The men of the names on this stone stood like a wall of steel and iron for the safety of our town, at Craney Island in 1813, and "like a stone wall" for State's rights and our city's honor and glory in 1861-65.

The spirit of chivalry and the patriotism of peace have erected this shaft for their remembrance, constituting it a vessel, not earthen, hanging in the air, but solid granite firmly planted in the highway under the azure dome of the sky for an altar where the fire of patriotism will forever burn, and these old veterans have decreed, not the virgins of Rome nor the widows of Greece, but the Daughters of the Confederacy of Portsmouth Chapter No 30, vestals to keep its blaze, without penalties and pains, but with more honor than thundering Jupiter could order or Grecian art could picture.

Captain Charles A. Cuthriell, your Portsmouth Artillerymen and their successors, must be the guards of this temple as long as the vestal lamp holds out. Let your young soldiers make duty

and truth their aim, and the Master, who maketh the clouds His chariot and walketh upon the wings of the wind, will decorate them with the richest ornaments of virtue.

My Countrymen: The soldiers and sailors are the defenders of the State, and duty requires them to endure the severest hardships of war and peace.

The citizens are the foundation of the State—duty makes them provide sustenance and equipment for the safeguards.

All citizens, sailors and soldiers should love the truth as the glory of the State.

From the *Times-Dispatch*, March 18, 1906, and July 15, 1906.

YANKEE GUNBOAT "SMITH BRIGGS."

Survivor, in Search of Information, Learns how it was
Captured by Rebels.

Some Interesting War History, with Additional Particulars
in a Letter of Mr. B. A. Sowell.

The correspondence below would be interesting merely as an exchange of letters. It is doubly interesting in that it brings out some war history that otherwise might be forever lost.

This letter is given just as it was received by the head citizen of the town of Smithfield, Va.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., February 22nd, 1906.

To the Mayor or Head Citizen of the Town of Smithfield, Isle of Wight County, Virginia:

Dear Sir,—i am Seeking Information on Something occurred Some 42 years ago if you were not then a Resident of the Town Perhaps Some one to whom you Show this Letter Can help you out with the information That i Desire on the first Day of February 1864 i was taken a Prisoner of War in the town of Smithfield along with 12 New york Calvary and a Detachment of the 99th New york Infantry and Some of my Battery A 3rd Pa. Heavy artillery and some of Battery B 3rd Pa. artillery making some 110 all told and one of our Light Draught Gunboats Named Smith Briggs was Blown up By the Soldiers opposing us.

our Commander By the Name of Captain Lee a Newyork man was a Coward and he Drew us up in Line on the first road Next to the Little River which i think was Called Pagan Creek told the Boys all who were in favor of Surrender Hold up their Right Hand the New yorkers Hands went up almost to a man only one Pennsylvanian Sent up his hand the New yorkers had the Strongest Side So Captain Lee Signed the Surrender Look-

ing as white as this Paper i am writing upon Now Thought i would be among you in December Last and Could ask the Questions for myself on my Return from the Dedication of a Monument at Andersonville, Ga. to all who Died Down there in 1864 and 1865 But on account of a Bad Spell of Rheumatism i could not go to Georgia to the Dedication So i am Now Confined to the House with the Same Trouble So i Thought i would write to See if i Could get Some Information to Gladden the Heart of the only one besides myself who is living out of 110 who was taken at Smithfield the Information i would Like to get is what the Name of the Battery opposed us and the Name of the Cavalrymen and the Regiment of Infantry. Perhaps Some one may be in your Town to Day who was in the fight who Could tell you all about it i am only 63 years old and Surely Some one is a Living at this Day who Saw That Little fight.

What Become of the Remnants of the Gun Boat and how far was it to That Peice of Woods where the fight opened on Saturday how far is it to Ivor Station where one of our Wounded was Burried if it isn't to tiresome Give me a Good Long Letter how things went on in Smithfield until after the Close of one of the Most Unjust Wars That History Ever Recorded and my Prayers are That Such a War will never Take Place again in this Great Country of ours to mar the peace and Happiness of the Greatest Country on the Face of God's Earth.

We were Taken to Belle Isle Near Richmond and on the 10 Day of March we were Taken to Andersonville Georgia marched in the Stockade Down there on St. Patrick's Night March 17th Released October 18th 1864 and 5 came home and only two now left if you can't find time to answer give this to Some Good and Kind Hearted Lady to answer. Enclosed Please find Stamps for answer. my Name and address William W. Rodgers, 2553 North Colorado Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Faternally yours,

WILLIAM W. RODGERS.

Mayor Joyner, of Smithfield, referred the above letter to Mr. R. S. Thomas, who, in making the following full reply, added to the store of very interesting Confederate history.

MR. THOMAS' REPLY.

SMITHFIELD, VA., Feb. 27, 1906.

*William W. Rogers, Esq., No. 2553 North Colorado Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.*

My Dear Sir,—Yours of February 22d, to the Mayor or head citizen of the town of Smithfield, relative to the destruction of the Federal gunboat Smith Briggs and the capture of the Federal forces under Captain Lee, on the 1st day of February, 1864, was received by V. C. Joyner, Mayor of the town, on the 24th of this month, and he, on the same day, delivered the letter to me for reply. I will give you the information you desire, so far as I can, with a great deal of pleasure.

My brother, J. O. Thomas, of Four Square, now in his seventy-third year, was an active participant in the engagement of February 1, 1864. I have frequently heard him narrate the circumstances with great circumstantiality, and on Saturday night last I went up to his house and got him to repeat the story so that I might give it to you with freshness and accuracy.

Captain Sturdivant, of Richmond, Va., with two pieces of artillery, with two small companies of North Carolina infantry, and with a few cavalymen of that State, went down to Cherry Grove, about ten miles from Smithfield, where he had a splendid and unobstructed view of the whole river front from that point to Norfolk, so that he might see and report anything and everything that was going on.

While he was going to Cherry Grove the Smith Briggs was bringing Captain Lee and his men to Smithfield for a similar purpose. They were unobserved by Captain Sturdivant, and were entirely unsuspected by him.

On Sturdivant's return from Cherry Grove, he suddenly, and to his amazement, ran into the forces under Captain Lee, at Six Oaks, near Scott's Factory, about four miles from Smithfield.

A slight engagement ensued. The result of it was, Lee fell back to Smithfield, and Sturdivant went on his way, westwardly, to Ivor.

In going to Ivor he passed right by my brother's farm—Four Square—an estate of about three thousand acres, about four miles from Smithfield, and about seven miles from Six Oaks.

My brother, on learning the strength of Captain Lee's forces, and that they were "bottled up" in Smithfield, without the protection of their gunboat, sent a note to Captain Sturdivant, at Ivor, soliciting his return, saying the capture of Lee's forces in Smithfield was an easy thing to do.

Sturdivant returned promptly.

My brother joined his command at Jones' store, (two miles from Smithfield), and conducted them to Steven's store (less than half a mile from the town).

At Steven's store—Lee's forces in Smithfield—posted right on the top of Todd's Hill, at the junction of Church and Main streets, could easily be seen by Captain Sturdivant. Captain Sturdivant sent a note to Captain Lee, demanding instant surrender, and signed that note as Brigadier-General.

Captain Lee replied, asking an interview with the officer in command of the Confederate forces.

My brother told Sturdivant that Lee was expecting his gunboat, and was playing for time. He asked Captain Cheshire, a boatman, who was present, what tide was it? Cheshire replied that it was flood tide.

My brother then informed Captain Sturdivant that this was the tide that would bring the Smith Briggs up to take on and rescue Captain Lee's forces. He urged immediate action.

The demand for instant surrender was renewed. It was refused.

The officer bearing the refusal (Sergeant Hennis) returned with his horse in a run all the animating influences of whip and spur, saying before he alighted, that the expected gun-boat was in sight.

During these negotiations, Captain Sturdivant, at the suggestion of my brother, moved up his forces, a hundred and fifty or two hundred yards to Spratley's Hill, on the same road, just out of the corporate limits of the town.

When the demand for surrender was refused—my brother, who was perfectly familiar with every foot of the ground—suggested to Captain Sturdivant, that he divide his infantry forces into two columns—the one on the right to be led by him down and through ravines and behind houses to the Presbyterian church on Church street; the other on the left to be led by Junius Wil-

son and Captain Cheshire, through other ravines and behind other houses to and through the lot of William Henry Jordan, at the top of Todd's Hill—thus assailing, unobserved, Captain Lee's forces on both flanks. Whilst the artillery was all the while engaging them in front.

When the columns led by my brother emerged through the ravines into Church street, at the Presbyterian church, less than one hundred yards distant from Captain Lee, it was immediately observed by him and his men; and they broke and ran down Todd's Hill to the county wharf, where they threw the artillery overboard, and then ran down and along the creek to the lot of William H. Day, and to Hodge's Shipyard adjoining, seeking the shelter and protection of the Smith Briggs.

Sturdivant, observing the panic, instantly pursued, quickly placed one of his guns on the county wharf and sent the other to the hill at Hodge's Shipyard, and thus at both places had the gunboat in full sight and in easy range. The gun on the county wharf sent a shot through her and right into her steam chest. She instantly surrendered.

A part of Captain Lee's force was captured in the garden of William Henry Day, in a large vacant house in the shipyard, and at other places on the creek front.

Captain Lee and some six or seven men swam the creek to the mainland and thus reached Old Town (now Battery Park), at the mouth of Pagan Creek, where they signalled passing boats, and thus escaped.

Six Oaks is four miles from Smithfield in the southeast. Ivor is eighteen miles from Smithfield to the west. Four Square is four miles from Smithfield on the road to Ivor.

The North Carolina Cavalry with Sturdivant's Battery, was under the command of Captain Pipkin. I do not know the names of the captains of the two small infantry companies.

A RED-HOT REBEL.

In going to Ivor you stopped at "Four Square" for water. You may remember the lady of the house as a red-hot Rebel. Captain Pipkin had on his horse behind him, a boy of your command, some twelve or thirteen years of age, who was a little "sassy" to her. She recognized him after the war, in the Green

House of the Soldier's Home, at Hampton, Va. She was admiring his flowers when there was a mutual recognition.

After the surrender of the *Smith Briggs* she was set on fire, and when the flames reached her magazine, with two tons of powder, she was blown all to pieces. The wreck remained until 1867 or 1868, when it was removed by the general government, or some of its agents.

I own and have lived at the lot formerly known as the William Henry Jordan lot, right at the top of Todd's Hill, ever since January 1, 1868.

I have a memento of the fight of February 1, 1864, in my yard, a cannon-ball right at the front-door step. I found it here, and here it has been ever since. There were some other cannon balls, in the trees and houses about town, but they have all disappeared.

Smithfield has grown greatly since those days. It is now a prosperous and flourishing town, with paved streets, and sidewalks, with water, gas, public and private schools, with many churches; with two banks, with several peanut factories, and with many curers of the celebrated Smithfield hams. Of course, that industry flourishes on my brother's estate. He has been a curer of these hams ever since 1855. He is now in his seventy-third year of his age, and he and his wife, still a Rebel, celebrated their golden wedding last November.

We are very sorry to know that you have been such a sufferer from rheumatism. If it ever allows you to travel, we would be glad to see you. If you would like to have the full name of Captain Sturdivant, I will endeavor to get it. If there be any other information that you would like to have relative to the engagements alluded to, or to the town and its people, I will be pleased to furnish it.

Yours truly,

R. S. THOMAS.

Hardware, Fluvanna Co., Va.

Mr. R. S. THOMAS:

Dear Sir,—I was very much pleased to see your description of the capture of the gunboat *Smith Briggs* at Smithfield in the

Times-Dispatch of recent date. I was a member of Captain Nat. A. Sturdivant's battery of Artillery, but was not present at Smithfield; was with those who went to Cherry Grove the day before, and as Mr. Rodgers expressed the wish that some one would give an account of the engagement at Scott's Factory, and as all of our commissioned officers are now dead, this account if given at all must be by some other of those present.

I cannot give the names of other captains of companies engaged, nor the number of the North Carolina Regiment at that time stationed at Ivor, but it was from Clingman's Brigade, and Colonel Jordan was its commander. He (Colonel J.) was in command of the line of the Blackwater.

Our battery was in winter quarters about a mile from Ivor and nearer the river. In some way Col. J. was informed that a gunboat was expected up the Nansemond River, and that it would be possible for artillery to either capture or destroy it. The force despatched for that purpose consisted of the first section of our artillery and one small company of infantry (its actual number was forty-seven); also about one dozen cavalymen, who were to act as pickets.

We remained at Cherry Grove until after high tide, and on our return were met by a cavalryman on top of the hill before reaching the Factory. Had stopped to wait for the pickets to come in. The courier told Captain Sturdivant that the Yankees had landed at Smithfield, and thought there were some two or three hundred of them.

The Yankees were evidently close behind the courier, for he was taken prisoner on reaching the woods on top of the opposite hill.

Mr. Whitfield, the Confederate Congressman from your district, was passing along, and was made prisoner, also.

Having that information, Captain Sturdivant started to go to the junction with the Smithfield Road to prevent being cut off, and wait there for the pickets. With no thought of the enemy being so near, we marched in column, and very soon after the head of the column passed the dwelling houses, we were fired upon from ambush at a distance of less than two hundred yards.

It was the first time Captain Sturdivant was under fire, and no veteran could have displayed greater coolness. He sat his horse and gave his commands with apparent calmness. It was his demeanor that put confidence in his men, and all stood at their posts,

We remained at least an hour after firing had ceased, searching for Lieutenant Perkins, of the infantry, but did not find him at the time. He died of his wound.

Under the circumstances, the captain did not think it prudent to keep the direct road, but went back some distance and took another road to camp.

We had not gone to sleep before a messenger came with an order to proceed at once to Smithfield, as the Yankees had gone back to that place. It was then that two companies of infantry were sent.

I think a company of cavalry was already near Smithfield.

There was an intermission in the firing which perhaps Mr. Rodgers could explain.

I have always thought strange of the fact that they did not charge us, for we marched in plain view for about three-fourths of a mile, and they could have counted every man of us, and must certainly have known our weakness. The pickets came up during the engagement.

If Mr. Rodgers should desire to ask for further information concerning the Scott's Factory fight, I would take pleasure in replying if able to give what he wanted.

I have taken the liberty of addressing this to you, so that all parties connected with this correspondence might have some knowledge of the facts, and will leave it for you to communicate to Mr. Rodgers—and should the facts given be thought worthy of a place in history, would not object to seeing them in the *Times-Dispatch*.

Yours very truly,

B. A. SOWELL.

NOTE.—Sturdivant's Battery continued with its effective work on many bloody fields throughout the war, and its commander was promoted to the rank of Major. He was a popular and prominent lawyer of Richmond.—ED.

FIRST BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

Dash and Heroism of the Maryland Line—Stonewall
Jackson's Flank Saved—Recollections Revived
by the 45th Anniversary.

A Paper read before the Isaac R. Trimble Camp, No. 1035, United
Confederate Veterans, Baltimore, Md., October 2, 1906, by
Colonel WINFIELD PETERS, Maryland Member of
the Historical Committee, and on Southern
School History, U. C. V.

In the first Battle of Manassas, July 21, 1861, our First Maryland Regiment lastly and hotly engaged a brigade of the enemy from the edge of a woods overlooking a declivity, then a dry ditch at the foot, then a hill, on the crest of which the enemy was formed in battle line. We fired at point-blank range of, perhaps, 500 yards, awaiting reinforcements. The regiment was well dressed on the colors and the firing unobstructed, but the heat was intense, and the absence of wind prevented the smoke from rising; hence the view of the enemy's line was now and then obscured.

HAIRBREADTH ESCAPE.

In Murray's company (second from the right) were Privates Geo. Lemmon, N. J. Watkins and W. Peters. Watkins was my file leader, and Lemmon was next on my right in the rear rank. Watkins knelt and fired, thus facilitating my firing, but shortly he rose to his feet, and in rising Lemon fired, sending the charge from his musket through Watkins' cap, from back to front, and likely it passed through his hair. Seeing his cap flying in front of him, Watkins stepped forward at the risk of being shot, picked it up, and as coolly retook his place in the ranks. George Lemmon afterward told me—in his sly way—that he had two cartridges in his musket! Our cartridges contained a bullet and three buckshot ("buck and ball"). The firing was so deafening that no one could tell whether his piece was discharged. This was particularly so on our immediate

right, where Jackson's men were fighting desperately. It has been jocosely remarked that this was the only "wound" Nick Watkins got during the war.

SPLENDID CHARGE BY CONFEDERATES.

Soon the Third Tennessee Regiment came up and promptly aligned on our right, and thereupon we were told that we must charge and carry the hill in our front. Immediately the two regiments—numbering together some 1,200—well aligned, charged out of the woods at "Double-quick," "Charge bayonets," with a ringing yell. At once the Yankees seemed to cease firing, and after we clambered out of the ditch they disappeared from the hill, the top of which we reached as speedily as possible. We expected, of course, to receive their fire at short range. Gaining the crest of the hill, a magnificent battle view was disclosed. Covering the hill were the wounded and dead of the enemy, and in our immediate front the Yankees we had fought were fleeing down the hill at a gait that we tired fellows could not duplicate. They must have started for the rear when we got out of the ditch and began to climb the hill in their front.

One of them said, after the war, that he did not stop running until he reached his home, Bangor, Maine. Another Yankee soldier, who was wounded in the face, was asked how that happened, as they all *run* at Bull Run. He said he "*run* a mile and *looked back!*"

As we swept over the ridge, looking to the left, we could see the Tenth Virginia rallying upon the left of the First Maryland; thus precipitating the three regiments upon the enemy's right flank, in the general assault that drove them in flight from the field.

While engaging the enemy from the woods, two six-pounder guns under Lieutenant Beckham, of Pelham's Battery, took position on our left and fired effectively; also a squadron or two of Stuart's cavalry were seen charging at the distance of perhaps 1,000 yards from our left, and on capturing the hill we could still see the cavalry sweeping toward the left front, following and charging the retreating Yankees. As stated, the Tenth Virginia Regiment, having reached the field and united with the Maryland and Tennessee regiments, we moved toward the Henry

House, where the heaviest fighting had occurred, and halted at the captured guns of Rickett's Battery, (U. S. regulars), which were being turned upon the retreating foe.

CARNAGE WAS AWFUL.

The charge of the Maryland and Tennessee regiments, with the Virginia regiment aligned thereon; with a simultaneous advance of the Confederate lines; broke the enemy, who then began the famous Bull Run rout. The carnage here (the Henry House plateau) was awful, the first of many sanguinary battles to follow. Fatigued almost to exhaustion, without food or water, we were yet marched after the retreating Yanks, across the stone bridge, then back to the battlefield in the night, where we slept upon the ground as soundly and satisfiedly as victorious soldiers ever did under like stress.

The first Maryland Battalion, infantry, was formed at Harper's Ferry in May, 1861, and became a regiment in June following, by the addition of more companies. They participated in the Valley campaign under Gen. Jos. E. Johnston, ending in the sudden movement of Johnston's army, July 18, and the forced march to the support of General Beauregard at Manassas. The Fourth Brigade (under Colonel Arnold Elzey, of the First Maryland) was the last to reach the field of battle, July 21. Under the personal command of Gen. E. Kirby Smith, the Maryland regiment, upon detraining near Manassas Junction, was quickly started at double-quick to reinforce Stonewall Jackson, (who received his soubriquet that day), and the distance, about five miles, was made (it was said, in three-quarters of an hour) under the blazing sun, over a road so dusty that the clouds of dust raised by the brigade caused the enemy to conclude that large reinforcements were moving to the Confederate left, while on the other hand, the Confederate generals, not expecting Elzey's brigade so soon, were apprehensive that the enemy was in their rear. Moreover, the colors could not be described, which dilemma resulted in the Stars and Bars giving place to the renowned Confederate battle-flag, having a St. Andrew's cross on a red field—symbolical of suffering and blood—and was designed by General Beauregard, a Catholic.

Most conspicuous and inspiring was the activity and manifest

skill of General Smith, at the railroad. Seizing upon the First Maryland, when alighting, we were hurried into the road, ordered to place jackets and knapsacks under a nearby cherry tree, then formed column and moved off at "double-quick." The General's curt command was "Forward to the firing: The password is Sumter."

The Maryland regiment (battalion of direction) nearing the battlefield was turned from the road into an open field, when, immediately, while in column of fours, they met a severe musketry fire, which disabled General Smith and others. Instantly, at double-quick, the column was deployed into line (right in front), and, charging, rushed to the woods from which the enemy were firing, causing them to retreat, and preventing them from forming in Jackson's left rear.

PRIVATE SWISHER'S RASHNESS FATAL.

Halting here, at the edge of the pine thicket, we were ordered to lie down, hence were protected from the enemy's desultory fire, directed principally toward the colors, but, Private Swisher, of "A" company—next to the color company—more curious than the others, failing to obey the order to lie down, was killed by a bullet through his forehead. So anxious was Elzey to contribute to save the day and speedily, that, without waiting for reinforcements, we were soon ordered to "Attention," and the regiment moved off by the left flank, in twos, then formed in battle line and advanced to support Jackson's left, which they did and most opportunely.

FALLING FROM RANKS PERILOUS.

Men famishing with thirst and hunger dropped in the rear to gather blackberries we were marching over, but instantly the gallant Geo. H. Steuart, lieutenant-colonel commanding, ran at them, with his sabre raised very ominously, yelling at them, "Get back in ranks: We may be cut to pieces," and there was no more falling out of ranks. But, escaping the possible enfilading fire, the regiment pressed on until the enemy was met and defeated, as first related.

SMITH LEFT FOR DEAD: ELZEY SUCCEEDS HIM.

Colonel Elzey was chagrined at General Smith's superceding

him and leading the Maryland regiment to the battle. Seeing Smith fall, Elzey—oblivious to the perilous situation—exclaimed to Major Bradley T. Johnson: "God is just; Smith is dead! Johnson, get his horse. This means for me six feet of ground, or a yellow sash"—worn only by generals. The horse ran off and the gallant major was suffering from scurvy.

Elzey, though brave, was presumptive; moreover, he did not possess the calibre of Smith. Smith had immortalized himself, and recovering from his almost fatal wound, he returned to us a Major-General. The sequence is strange: Almost a year thereafter, Elzey, commanding his brigade in the battle of Cold Harbor, received just such a wound as Smith's, which likewise made him a Major-General.

ELZEY, BLUCHER OF THE DAY.

It happened that about the time the Maryland regiment reached the battlefield President Davis also arrived, having come from Richmond by railroad and ridden on horseback from Manassas. He was first seen among the troops fighting on Jackson's right, encouraging and rallying them. Jackson sent to inquire what civilian was rallying his men, and the information brought back was satisfactory. Jefferson Davis at that period was rated among the clite of living American soldiers. Having learned of the conduct of the Maryland regiment, the President promptly rode over, and saluting our colonel, addressed him as *General* Elzey, and General Beauregard dubbed him the Blucher of the day. Nevertheless, had we been 15 minutes later in checking the enemy, advancing, there would, probably, have been no Blucher of Manassas, because they would have enveloped Jackson's left flank, which, with the extreme left—two regiments under Colonel Jubal A. Early—must have retired, and quite likely not in the best order, judging from the evidences of demoralization we witnessed during the last half of our march. A regiment was seen resting by the roadside, and scores of men were leisurely making for the rear, who, replying to anxious questions as to the progress of the battle, answered, to a man, that our army was defeated. General Smith (riding at a trot, we at double-quick step), would now and then turn to us and in a commanding tone exclaim: "Pay no attention to those skulkers and pol-

troons. Follow me to the firing!" In truth, the energy and brave example of the General inspirited us, despite our well nigh exhausted condition, to arrive at the right time, at the right place, make the dash, follow it up and drive the enemy from the field. And it was the first display of the skill and bravery in battle characteristic of the Southern West Pointers. Johnston planned, Smith, Elzey and Steuart led. With the three typical regiments, at the critical juncture of the day, the Yankees were fated on that field. Jackson would gladly have led us on to Washington, and he said so, but was not permitted, nor perhaps consulted, but the fatal mistake was discovered 'ere long. And victory always followed Jackson. A word as to this a little further on.

That the loss in killed and wounded in the First Maryland was not greater was because of their promptness, energy and dash in responding to orders, and the ready skill of our leaders. A noteworthy case of a badly wounded man was that of Sergeant John B. Berryman, (a file closer) of "C" company, (first from the right), who fell simultaneously with General Smith. He kept his bed during nearly the entire war, and the ill-effects from wound never ceased until he died, on January 21, 1898, 36 years and 6 months from the day he was wounded, the anniversary of the birth of Stonewall Jackson, to whose aid Berryman was hurrying when shot.

SMITH'S BRIGADE SAVED THE DAY.

There appears in the *Confederate Veteran*, August, 1906, pp. 364-65, the following: "Concerning Military Career of General J. E. Johnston, President Davis wrote, February 18, 1865: "Indeed we were saved from a fatal defeat at the First Battle of Manassas only by the promptness of General E. Kirby Smith, who, acting without orders and moving by a change of direction, succeeded in reaching the battlefield in time to avert a disaster." Note the words "fatal defeat," etc.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY.

Jackson's magnificent victory and the unparelled valor of his Stonewall Brigade seemed to be ignored. With a bullet broken finger, he was left to mutter: "With 10,000 such men I could

take Washington." Jackson could see the way; the two commanding Generals and the President—who deferred to them, as he said—could not. Johnston said: (repeating it to me and others, after the war) "We cannot cross a river a mile wide and 18 feet deep." Jackson and Stuart would have found Seneca ford, on the Potomac, 12 miles above Washington, easily fordable. The day after the battle, we had, with reinforcements, 3,000 cavalry on the field. Jackson would have interposed between Washington and the Federal forces in the lower Valley under Maj. Genl. Patterson. The dread of "rebel cavalry" and "masked batteries" would have intensified Jackson's advance and the Washington Government would have fled the city, or capitulated.

The First Maryland did their work in this (their first) battle in Stonewall Jackson's way, fourteen months before the famous war lyric, "Stonewall Jackson's Way," was penned—under the inspiration of the guns at Sharpsburg, by Dr. John Williamson Palmer, of Baltimore. To find the enemy, go at him, quickly, rush upon him and keep it up; 'trust in God and keep your powder dry;' was Stonewall Jackson's way.

CONONEL JOHNSON THE STAR SOLIDER.

The star actor in the First Maryland was Bradley Tyler Johnson. Its last colonel, he led it through the Valley and Richmond campaigns, and until, in August, 1862, reduced to one half its original strength, the regiment was mustered out of service, by some occult method in the Richmond War Office. Colonel Johnson was justly indignant and refused to make a request to have the order rescinded, whereupon, General Jackson assigned him to the command of the Second Brigade in the Stonewall Division, which fought heroically at the Second Battle of Manassas.

HEROIC CAPTAIN MURRAY AND HIS MEN.

Captain Murray's company was mustered out of service, June 18th, 1862—the one year term of enlistment having expired—but they, with few exceptions, served faithfully to the end, whether re-enlisting or commissioned. The aggregate muster roll was about 120. With the First Maryland, they participated in General J. E. Johnston's Valley campaign, 1861; the Manassas campaign, 1861-1862; and in Stonewall Jackson's Valley cam-

paign, 1862. Captain Wm. H. Murray of our "H" Company—the crack company of the regiment—was a young officer of exceptional merit and promise and greatly beloved.

Leading his Company "A," Second Maryland Infantry, Captain Murray fell in the desperate charge at Gettysburg, the morning of July 3d, 1863. Gettysburg had no sublimer hero than Murray, the typical captain of the Maryland infantry. Major Goldsborough—intrepid and skillful—commanding the battalion, before advancing to the charge, said to him: "Captain Murray, I have the most implicit confidence in your ability to lead our men. Take charge of the right wing: I will look after the left, as I know them better." Thus, on that bloody, fated field, these two best line officers parted forever. Murray, in the fore front, killed; Goldsborough, thought mortally wounded, but, recovered; likewise Lt. Col. Herbert, in the successful charge the night before; two-thirds of the battalion dead or wounded. Though repulsed, by heavy odds, behind rifle trenches, the shattered regiment retired in good order and were not pursued.

Of the two soldiers first before mentioned; Geo. Lemmon became an ordnance officer and served with credit on the staffs of distinguished Generals. He died August 29, 1905, having on August 25th passed his 70th year. Mr. N. J. Watkins, who afterward served in the Signal Corps, is the well known, able journalist. Of the third, who was promoted to a lieutenancy: the late General Bradley T. Johnson, not long before he died, wrote: "Peters is the best all around assistant adjutant general I ever met. I have known him since 1861. Can do any thing he undertakes and do it better than any one else." In addition to these, the Baltimoreans, still living, who were under Captain Murray at First Manassas, are: Captains Clapham Murray, his brother, and McHenry Howard, General John Gill, Col. Frank Markoe Major Jas. Wm. Lyon, Judge Daniel G. Wright, Lieutenants Charles B. Wise, Charles E. Grogan, David S. Briscoe, Thomas B. Mackall and Winfield Peters; Privates, J. McKenny White, Sommervel Sollers and J. Southgate Lemmon. Rev. Randolph H. McKim, D. D., is in Washington, D. C.; Lieut. Richard T. Gilmor and Private Henry F. Schliephake are at the Confederate Soldiers' Home, Pikesville, Md.; Captain Frank X Ward and Private Fred'k L. Pitts, are in Philadelphia, Pa., and Private

Duncan M. Turner is in Leonardtown, Md. These are probably the only survivors.

A broken shaft of marble in the Confederate burial plot, in Loudon Park Cemetery, Baltimore, to Murray and his men, tells the sixty who gave up their lives in the Confederate struggle: about one fourth of the whole number mustered.

THE ONLY CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT GETTYSBURG.

The monument is the tribute of the Murray Confederate Association, who, likewise, were instrumental in erecting the massive granite monument to the Second Maryland Infantry, on Culp's Hill, Gettysburg; the only one thus far permitted by the Gettysburg National Cemetery authorities to Confederates, to be placed so near the Federal lines. But, they had to concede that the Maryland regiment *took, occupied and held* (July 2 and 3) the place where their monument stands. Indeed, the bloody charge on July 3 was made at a distance beyond it. This Maryland monument, erected in 1886, stands to-day the only Confederate monument on the battlefield of Gettysburg.

COLONEL PETERS AND CAPTAIN LEMMON BURIED ALMOST SIDE BY SIDE.

Private Lemmon received deserved promotion. Years after the war, General William H. Payne, on whose staff he had served, paid him a sly compliment. "Lemmon," he said, "I sometimes didn't know whether you were on my staff or I on yours." George Lemmon was a true type of a Maryland soldier and gentleman, and was as intelligent as he was brave. He was destined to die while traveling and approaching the old Manassas battlefields. He died on the fortieth anniversary of the death of my father—which resulted from service in the Confederate Army—Colonel George Peters, commanding the old First Rifle Regiment, Baltimore, many men from which entered the Confederate service, at the very beginning, assisted by the colonel and myself, lieutenant and paymaster. Col. George Peters and Captain George Lemmon lie a short distance apart in Greenmount Cemetery, awaiting the last trumpet call.

THE DAHLGREN RAID.

A Paper read by request before R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1,
C. V., March 9th, 1906.

By Comrade RICHARD G. CROUCH, M. D., who is also a Member
and Surgeon of Geo. E. Pickett Camp, C. V.

[Our valued friend, from days *ante-bellum*, is a highly esteemed citizen and successful practitioner of this city. Being a gentleman of means, he delights in benefactions to the needy and those in distress. Upon intimation to him of such wants, relief is immediately extended. His quiet charities, unknown to the public, have been to a multitude of grateful recipients.

Company H (originally called "Lee's Rangers") 9th Virginia Cavalry, in which he served gallantly, had as its first Captain, Wm. H. F. Lee, subsequently Major-General, and familiarly known as "Rooney Lee."

A brother of the editor, H. C. Brock, a member of the faculty of Hampden-Sidney College, who was severely wounded at Stony Creek, Dinwiddie County, in 1864, with many valued friends, served also in this noted Company.—ED.]

Commander, Comrades, Friends:

This raid has been written up so often, that I am reduced to a small margin from which to draw. Perhaps no incidental narrative of the war between the States created so great a stir as the Dahlgren Raid.

On the 4th of February, 1906, Reverend John Pollard, D. D., spoke in deserved praise of Lieutenant James Pollard, our officer and friend, which gave me great pleasure; not only on this occasion, but all others, when he led us into battle, proved himself a perfect Paladin of courage and ability.

The spring of 1864 was a time of terror and a season of agony to the 30,000 unfortunate men, women and children who were forced to remain in the Confederate capital awaiting the issue of the greatest civil conflict ever known in the history of the Anglo-Saxon race.

The battle of Gettysburg had been fought, and Lee had been

forced back into Virginia with a depleted army and a discouraged heart; the Confederate forces had recently been overpowered in Tennessee and defeated by sheer weight of numbers and excellence of the equipment of the enemy in many other parts of the South; immense Union armies, splendidly equipped and fully rationed, getting reinforcements daily, and preparing for aggressive war, occupied a large portion of Northern Virginia, and were slowly advancing southward, holding in covert the wasted, yet valiant Army of Northern Virginia.

Richmond at this time was uneasy; even the most sanguine could see through a haze of bitterness and almost of despair one certain end in sight—the ultimate downfall of the Confederacy. Yet brave ones kept their hearts with diligence, and soldiers with half rations and bloody, shoeless feet, paced nightly in their sentinel duties around the beloved city on the James, ready to give their lives at any moment for the protection of the dear ones who were in an agony of terror within the city's streets.

It was known that exaggerated reports as to the condition of the prisoners of war held in Richmond, had gone abroad, and that public feeling throughout the North, bitter and hostile all the time, had been unduly excited under the pressure of a false and misstated condition of the Confederate prisons. It was known to the Confederate government and the citizens of Richmond, that an expedition might at any time be undertaken with the avowed purpose of liberating the Northern prisoners in Richmond and turning them loose in the streets of the city to an orgy and carnival of crime. Indeed, it had been known that in January of 1864, an expedition had been sent out from Fortress Monroe to accomplish this purpose. Another had been sent from the Army of the Potomac, but both had, in some way, miscarried. Reports, some false, some only too true, concerning advancing lines of the enemy, were read in the Confederate newspapers every day. Tales of wholesale destruction and military carnage were the usual reports of the newspapers. The Richmond people were expectant to hear the details any hour of some harrowing wholesale tragedy; and, fearful of the worst of all evils, the women and the helpless of the city waited complacent in their bitterness, knowing not what a day might bring forth.

Late in February, it was learned that the Federal General Custer, with 1500 horse, had crossed the Rapidan on a feint to the west of the Confederate Army, while Kilpatrick, starting a day later, moved

down on its opposite flank, with the ostensible purpose of entering Richmond to liberate the prisoners there. For some time some of the more adventurous of the Northern officers had been petitioning for leave to undertake this perilous feat. Kilpatrick, a daring brigadier general of the cavalry, had been one who asked for such a privilege. He had, no doubt, been more or less incited to this by Ulric Dahlgren, a young Colonel, who was rising to considerable prominence in the Army of the Potomac. So Major-General Pleasanton, on the 26th of February, sent confidential orders to Kilpatrick, directing him to increase his command to 4000 picked men, to take with him Colonel Ulric Dahlgren and his regiment, and to proceed by such routes and to make such disposition as from time to time he might find necessary for the accomplishment of the object of the expedition. Thus was formed one of the most daring, and in some respects, one of the most hazardous, attempts to take the Confederate capital and to liberate the Northern prisoners of war—numbering eight to ten thousand.

So on Sunday evening, February 28th, Kilpatrick left his camp at Stevensburg, near Culpeper Courthouse, in Northern Virginia, having 3,582 men, Colonel Ulric Dahlgren, with 460 picked and excellently mounted cavalymen, leading the advance. The presence of Dahlgren, with his regiment, must have lent inspiration to the daring undertaking, and must have added a kind of an adventurous charm to the entire spirit of this bold and questioning raid. For Dahlgren was no ordinary man. At this time he lacked but a month of being twenty-two years of age, but he was a seasoned veteran, and knew thoroughly the art of warfare. He was born near Philadelphia, April 3, 1842, the second son of Rear-Admiral John Adolph Dahlgren, the noted naval officer, author and scholar. He was educated in Washington, entered the war in 1861 as a captain, and had distinguished himself time after time for bravery in action. In 1862 he fought gallantly at Fredericksburg; and had made a desperate charge at Chancellorsville; at second Bull Run he had gained the admiration of all his fellow-officers, and had lost a leg in a desperate charge at Gettysburg. For his absolute fearlessness and bravery he had been promoted over the intermediate grades to Colonel, the commission having been personally brought to his bedside by Secretary Stanton. Now, in the spring of 1864, having recovered from his loss of limb, he was again at the front,

willing to sacrifice his life and the lives of his men to accomplish the purpose of his expedition.

At 11 o'clock on the evening of February 28th, Kilpatrick and Dahlgren reached Ely's Ford on the Rapidan River, and there captured two of our officers and fourteen men. At this point Kilpatrick divided his forces, sending Dahlgren with 500 men to hasten by one route to Richmond, while he took another. The plan was to send Dahlgren by way of Spotsylvania Courthouse to Frederick's Hall on the Virginia Central, now the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, and thence immediately south to a point above Goochland Courthouse on the James River; here he was to cross the river, move down the opposite bank, about twenty miles, and, if possible, seize the main bridge that led to the city at 10 o'clock on Tuesday morning, March 1st. Kilpatrick himself was to proceed with about 3000 men by way of Spotsylvania Courthouse, thence southeastward to Richmond, the defences of which he was to attack west and northwest of the Brook turnpike on Tuesday morning, while Dahlgren attacked it from the south.

This undertaking on the part of Kilpatrick and Dahlgren is one of the most interesting events of the Civil War, and it has never been adequately treated by either Southern or Northern historians. It is the purpose of the writer to record not a full history in connection with the Dahlgren raid, but only a few facts which came under his immediate observation, and with which he was more or less intimately associated.

At the time of the Dahlgren raid the writer of this article was a member of Company H, 9th Virginia Cavalry, a company of seasoned veterans—men who had passed through battles until they gloried in the smell of smoke. Nearly every man in the company was a crack shot, and some were expert marksmen. Lieutenant Pollard, who at this time had charge of the company, was one of the bravest and truest of men. As a soldier, I think he was unexcelled. He was a man who could be relied upon to do the right thing at the right time—a Virginia gentleman of gravity and of character.

Early in December, 1863, our Division, under Fitz Lee, in order to be more accessible to supplies, camped near Charlottesville. Information reached General Stuart that General Averill, with a large force, had started on a raid in Northwestern Virginia. Stuart ordered Fitz Lee to break camp at once and proceed against him.

Accordingly, on the 10th of December, 1863, we left Charlottesville and started in pursuit of Averill. Lee's command, of which my regiment constituted a part, was occupied in this expedition for at least a month, and when we returned to Charlottesville on or about January 10th, 1864, the men were so used up and the horses so entirely broken down that it was thought best by our General that furloughs be issued and the men with their horses be temporarily dispersed to various localities to recuperate. A number of men belonging to my company were from King William County, and hither Lieutenant Pollard, accompanied by some twenty men, the writer being among the number, proceeded. Thus it happened that this little band of sharpshooters were in a position to take part in the subsequent attack on the Dahlgren raiders.

Colonel Beale, of the 9th Virginia, had fixed his headquarters in Essex County, about 60 miles northeast of Richmond, and Company H had been ordered to establish a line of pickets across King William County, from the Mattaponi to the Pamunkey River. This had been carefully, yet expeditiously done, and our company late in February was quartered in King William County Courthouse, about thirty-five miles northeast of Richmond.

The life of a soldier is a life of anxiety and of uncertainty. One must be prepared for any surprise at any time. But there are some surprises which astonish even a soldier. Such a surprise was in store for our company, when, on the 2nd day of March, it was announced to us that the enemy were attacking the city of Richmond. Of course we did not know what it all meant then, but we afterwards learned all the many events of the daring Dahlgren raid, some of those in the incipency of which I have given above.

It seemed that the original plans of Kilpatrick and Dahlgren had miscarried. Dahlgren had proceeded from Ely's Ford as he had been ordered, to Spotsylvania Courthouse, which he had reached at early dawn on the 29th of February; he had marched thence to Frederick's Hall, in Louisa County, where he surprised and captured some artillerymen, had crossed the South Anna River and made a hurried march directly toward James River, which he hoped to cross about twenty miles west of Richmond. Before reaching the river, he had engaged a negro guide to direct him to a place where the river could be forded or swum by horses. The negro guide conducted Dahlgren to the river, but it was found that there was

no possibility of crossing it, as it was muddy and swollen beyond its inner banks.

It is said Colonel Dahlgren became so inflamed at what he believed to be the negro's treachery, that he took a rein from his own bridle and had his men hang the negro to a tree on the river bank. A few hours later, Captain Mitchell, of the 2d New York Regiment, who with his company had been separated from Dahlgren in order that he might destroy the mills and ferry boats on the north bank of the river, found the negro hanging to the tree, and incorporated the incident in the report of his movements, which he afterwards submitted to his superior officers.

This unfortunate negro was named Martin Robinson. For a considerable time prior to his murder by Dahlgren, he had been a freedman. He was a bricklayer by profession, and was employed by citizens in doing work of that character. Robinson formerly belonged to the late Mr. David Minns, who lived about the Court-house some twelve miles or more from Contention, where the ford crossed James River. This ford was impassable in freshets, such as was prevailing at the time. In ordinary conditions, low stages of water, etc., was easily fordable, and was the route taken by Mr. Samuel A. Guy, and other gentlemen in going across from Contention, in Goochland, to Centre Hill, in Powhatan County. The writer, prior to the war, lived for a number of years in this vicinity, and is familiar with the above mentioned facts.

It has always seemed to the writer that Richmond was saved from destruction at the hands of Dahlgren's men by the freshet in James River at that time. If Dahlgren could have crossed the river, as he might have done had the water been lower, he would, no doubt, have been able to enter the city through Manchester, while Kilpatrick was storming the trenches in the city's guards on the north. His first act would have been to set the prisoners on Belle Isle at liberty, and then, no doubt, there would have occurred the greatest carnival of rapine, murder and crime ever known in the history of civilization. Men who had long been in imprisonment, with a plenty of liquor, which they would have been able to obtain, and with no officers, would be about as irrepressible as wild beasts of the field. We can hardly estimate, even at this late day, the providential blessing to the women of Richmond of the flood that prevented Dahlgren from crossing James River from Goochland into Powhatan on the 1st day of March, 1864.

But Dahlgren, though thwarted in his purposes, did not turn back, as he might have done, but continued on his way to Richmond. When within five or six miles of the city, he heard the booming of Kilpatrick's signal guns, which were stationed on the northern suburbs, near Yellow Tavern, and on each side of the Brook turnpike, not far from what is now the splendid plant of the Union Theological Seminary.

Dahlgren led his men on to the forks of the Cary Street road, where he attacked a body of men commanded by Captain Ellery, of the Tredegar Battalion, and lost about 14 men—and Captain Ellery was killed. The inner defences proved too strong, and he retired in the darkness, becoming separated from the larger body of his men, who were commanded by Captain Mitchell, of the 2nd New York. With about 100 or 125 men, he proceeded northeastward, barely missing Kilpatrick, who intended to escape, if possible, from the snare in which he so suddenly found himself. His intention was to go northeastward, cross the Pamunkey and the Mattaponi, and pass thence southeastward along the peninsula to Gloucester Point, whence he could escape in Federal gunboats.

It was on the morning of the 2nd of March that our company got information that the enemy were crossing the Pamunkey at Aylett's, about six miles below Hanover Courthouse. Kilpatrick had retired from his attack and had passed down the peninsula to White House. Our baggage wagons were sent to a safe place, our boats were carefully concealed, and we hurried in pursuit of the raiders; whose numbers we vaguely knew. We soon got upon their trail, and followed them up. We found they had murderously shot two lads, one a young son of Dr. Fleet, and the other, young William Taliaferro, and this act of barbarity incited us the more determinedly to follow them and fight to death.

We awaited the enemy at Dunkirk while they crossed the river, swimming their horses and proceeding themselves in small boats. They thus got the start of us by perhaps half an hour, but we rode rapidly forward and overtook them at Bruington lane, in King and Queen County. The fight which we had there will ever remain vividly in the memory of the writer of these reminiscences. War is a terrible thing, looking at it in any of its aspects; but hand to hand and horse to horse fighting, where enemies are singled out and shot or thrust through with the bayonet or the sabre, is still more awful. Every man's life then is in his own hands and the protection

of Providence. One must be wary, one must be strenuous, or he will untimely perish. But predominantly one must have a loftier care than personal preservation at such a time ; he must have the cause of his home and his loved ones and his country animating his heart, and he must be willing to sacrifice his heart's blood to protect all that makes life worth living for him from the desecrations and despoliations of a ruthless foe. There was a feeling of wild patriotism in our little company of cavalry that morning when we rode against Dahlgren and his men.

When we came in sight of the enemy Captain Pollard, one of the bravest and worthiest soldiers who ever bestrode a horse, ordered two of the sharpshooters down. The enemy halted, got upon the defensive, and forced our company to a stand. Firing began in a desultory way, and continued in a rain of bullets on both sides. The writer had hurriedly dismounted, and he and First Sergeant Fleming Meredith were standing by Captain Pollard's horse when bullets began to sing around us as though we were singled out by marksmen. One of the rear guard of the enemy was killed. One of our company searched the man's pockets and found a fifty dollar bill there, which subsequently proved to be a two dollar bill with the number "50" pasted over the figure two. A heavy silver fork marked "J. W. A." was also found in his pockets and a pistol and silver watch.

We followed up the enemy, pursuing them closely, charging from rear to front, barely escaping being shot to death in an ambush set for the enemy by Captain Magruder, who had hurried to join us. His company of thirty men joined us, and Captain Pollard resorted to strategy, sending a bare half-dozen bold riders to pursue the fleeing enemy while the rest of the men set out along another road to intercept the flying enemy. We hurried along the road to Stevensville, a small village not many miles distant from King and Queen C. H. At dark we were awaiting the enemy with carbines sprung. Two men were sent out to reconnoitre, and they returned, reporting that the enemy had gone into camp a mile or two away from us. It was night, but we lost not a moment to get into ambush. They were attempting to find a way of escape. It was half past eleven o'clock at night. Upon the noise made by some of our men in ambush we heard a demand of "Surrender, or I will shoot," in a loud voice. At the same time he who called out attempted to fire his revolver at us, but it failed to fire.

This action drew a terrific fire upon himself. He fell from his horse dead, pierced by five balls. The man proved to be Ulric Dahlgren.

The enemy stampeded, and the next morning at daybreak Sergeant Meredith was ordered by Captain Cox, who had joined us, to find out where the enemy were. He went forward with an attendant and found the enemy in a field dismounted and in confusion.

We captured there about 107 or 108 men, and some officers, with about 40 negroes additional, who had joined them. We also captured somewhat more than 100 horses.

That night William Littlepage, a boy thirteen years of age, who had followed us from Stevensville with his teacher, Mr. Hallaback, took from the body of Colonel Dahlgren the books and papers which contained his address and orders which excited such intense indignation among the Confederate people. The papers were given by Mr. Hallaback to Captain Pollard, and they passed through him and Col. Beale to the War Office in Richmond. The day following General Fitzhugh Lee gave orders to Captain Pollard to disinter the body of Dahlgren, which had been buried, and bring it to Richmond "for the purpose of identification." The body was taken to Richmond on the 6th of March by Lieut. Pollard's Company, was buried in Oakwood Cemetery, and was afterwards taken up and carried to Miss E. H. Van Lew's house on Church Hill. From her house the body of Colonel Dahlgren was first carried to Chelsea Hill, where it remained several days, after which the original resurrectionists (two white men—one of them being the late erratic Martin Meredith Lipscomb, whose proclaimed motto was "to strike high even if you lose your hatchet"—and a negro), placed the body on a wagon covered with young fruit trees and carried it through the picket lines and buried it near Hungary Station, R. F. & P. R. R. After the war it was taken up, carried North and again interred with kindred and friends.

The papers which were found upon Colonel Dahlgren's person were the subject of immediate controversy. Throughout the North there were those who claimed that they were forgeries. This was due to the fact that there were orders included therein which were so barbarous as to have no place in modern warfare.

Colonel Dahlgren's leading address to the officers and men of his command was written on a sheet of paper, having in printed letters on the upper corner "Headquarters Third Cavalry Corps, 1864." This address was patriotic and reverent in some parts, but contained a sentence which was particularly offensive to the Southern people. "We hope to release the prisoners from Belle Isle first, and having seen them fairly started, we will cross the James River into Richmond, destroying the bridges after us, and exhorting the released prisoners to destroy and burn the hateful city; and do not allow the rebel leader, Davis, nor his traitorous crew, to escape."

Another striking sentence in this address was this: "Many of you may fall, but if there is any man here not willing to sacrifice his life in such a great and glorious undertaking, or who does not feel capable of meeting the enemy in such a desperate fight as will follow, let him step out and go to the arms of his sweetheart and read of the braves who swept through the city of Richmond."

Other special orders were written on detached slips. These related mainly to the details of the approach toward the city and the entrance into Richmond over the bridge across James River.

These papers caused a storm of protest throughout the South. The Richmond newspapers argued therefrom that every captured man of Dahlgren's regiment should be executed, but this was not done. [There was, at one time, as announced in the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, photographic copies of the orders in the archives of the Southern Historical Society, but they have never been found, though diligently sought for by the present Secretary.]

The Richmond *Daily Examiner* for March 7th, 1864, contained a striking article on Dahlgren's raid. They got the information for the article largely from Captain Dement, of our forces; who had been captured by Dahlgren in Goochland County, and forced by him to accompany him throughout his raid and act as his guide. It was to Captain Dement that the straggling members of Dahlgren's command surrendered on the morning after their leader had been shot. This officer afterwards came into Richmond and gave an accurate account of the entire raid. Captain Dement and Mr. Mountcastle (who was also a captive of Dahlgren's) gave a full description of Dahlgren's personality to the Richmond people. Judge Henry E. Blair, a nestor of the law, was another of Dahlgren's

captives. The *Daily Examiner* had the following paragraph upon the subject: "Both Captain Dement and Mr. Mountcastle described Dahlgren as a most agreeable and charming villain. He was very agreeable to his prisoners, shared his food with Captain Dement, and on several occasions, invited him to a nip of whiskey with him. He was a fair-haired, very young-looking man, and his manners were as soft as a cat's."

In 1872, Admiral J. A. Dahlgren, father of Ulric Dahlgren, wrote a comprehensive memoir of his son's life and career. In this memoir the following paragraph occurs: "The document alleged to have been found upon the person of Colonel Dahlgren, is utterly discredited by the fact that the signature attached it is not his name—a letter is misplaced, and the real name 'Dalhgren'; hence it is undeniable that the paper is not only spurious, but a forgery. *** It is entirely certain that no such orders were ever issued by Colonel Dahlgren." *Memoir of Ulric Dahlgren*, pp. 233-234.

Captain Martin E. Hogan, of Company C, 3rd Iowa Cavalry, on detached service at General Meade's Headquarters, was with Colonel Dahlgren. He stated that he knew nothing of the papers found on the dead body of Colonel Dahlgren. This statement was made on the King William side of the Mattaponi River at Walkerton ferry, while the prisoners were being conveyed to Tunstall's Station, on York River Railroad, on to Richmond to be imprisoned.

Among the captured spoils taken from the enemy was much silverware, comprising coffee and tea pots, sugar dishes, salvers, spoons and forks and other pieces, which by General Lee's orders were returned to the rightful owners.

But a blessed era of peace has succeeded the period of trial and suffering. The future is bright for our happily re-united States. Memories of our gigantic struggle should only tend to make us more liberal, more gentle, more considerate of the feelings of those who fought against us, and be the better enabled to meet the social and economic battles that confront us now in the twentieth century.

Overwhelmed by hireling cohorts drawn from the world at large, the starving Army of Northern Virginia, its last able man in the field—having almost literally "robbed the cradle and the grave"—

with its recruits of boys of tender years and feeble old men, laid down its arms at Appomatox Courthouse, April 9th, 1865.

Crushed to the earth, the righteousness of the cause for which they fought so grandly, remains undimmed, their achievements increasingly command the admiration of the world. Their fate invests only with incense their heroism and sublime sacrifices. May the blood of these martyrs be as that of those of the Cross who died at the stake for conscience sake, and may it be as the seed of life and noble endeavor, with just patriotic fruitage, to my comrades of this Camp.

From the New Orleans, La., *Picayune*, December 24th, 1906.

THE WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

What they saw and Suffered During the Civil War—Mrs.
John Randolph Eggleston Recalls
Memories of the Past.

The Unpretending Heroism of the Mothers of the South—In Three
Besieged Cities—A Soldier's Strange Funeral—
Little Dramas of the War Time.

Mrs. John Randolph Eggleston, of Mississippi, made an address before the General Convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, at Gulfport, which was so flatteringly referred to by the delegates from New Orleans, that I have begged her permission to have it published. Her husband, Captain Eggleston, was an officer in the old Navy, and, like most Southerners, resigned his commission, and entered the Confederate service. Captain and Mrs. Eggleston had their home in New Orleans before the commencement of the war. Without intending to do so, Mrs. Eggleston has paid the highest and best-deserved tribute to our Southern women I have ever read. I hand you the address herewith.

JAMES DINKINS.

MRS. EGGLESTON'S ADDRESS.

Daughters of the Confederacy:

In the name of the Mothers of the Confederacy, of the Mississippi Division, I greet and welcome you, and thank you for your presence in our midst.

It makes me happy to see so many of you here, and the fact that you belong to this organization, proves that you are proud of the noble heritage bequeathed to you by your fathers, and by your mothers as well; for the women of the Confederacy, though secure from the dangers of the battlefield, bore their part no less heroically than did the men.

The men gave, or offered to give, their lives; the women gave what was dearer to them than life—they gave the men they loved;

I will recall one or two instances to show the spirit of those women: I had a friend, a widow, who had only two sons; both enlisted for the war. The first was killed at Fredericksburg; the other was killed by the same volley that laid low our immortal Jackson, and this heroic boy, with his life-blood ebbing fast, had only breath to gasp, "Is the General hurt?"

When I was weeping with that poor mother, comfort I could not give, she said: "Both of my boys are gone, but if I had to do all this over again, I would not act differently."

I knew a boy who belonged to the company that was organized in the village where I am now living. When he had been in Virginia more than two years, and had been in many battles, his mother wrote to President Davis, and in her letter used these words:

"I notice that General Lee has gone into winter quarters, and there will be no fighting for several weeks. So, if my boy has done his duty, I respectfully beg that he be granted a furlough to come home to see me, for I greatly long to see him."

Mark the simplicity and sublimity of that mother's words: "If my boy has done his duty."

Bishop Polk gives an instance of sublime devotion of a Tennessee mother, who gave five sons to the Confederacy. When the first one was killed, and the Bishop was trying to say some words of comfort, she said: "My son Billy will be old enough next spring to take his brother's place."

The only idea of duty that this heroic mother had was to give her boys to the cause she loved as soon as they were old enough to bear a musket.

Such was the spirit of your mothers and your grandmothers.

I will tell you of two funerals I attended—one in 1861, the other in 1865. In the early summer of 1861 I witnessed the funeral of the gallant Colonel Charley Dreaux, who was killed in Virginia in a skirmish before any of the great battles had been fought. Colonel Dreaux was the first Louisianian who sealed his devotion to the cause with his blood, and one of the very first from any State.

When he was borne to his last resting place, he was followed by a vast concourse of people with drooping flags, muffled drums, the tolling of all the church bells and the bands playing the dead march. It was a funeral that befitted a hero who had died for his country.

Very different was it later on. In the spring of 1865, I was in

Mobile. The enemy were pressing the siege at Spanish Fort, across the Bay the booming of cannon being heard above all the noise of the city.

I was attending service at Trinity Church, Mobile, for while the men were fighting we women were praying. As the services were proceeding, the roar of cannon being heard above the voice of the aged clergyman, we heard the muffled tread of men coming down the aisle, when, looking up, I saw four soldiers, in their worn and faded gray, bearing on their shoulders a rude pine coffin, which contained the remains of a comrade who had fallen that day at Spanish Fort. Slowly and sadly they placed the coffin before the chancel, they remaining standing reverently without a word. The clergyman began with the burial service. None of us knew for whom those prayers were said, but we knew that he was the father or husband, or son, or brother, or lover of some Southern woman.

We had no tribute to pay but tears. The services over the burial squad bore their precious burden from the church. They were passing by the church and swung the door open and services going on, they went in to have the last sad rites over their fallen comrade.

Some of us were slow to leave the church, for we knew it would be to return to lonely apartments. When I reached the door I saw one woman standing there—probably she saw in my face the same intense anxiety which I had seen in hers, for she said: "Oh, listen to those guns. All that I have in this world, my only boy, is there," and I said: "And my husband is there, too."

It was my lot during those four years to hear the guns of three besieged cities—Vicksburg, Richmond and Mobile. I saw many partings on the eve of battle, but seldom did I see women weep when those farewells were taken—we parted with a smile upon our lips, but when night came our pillows would be wet with tears.

I have told you some things that I saw. I will tell you some things which I did not see. I saw no mother trying to keep her boys from going into battle. I saw no wife trying to persuade her husband not to go to the front. And I saw no woman who cried surrender. If you ask me to explain this, my answer is because we knew we were right, our cause was just, and now, once more, welcome, dear Daughters.

From the *Times-Dispatch*, November 11th, 1906.

THE GREAT BATTLE AT CEDAR CREEK.

In some Respects one of the most Remarkable of the War.

EARLY'S THIN GRAY LINE.

Story told by one who was Desperately Wounded in the Fight.

Editor of the Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—I send you herewith a picturesque and interesting account of Godwin's Brigade, Ramseur's Division, Second Corps, at the battle of Cedar Creek, October 19, 1864. It is a soldier's tale, relating events as he saw them. It is by Captain Clarence R. Hatton, adjutant-general of the brigade, who received a wound in the neck as his brigade was charging, which would, in all likelihood, have killed anybody but a hardy soldier, such as he was.

General John B. Gordon, in his reminiscences, which often erroneously refer to General Early, justly reminds his readers that General Jackson was never in any one of his great battles so much outnumbered as was General Early at Winchester and Fisher's Hill. He states that Early in neither of these battles had more than ten thousand men, including all arms of the service, while official reports show that General Sheridan brought against him over thirty thousand well equipped troops. General Gordon holds his figures somewhat when he states in a note that Early's army was scarce twelve thousand strong at Cedar Creek. But at this battle of Cedar Creek Early had a reinforcement of Kershaw's Division, which is supposed to have contained some two thousand men. Gradually truth comes to light, and it will tell a story of the heroism of '64, such as will command the respect of all and uplift the hearts of heroes in days to come.

Captain Hatton is now in New York, engaged in business, but we are gratified that he has found time to contribute to the memory of his comrades in arms the attractive account he has written.

General A. C. Godwin, his chief, was a Virginian by birth. A tall, lithe, auburn-haired man, who was a born soldier. He had

been in California for years, and left amongst his friends there a name well honored and remembered. The gallant tarheels who followed him on many fields until he was killed at Winchester, September 19th, were worthy of him and he of them.

JNO. W. DANIEL.

In an account of the battle of Cedar Creek, I would suggest that, in order to appreciate it properly, we should first consider the attendant and preceding circumstances leading up to it, and, therefore, I will go back to some days before, when Early's army was encamped up the Valley. I cannot, at this date, say just how many days it was, but not very many. It was the last of the few days that fall that he allowed us to rest in camp all day (wash-day, the boys called it) without a move—not on the go, as usual.

On the day before the battle, early in the morning, I, as adjutant-general of Archie C. Godwin's Brigade (Ramseur's Division) received orders to have a muster, get up reports of the regiment and make up our brigade report of the forces present for service, tabulate it, and take it to corps headquarters. This I did, and rode over to corps headquarters, which was in a large white house, with large grounds around it and a grape arbor on the right side of it. Arriving there about noon, hitching my horse and going in, I was directed to a room on the right, where I found General Jubal Early and Colonel Hy. Kyd Douglas, the corps adjutant-general.

THINNESS OF EARLY'S FORCE.

General Early took my report, glanced at the totals, and, handing it to Colonel Douglas, ordered him to have them all consolidated into a corps report, and Colonel Douglas ordered me and another young staff officer named Russell (J. B., I think) to proceed to consolidate them into division, and then into a general corps report, and tabulate it, which we did; and I remember distinctly my great surprise that the aggregate of Early's forces was only seven thousand, two or three hundred (7,200-7,300) infantry. The remarks were passed on what great odds we would have against us in Sheridan's 35,000 or 40,000 finely equipped, well-fed men, with repeating (or breach-loading) rifles—5 to 1 against us—to say nothing of their superior equipment of supplies, longer range cannon, etc.

I mention this to give my recollection of the number of Early's

force and an idea of what we had to oppose to the Sheridan host, which consisted of three corps of infantry (Sixth, Eighth and Nineteenth) and one of cavalry, with a numerous and well-equipped artillery.

ENEMY DECEIVED BY STRATEGY.

Now, as to the battle. I have always thought and contended that the manoeuvres made by Early on October 18th (the day before) should be considered a part of the battle of Cedar Creek—that our movement out of our camp around against their extreme right flank, on the Back of Little Mountain—going there by the more open roads, when their outpost could see us now and then—making the demonstration of force, and then withdrawing by the more curved roads, and through the woods back to our camp, was purely a feint, or manœuvre, made solely to deceive them into the belief that we were going to turn or attack their right flank, whilst in reality Early's actual purpose was to make a surprise attack against their left and rear, as was actually made that night, and that it did actually deceive them, as intended results show. And I think that when all this, and their overwhelming numbers, etc., is considered, in conjunction with our subsequent movements and attack that night and next morning, it constituted one of the most brilliant strategical movements of the whole war—probably only surpassed by some of Stonewall Jackson's—as at Chancellorsville—[see *ante*, the first article in this volume] and, in fact, this battle, taken as a whole, I have never been able to find a counterpart anywhere in history.

PREPARING FOR THE ASSAULT.

Soon after getting back to camp (from our feint) orders came to feed up and be prepared to move—then a little after dark, orders to get into light marching order—to leave canteens and everything calculated to make any noise in marching—ammunition up—or fill cartridge boxes—fall in—move.

Then we knew we were in for some heavy fighting, and our boys were eager to get it too—for they wanted a chance to get back at them for Berryville Pike (September 19th), where they pushed us hard to hold the Pike.

There near Winchester they had killed our much beloved General Archie Godwin, and it came near being worse for us than at Cedar Creek. It would, too, but for Godwin's Brigade, which held them

back against vast odds on the Berryville Pike, and kept them from getting into Winchester, in the rear of our army and trains, and thereby cutting off the rest of the army, which extended away over to beyond the Martinsville Pike, where Rodes was killed. It was right in the Berryville Pike, while praising his men for having just repulsed a heavy assault, thereby saving our right flank, which we covered, from being turned and the army cut off, that our dear General Archie C. Godwin was killed (and who, by the way, never got the credit which was justly his due).

MOVING IN POSITION FOR THE MORROW'S BATTLE.

It was soon after dark, on the 18th October, 1864, that we moved out of camp, up the hill, from the little valley to the left of Fisher's Hill, where our camp had been located, over the Valley Pike, and across the river and along the foothills of the mountains on side of it. At times the mountain appeared to be right over the river. Slowly, silently, and stealthily we moved, sometimes in a bridle-path, sometimes in no path at all. Through the woods the hillside was so steep or slanting I got off my horse and walked for safety. Onward, mostly in single file, we moved, through the darkness of night and woods, until nearly daybreak the head of the column was halted and men closed up. We were then near the Bowman's lower ford, where we crossed the Shenandoah the second time.

As soon as we had our men up and formed, whilst it was yet in the gray dawn before daylight, and a mist hanging over, so we could not see fifty feet, we were ordered forward, and charged across the Shenandoah River, preceded (so far as I could see and understand at the time, and I was right at the head of the column) by only a few cavalry as an advance outpost guard. I see General John B. Gordon, in his "Reminiscences," says his own division preceded Ramseur's Division. Godwin's Brigade was leading Ramseur's; it may be another division was ahead, but if so, I did not see them, and I am sure I did not hear any firing until we struck the enemy, except a few scattering shots of cavalry picket firing, as we took it to be.

STRUCK ENEMY'S LEFT.

Soon, while the mist still hung over us, we struck the enemy on their left flank, overlapping them to their rear and to the rear of their breastworks. The first two or three columns or bodies we

struck did not have a chance to, or anyway they did not, form any regular line against us, but with a few shots fled to the rear, we pursuing toward the 'Pike and obliquely toward Middletown, as we were still holding the right of the advance. Every now and then we struck some fresh troops. Each succeeding body, having more time to make formation, gave us harder fighting, but none stood against our charges, but broke and fled. In fact, it was the most complete rout I ever saw. Finally, we had crossed the pike, and still advancing, we saw quite a large body rallying on the brow of an elevation in the edge of a woods, with a stone fence in their front on edge of a woods between us; the land sloped down gradually from our position to a low boggy space, through which a small stream (called Marsh Run, I think) ran about forty or fifty feet from and nearly parallel to their position, and from which was a more sharp or steep rise to their position.

This position, we were ordered to charge and capture. Straightening our line as we moved forward, swinging a little to the right, so as to get our left upon an even line with our right, and about the same distance from the enemy, our men moved as on parade—I never saw them in better line. I was on the right of the brigade (in fact, on the right of the army) and in front of our lines. I could see the whole movement as I glanced down the line, viewing it with pride born of the remembrance of the glorious work already done that day (and as many days before) and the conviction that the enemy could not stand against our charge, and another glorious victory won.

THAT "REBEL YELL."

Onward we charge, the shell is screaming and bursting, and the rifle balls whistling and spattering through and around us—that yell, that glorious old "Rebel Yell" ringing in my ears. With that eager, fiery, exulting feeling, which only just such a situation can produce—almost over the low-land, within about 40 feet of the enemy—our lines went forward. The enemy's lines appeared to waver and success was almost in hand, when a minie ball struck me square in front in my lower neck in that little V in the breastbone and passed back into the muscles in front of the backbone, where it has lodged to this day.

As our column came up and passed me, some of our men caught me as I was falling off of my horse, and straightening me out on the

ground, supposedly to die. The men, charging on, gallantly drove the enemy from their position, routed, and I was afterwards told that this was the last charge made by our forces, supposing them too badly routed to make another stand.

That ball, of course, ended my personal participation in that battle, and I knew nothing personally of Sheridan's rally and afternoon attack, except in the finale.

I was picked up on a stretcher, taken to the field hospital, where I was laid on the ground, and a knapsack under my head, until the surgeons came to me. Dr. Sutton, Dr. Morton, and two or three more. They looked at the wound, ran their fingers into it, and, as they afterwards told me, felt the ball lodged in the muscles in front of the backbone, and seeing that the ball had abraded the main artery of the neck, from which I was bleeding like a hog, they concluded it would surely kill me to cut for the ball, and believing I would die anyway, just bound me up.

BACK TO RICHMOND.

The surgeons then sent me in an ambulance just starting with Colonel Davis, of our brigade. His arm had been shot off, and we were carried to the house of the Mayor of Strasburg, where he was taken in. As the drivers and helpers came out of the house some of our cavalry came dashing in, shouting: "We are flanked! Get out! Get out!" Jumping in, they drove furiously on, and when they came to a bridge over a ditch which crossed the road about midway to Fisher's Hill, in attempting to cross it they turned the ambulance over with me in it. In a few minutes bullets came plugging through the ambulance from the Yanks up on the hillside. Though I had been given strict injunction not to move hand or foot, for fear of breaking open the artery, I crawled out and into an ordnance wagon which a jam had temporarily stopped, although the driver threatened to brain me with his whip. So finally I reached Fisher's Hill, where I recognized the voice of our surgeons, and crawling out, was fortunate to catch one of the ambulances about to start with wounded for the rear, and so at last, to Richmond, etc., etc., etc.

CLARENCE R. HATTON.

17 Park Row, New York, 1906.

From the *Times-Dispatch*, December 9th, 1906.

DEMONSTRATION ON HARPER'S FERRY.

How Jackson Eluded Freemont and Won Three Fights
in Four Days.

Scouting in the Darkness—Famous Valley Campaign of
1862—Well-Laid Plans That Worked Well.

During the last week of May, 1862, my regiment, "the Second Virginia Cavalry," commanded by Colonel T. T. Munford (afterward General Munford) was doing duty around Bolivar Heights, near Harper's Ferry.

During the night of May 29th I was aroused by Colonel Munford who ordered me to take my company (Company B, the Wise Troop, of Lynchburg) and move down the pike to the neighborhood of Halltown, which is near the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, to establish a picket.

As I was entirely ignorant of the country, having come there in the night, the Colonel proceeded by the light of a Confederate candle to outline the route he wished me to take with pencil on a small piece of paper. He directed me to pass our infantry pickets, and not go into Halltown, but to be sure to stop before the town and establish a picket, and to await future orders. I aroused my men—they grumbled very much about being awaked so soon after going to rest, but they soon got saddled up and off. We started with positive instruction from Colonel Munford not to go into Halltown. I suppose that place was looked on as being in the Yankees' lines, or too far from ours.

SCOUTING IN THE DARK.

On we rode in an entirely new country. None of us had ever been there before. We passed infantry in the road. Some were asleep by the side, while others were sitting around camp fires. Muskets were sometimes stacked, but not always, by a good deal. Then the artillery—the guns were in the road, the horses fastened to the fences; some of the men awake; others asleep, as the infantry; but there were no signs of anybody being on duty that I could see.

From the condition of the troops, I had no idea we were near the enemy. They were completely worn out, and most of them enjoying a well-earned rest in sleep.

After leaving these troops all behind us we continued our ride, expecting every few minutes to come upon our infantry picket, but none appeared. We passed some houses on the road, but not a single living soul did we see. We finally came to several houses together, stretched along the pike for a distance of two hundred yards. It was still dark, and everything seemed to be perfectly still in these houses, no lights, no chickens crowing. As it was getting on towards morning I concluded this village must be deserted. This was the first impression we had that we must be nearing the enemy's lines, having seen no pickets and nobody on duty, even in the bivouac, I could hardly conceive of our being so near as it turned out to be.

PASSED HALLTOWN UNAWARES.

As I with my men approached the last house in the pike in a group of houses, I saw a man dodge behind the back of the house. This was the first man we had seen since we left the sleeping soldiers in the pike. I hurried my horse through the open front gate and overhauled him before he could get away. It was still dark, and he evidently was not sure who we were. I took him around to where my men were, and after his seeing them, I convinced him as to our identity, and he seemed willing to talk. In reply to my first question to him asking what village this was, to my great surprise he answered "Halltown," and there now, we had disobeyed the most positive order not to go into Halltown, and had ridden entirely through it. I expressed no surprise to him, nor did I have any idea of giving him a chance of getting away, although I believed him all right, and inquired what side he was with. As it turned out afterwards he was a rebel, in sympathy with us, but not in the army.

THINGS LOOKED UGLY.

I next asked him were there any Yankees about, he replied, "Oh, yes." "Where are they?" I asked. "A little way down the pike, where the railroad crosses." "Who are they, and how many?" He said it was a cavalry picket at the railroad crossing, and their reserved forces were some distance in the rear of the picket in a stone house on the right-hand side of the pike. All this I found to be true afterwards. The position of things looked

a little ugly, so I thought the best thing I could do was to send the man back to General Jackson, so I told the soldier who had charge of him to arouse the first troop he found and tell the officers commanding that there was nothing between him and the enemy except a small company of cavalymen, only about thirty men ! Then to go to Jackson's headquarters, wherever they were, and turn the man over to him and ask for instructions for me.

It was now getting towards daylight, and the man, before I sent him off a prisoner to Jackson, asked me to wait a few minutes, and he would show me the Yankee picket. I then sent the main body of my men back through the village, I and one man remained with the prisoner to watch for the Yankee pickets as it became day.

ENEMY'S PICKET AND A CAPTIVE.

We had not long to wait, for very soon we saw a cavalryman in blue, mounted, watching intently in our direction. I then immediately dispatched him with his guard to the rear or to wherever General Jackson was, I and one man remaining at the far end of the village next to the Federal picket. I watched him closely to see if he communicated with his reserves, as I was uneasy about the status of our forces. I made no demonstration as long as the Yankee made none. While we watched each other, a man came out of the woods to our left approaching us. He continued to come on. I rode towards him, and took him in. He claimed he was a deserter from the Yankees. He did not seem to know much, but I sent him back to General Jackson also. All this occupied some time, and it was now sunrise, and the man I sent with the first prisoner (Mr. John T. Smith, of Lynchburg), returned with orders from General Jackson for the officer in charge of the picket to report to him at once.

FIRST GLIMPSE OF JACKSON.

I had never seen General Jackson, though we had come down the Valley with him.

I at once turned my picket over to the next in command and hurried to my first sight of the general commanding, T. J. Jackson. I had not very far to go, as Jackson always kept well up to the front. I found the different commands all awake, having been aroused by my first courier sent back. John T. Smith, with the prisoner, had no difficulty in finding the general's headquarters

under a tree on top of a high hill. I rode up, saluted, and asked is this General Jackson. On receiving an affirmative reply, I told him I was the officer in charge of the picket at Halltown; had received order from him to report at once. His first question was, "What is your rank?" (I had no marks on me, in fact, had no coat on). My reply was: "1st Lieutenant, Company B, 2nd Virginia Cavalry." "How many men have you in picket with you?" "Thirty," I replied. "Are you acquainted with the country?" "Never was here until last night," was my reply. He expressed no surprise at there being no one on duty that night on picket before I came. After a moment or two he told me to go back to Halltown to take a man with me and make a reconnaissance to the left of the Federal picket, going through a farm road up a rather steep hill (this hill was out of view of the Federal picket at the railroad crossing), not to threaten the picket, but watch closely, and to return to him and report what I saw.

RECONNOITERING THE ENEMY.

I immediately returned to the picket post, took one man, and started on my scout. I passed to the left of Halltown, the Federal picket still in the same position, mounted, as we first saw him, at daylight, took the farm road up to near the top of the hill. My man and myself dismounted, tied our horses in the woods, and crept very cautiously to the edge or summit of the hill, which was now an open field of wheat well grown. I knew we were on dangerous ground, and we were both careful to conceal ourselves as best we could in the wheat and bushes at the fence on the top of the hill.

I was surprised to find I was so close to the Yanks on the heights. I could see the men in the fort, the sentinels on guard, the embrasure with guns pointing in our direction, and we were almost in rear of the Federal picket at the railroad. I was very uneasy about our situation, but I saw nothing to report until I got almost on them. I felt I must go on until I saw something, and I was soon entirely satisfied with what I saw. After noticing closely the ground in front, as well as the work, we crept back to our horses, rode down the hill, and passed in front of the Federal picket we first saw. He had not moved his position.

ANOTHER INTERVIEW WITH JACKSON.

I hurried to General Jackson to report, finding him at the same

place. The infantry troops were called to attention, and forming in column in the pike, the artillery all hitched up and the men at the guns ready to move at a moment's notice. I saw we were on the eve of something very important. I hastened on to General Jackson, and made my report of the situation, as I saw it. He listened very attentively. The first question he asked in regard to the farm road was, "Could you get artillery up it?" "Oh! yes," I answered, "easily." "Could you get it back," was the next question. "Certainly," I replied, "easy enough." "But if you were in a great hurry, could you do it so easily?" Then I told him I did not know so well about that. He then asked me how many guns I saw in the fortifications. On my reply to him—for I had counted them—he asked me how did I know they were real cannon or "shams." I told him I could not be sure of that, but they looked exactly like real ones. It struck me that he was examining me as much to see if I had really been where he sent me, so as to determine how far he could use me in the future, for General Jackson knew all that country thoroughly. After I was through with my report, almost immediately he said, "We will not go that way," meaning, of course, up the hill road.

"DRIVE IN THE FEDERAL PICKET."

He then told me to go back to my picket, form my men in columns of fours and drive the Federal picket in. "I will support you." I returned immediately to Halltown, finding the troops all on the pike in the same direction. I moved my reserve up to where my one man was on duty facing the Federal picket, he joining us, and without more ado charged the picket. He fired his carbine and fled for his reserves, we followed him so closely that we did not give the reserves time to form, and scattered them in all directions in the woods, some leaving their horses and arms in and around the stone schoolhouse. We gathered up the arms and accoutrements, blankets, etc. I halted to consider what next. I had done what General Jackson ordered, driven the picket in on the reserve and also driven off and scattered the "reserve," breaking up the station, capturing horses and arms.

I wanted to hear of our support, when I caught the welcome sound of tramp, tramp, tramp, which I knew was infantry, and soon old Stonewall, at the head of his old brigade, came up on quick time. I reported to the General what I had done, and showed the

result to him. His only reply was. "I wish you and your men to stay with me as couriers," and assigned me with four men to go with Colonel Baylor, commanding the Stonewall brigade, who was to make the advance on the works.

We advanced through the woods to the top of the same ridge I had been on in the morning, but further to our right, and came in full view of the heights, threw our troops in line of battle, with skirmishers well out to the front, and reported to Stonewall (who was back hurrying up troops) that we were ready to advance. The order came, "Advance." Colonel Baylor gave the order, "Forward!" The skirmishers moved across the field, the line of battle following. The enemy were not yet seen, but we expected to meet them in the next field. Not a shot was fired. Just as our skirmishers got over the fence, and as we with line of battle got to the fence, here came a courier to Colonel Baylor from Jackson to halt. There we stood possibly fifteen or twenty minutes, when another courier came from Jackson ordering the line of battle to fall back to the ridge on which we had first formed, and the skirmishers to fall back over the fence. We remained during most of the day and built fires as if we were going into camp. That night the army was in full motion up the Valley.

I did not get back to my regiment until I got to Strasburg. Jackson slipped by Fremont a few days later, fought the battles of Harrisonburg, Cross Keys and Port Republic inside of four days, winding up his memorable Valley campaign of 1862. This was the opening of that great campaign, and led to the movement to Richmond.

A. D. WARWICK,
Late 1st Lieut. 2d Va. Regiment.

From the *Times-Dispatch*, May 4, 1906.

THE BATTLE OF GREATEST LUSTRE.

An Incident in Chancellorsville Campaign and What Grew Out of It.

Operations of Cavalry—The Story of General Averett's Interview with a Confederate Prisoner Retold.

No battle, probably, in which the Federal and Confederate armies were engaged reflected more lustre on Southern generalship and the valor of the Southern soldier than the bloody struggle of Chancellorsville. The events which took place on that historic field and at Salem Church, May 1-3, 1863, were of a nature so important and brilliant as to eclipse and obscure the co-operating movements and detached services performed at the time in connection with the two contending armies. The operations of the cavalry having covered a wide extent of territory and issued in numerous skirmishes without any regular battle, have claimed but slight attention in comparison with the desperate fighting and signal successes on the chief scenes of action.

And yet, according to the well laid plan of the Federal commander, the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac were carefully prepared, cautiously despatched and confidently expected to add in no small measure to the success of that army. This force, comprising all the cavalry under General Hooker save one brigade, were in two bodies, one under General George Stoneman and the other under General W. W. Averell, and were designed to operate on two distinct lines. The destination and objects of the movements were set forth in orders from General Hooker as early as April 13th. These orders are noteworthy, as showing not only the work assigned to the cavalry, but the spirit and manner in which it was to be done. "You will march," so the orders read, "on the 13th instant with all your available force except one brigade, for the purpose of turning the enemy's position on his left, and of throwing your command between him and Richmond and isolating him from his supplies, checking his retreat, and inflicting on him every possible injury

which will tend to his discomfiture and defeat." * * "If the enemy should endeavor to retire by Culpeper and Gordonsville, you will endeavor to hold your force in his front and harass him day and night, unceasingly. If you cannot cut off from his columns large slices the general desires that you will not fail to take small ones. Let your watchword be fight, and let all your orders be fight, fight, fight, bearing in mind that time is as valuable to the general as rebel carcasses. It is not in the power of the rebels to oppose you with more than 5,000 sabres and those badly mounted, and after they leave Culpeper without forage or rations. Keep them from Richmond and sooner or later they must fall in our hands. * * It devolves upon you, general, to take the initiative in the forward movement of this grand army, and on you and your noble command must depend in a great measure the extent and brilliancy of our success." The orders closed with this emphatic caution: "Bear in mind that celerity, audacity and resolution are everything in war, and especially it is the case with the command you have and the enterprise upon which you are about to embark."

Such were the orders under which, two weeks or more later than was first proposed, Generals Stoneman and Averill crossed the Rappahannock from Fauquier into Culpeper county, and bivouacked near the above river. The passage was made on April 29th, and that evening, as General Stoneman states, the division and brigade commanders assembled together and "we spread our maps and had a thorough understanding of what we were to do and where we were to go."

Early on the following morning Stoneman, with his command, set out for the Rapidan at Raccoon Ford and a ford below and pushed on without serious opposition to destroy the Central Railroad, the James River Canal and the Richmond and Fredericksburg road.

Averill moved towards Brandy Station, Culpeper and Rapidan Station, for the purpose of masking Stoneman's movement, and cutting Lee's communications towards Gordonsville. His instructions said: "In the vicinity of Culpeper you will be likely to come against Fitzhugh Lee's brigade of cavalry, consisting of about 2,000 men, which it is expected that you will be able to disperse and destroy without delay to your advance. At Gordonsville the enemy have a small provost guard of infantry, which it is expected you will destroy, if it can be done without delaying your forward movement."

General Averill's command consisted of the two brigades of his division, Davis's brigade of Pleasanton's division and Tiddall's battery, numbering in all about 4,000 men, while opposed to him on the line from Brandy to Rappahannock Station was General W. H. F. Lee with two regiments (Ninth and Thirteenth Virginia Cavalry) with one gun.

General Lee with his small force fell back before Averell's advance, one squadron only being kept near the enemy to retard his progress, until the Rapidan was crossed, when he disposed his men and one gun above the ford near the station, to give battle if the attempt was made to cross. The approach of the enemy was announced by the discharge of his cannon, as also by a feeble attempt to cross a ford a mile or two above the station.

The day following, General Lee according to his own report, was engaged all day with one or two brigades of cavalry. One charge was made by Colonel Beale with one squadron to draw them out, took 30 prisoners, but could not bring them off; were pressed very hard.

The charge thus sententiously started by General Lee was made for the purpose of developing the enemy's strength, and was made by a rapid trot to the river and dash through it, under the fire of the enemy's sharpshooters, who were forced back on their main line a half mile or more distant. Nothing but the temporary confusion and surprise caused by the suddenness of this dash permitted the squadron to wheel and retreat successfully.

Two men of the 9th Regiment, M. U. F. and J. C. Wright, (brothers) borne too far by the impetuosity of their charge, or overtaken in retreating, were made prisoners, and the younger one was basely shot and severely wounded after his surrender. The elder of the two, M. U. F., was taken into the presence of General Averell, who questioned him closely as to the troops opposed to him, their number, etc. Wright replied to the inquiries that there was no cavalry in front of him except W. H. F. Lee's brigade, but that the trains had been hurrying down all the morning from Gordonsville crowded with infantry and artillery. Precisely what effect this answer had on the mind of General Averell, cannot be definitely stated. All the circumstances seem to indicate that it had great weight, for no attempt was made to push his command farther.

At 6:30 P. M. that day, the day of the Chancellorsville battle, General Hooker sent a dispatch to Averell, through Captain

Chandler, which read in part: "I am directed by the Major-General commanding, to inform you that he does not understand what you are doing at Rappahannock Station." To this message, Averell replied at 7:20 A. M. next morning: "I have the honor to state in reply that I have been engaged with the cavalry of the enemy at that point, and in destroying communications." On the day following General Hooker issued an order as follows: "Brigadier-General Pleasanton will assume command of the division now commanded by Brigadier-General Averell. Upon being relieved, Brigadier-General Averell will report for orders to the Adjutant-General of the army."

In explanation and justification of the above order General Hooker on May 9th, in a report to the Adjutant-General of the army, stated: "General Averell's command numbered about 4,000 sabers and a light battery, a larger cavalry force than can be found in the rebel army between Fredericksburg and Richmond, and yet that officer seems to have contented himself between April 29th, and May 4th, with having marched through Culpeper to Rapidan, a distance of twenty-eight miles, meeting no enemy deserving the name, and from that point reporting to me for instructions."

* * * * *

"I could excuse General Averell in his disobedience if I could any where discover in his operations a desire to find and engage the enemy. I have no disposition to prefer charges against him, and in detaching him from this army my object has been to prevent an active and powerful column from being paralyzed by his presence."

In a report written by General Averell, whilst stung by the order recalling him, he explained his delay at Rapidan Station on the ground that, "All the intelligence we had been able to gather from a captured mail and from various other sources, went to show that the enemy believed the Army of the Potomac, was advancing over that line, and that Jackson was at Gordonsville with 25,000 men, to resist its approach." When he penned that sentence, he must have had well in mind among the intelligence which he had been able to gather, what young Wright had told him.

The two Wrights, named in this communication, are still living (at Oldham's, Westmoreland county, Va.,) and retain vivid recollections of the incidents here recorded in their lives as soldiers. It

is a pleasure to testify to their singular gallantry as soldiers and their substantial worth as citizens.

G. W. BEALE.

From the *Times-Dispatch*, March 4, 1906.

**Roll of Company E, Thirteenth Virginia Cavalry, and as to
the Flag of the Regiment.**

Captain, Junius A. Goodwyn. First Lieutenant, J. J. Gee; Second Lieutenant, Z. Griscom. Privates—William Agee, — Apperson, W. W. Aldridge, O. W. Aldridge, P. R. Akers, B. D. Akers, A. D. Alfriend, Henry Bowman, Peter Beach, P. O. Brittle, W. J. Bryant, Burwell Belcher, C. D. Blanks, R. C. Bland, Thomas Brummell, T. W. J. Baptist, David Bisset, Herbert Crowder, Norvell Crowder, Jacob Crowder, Bolling Chandler, George Chandler, W. W. ChapPELL, M. R. Clayton, Thomas Clark, Joseph T. Carter, Charles W. Carter, J. W. Cole, N. W. Collier, Thomas Dewel, W. J. Eanes, Robert Fauser, Daniel B. Finn, Wesley Fittz, George Garrett, I. J. Godfrey, D. E. Goodwyn, Robert D. Grigg, John Henry, Jeff. T. Hudgins, W. J. Hite, W. T. Harris, Robert Hudgins, Littleton Hudgins, R. B. I'Anson, Charles W. Jones, James Jamieson, George W. Jones, Henry C. King, R. P. Lambeth, G. W. Livesay, B. Lufsey, Edward Lufsey, George W. Ledbetter, Thomas Lufsey, — Lewis, W. T. Mason, O. T. Mingea, Samuel D. Mann, W. H. Meredith, Benjamin T. Miles, T. B. Mize, George C. Owen, W. B. Perkinson, I. B. Perkins, T. E. Parish, Phoebe Rolfe, Herbert Snoddy, J. C. Snoddy, William Spain, G. O. Spain, H. E. Spain, Abraham Spain, A. B. Spain, W. H. Spain, Henry Spain, Simon Seward, James Smith, Cannon Stewart, W. W. Tate, R. W. Tally, D. A. Traylor, James Tatum, A. Tucker, Mack Watts, E. B. Wright, George W. Watson, Jeff. Watson, G. W. Williams, W. P. Williams, Albert Williams, W. C. Woodson, P. W. Wells, William Weeks, Henry Winfield, W. R. Wilkes, William H. Widgins, J. W. Williams.

Editor *Times-Dispatch*:

Sir—Referring to a statement in a recent issue of your paper, that the battleflag of the 13th Virginia Cavalry, captured at Poolesville, Md., in 1862, had been returned to the State, I beg to state that the 13th Virginia Cavalry didn't participate in the Maryland campaign in 1862; that its fine service with the army of Northern Virginia proper, was in the fall after that campaign. The companies for most part doing separate duty between Petersburg and Norfolk, a battalion, doing duty on James river, as a body.

L. R. EDWARDS,

Late Lieutenant, Company A, 13th Virginia Cavalry.
Franklin, Va.

From the *Times-Dispatch*, August 26, 1906.

VALLEY CAMPAIGN OF GENERAL EARLY.

**Was one of Most Brilliant and Stubbornly-Fought of the
Entire War—Extended for Four Months.**

**Correspondent who was Long with Famous General
Describes His Personality.**

A few days after the disastrous Battle of Cedar Creek, Va., fought October 19, 1864, I was shown a letter by General Early from General Lee, answering Early's report. General Lee, in his letter, placed to Early's account no blame for the defeat, but assured him in the kindest manner that he had accomplished in his campaign all and more than he expected. He also assured him that he considered the movement a forlorn hope, made for the purpose of withdrawing from his front and overtaxed army as many men as possible. In this respect it was eminently successful, as it compelled General Grant to send to the Valley three of his best corps of infantry and Sherman's superb cavalry.

When the Second Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia left its winter quarters, on the south bank of the Rapidan, the 4th of May, 1864, it was commanded by Lieutenant-General Ewell, and had 20,000 men on duty, fully officered. It fought Grant on the 5th and 6th of May at the Wilderness; on the 8th and 10th at the river Poe, and on the 12th at Spotsylvania Courthouse, where Jackson's old division, with its artillery of sixteen pieces, was nearly destroyed at the "Bloody Angle" by Hancock's Corps. It fought again at the North Anna river, and again at Bethesda Church, or second Cold Harbor.

When General Early assumed command and was ordered to Lynchburg with this corps, its ranks had been reduced to less than 6,000 effective men. It was not an army; it was a disorganized rabble—divisions commanded by colonels, brigades by majors, regiments by captains and companies by sergeants, and

a large number of officers were serving in the ranks, carrying muskets.

RECEIVED REINFORCEMENTS.

At Lynchburg Early was reinforced by Generals Breckinridge with Wharton's division of infantry, Jenkins' and Vaughan's mounted infantry, William L. Jackson's and Morgan's cavalry. His whole force then numbered 10,000 infantry, and about 3,000 cavalry. He was further reinforced by Kershaw's division of infantry and Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry before the Battle of Cedar Creek, October 19, 1864. At no time had his army more than 10,000 infantry and 5,000 cavalry. With this disorganized force, he fought and defeated Lew Wallace at Frederick City, July 6th, and arrived in front of Washington on July 11th, about 12 M., making his headquarters at Silver Springs, the residence of Hon. Francis P. Blair. Being in the enemy's country, he had to march by brigades, each defending its own wagon train, and, it being exceedingly hot, it was nearly dark before he could make a demonstration against Fort Stevens; and when it was done, it was found that General Grant had got a corps of his best troops there in its defense. After consultation, General Early determined to withdraw his troops again to Winchester.

The burning of the home of Montgomery Blair was wholly an accident, caused by its being unoccupied and at the mercy of straggling soldiers. General Early, during his entire stay, protected private property to the full extent of his power, and and never gave an order to destroy Blair's home.

General Early, however, concluded not to stay at Winchester, but proceeded down the Valley to New Market. He, however, left Major-General Ramseur with his command, with positive instructions not to bring on a fight. Ramseur took dinner with Mr. Phil. Dandridge, and when the enemy made a demonstration, started his command to chastise them. Feeling pretty good, no doubt, from the wine at dinner, he was careless in his movements, and when four miles north of Winchester, ran into an ambuscade, which came near annihilating his command. He lost his battery of artillery, and several officers and men, and but for William L. Jackson's cavalry, which was in his rear, unmounted, the entire command would have been captured. In

this fight Lieutenant F. Calloway, aide to General Ramseur, was shot through the stomach, receiving a wound from which only one in a thousand recovers.

Early remained at New Market but a few days, returning to Winchester, and encamped his army along the Valley Turnpike as far north as Martinsburg.

Sheridan at this time had his command strung out along the Berryville Turnpike from Charleston to White Post. Sheridan's command consisted of three corps of infantry, 33,000 men and Sheridan's superb cavalry of over 10,000, while Early had only 13,000 all told. Here these commands rested for six weeks, Sheridan during the whole time making no demonstration, while his command was three times as large as Early's. Early, however, was not idle. He ordered Generals Bradley T. Johnson and McCausland to meet him at Williamsport.

ORDERS ISSUED.

On the hill overlooking the town General Early ordered me to write the following with pen and ink:

*To General Bradley T. Johnson,
General John McCausland, Commanding Cavalry:*

"You are hereby ordered to proceed with your commands at once to Chambersburg, Pa., and in consideration of the destruction by General David Hunter of the residences of Edmund I. Lee, Alexander R. Boteler and Andrew Hunter, in Jefferson county, Va., and of the Virginia Military Institute and other property in Lexington, Va., and also the burning of the iron works and home of Joseph R. Anderson, in Botetourt county, you are to demand the immediate payment of \$500,000, and if not paid burn the city."

The General signed these orders, as he said he did not wish it thought he could hide behind his adjutant-General, A. S. Pendleton.

After making the two orders and delivering them in person to Johnson and McCausland, he accompanied them to Hagerstown, had a dinner at the hotel and returned to camp at Bunker Hill that night.

Again a few days later Early moved on Shepherdstown and drove Sheridan's cavalry from Leetown to the Potomac, and still Sheridan declined to fight.

On the 19th of September, urged by the press, and ordered by General Grant, Sheridan pushed forward his infantry towards Winchester, and about sunrise of the 19th the first gun from the enemy was fired at General Early and his staff at the crossing of the Opequon Creek, four miles north of Winchester, From that time until sun down the battle raged with great fury, Early contesting every foot to the town of Winchester, and but for the failure of his cavalry on his left to hold their position, he could have won the day.

This failure, however, caused him to withdraw his army near night to Hollingsworth Mills, two miles south of Winchester. His losses were heavy in men and officers, among whom were Generals Rodes and Godwin. He left his wounded in town and his dead on the field. This was one of the most brilliantly and stubbornly fought battles of the war—13,000 against 43,000. Early carried with him over 1,000 prisoners, who were sent on to Richmond.

The fight at Fisher's Hill was nothing more than a skirmish on a large scale. Here General Early lost his adjutant-General, A. S. Pendleton, one of the most promising young officers developed by the Civil War.

RETREAT DOWN VALLEY.

Retreating down the Valley, he halted at Staunton, Sheridan following to Middle River, five miles north. Here Sheridan ordered a return to Winchester, without attempting a battle. On this countermarch the enemy destroyed over 2,000 barns, 100 mills, and every grain, hay and fodder stack for sixty-five miles, and telegraphed General Grant that a "crow flying down the Valley would have to carry his own rations." In the light of burning barns, mills and grain stacks, Early followed to Woodstock, and rested his army, his front at Fisher's Hill.

On the morning of the 18th General Gordon and Captain Hotchkiss rode to the signal station on Massanutton Mountain, and they found that Wright's army had been weakened by at least a corps, and that it had been removed to White Post, about

twelve miles northeast of Strasburg. General Early was notified, and also viewed the position. Returning to camp, he assembled his major-generals, and a council of war determined upon a daylight attack—Gordon in command of the second corps, composed of Evans', Ramseur's and Pegram's divisions. He was to turn the enemy's left at Buckton, and Kershaw, with Wharton, was to rush the front. These movements were to be made as the first ray of the rising sun pierced the sky. Early and staff were awaiting on the hills overlooking the position.

It was a most trying moment, and General Early fully appreciated it, and turning to his chief of staff, Colonel Moore, said: "Colonel, this is the most trying experience of my life; if I could only pray like Stonewall Jackson, what a comfort it would be."

He had hardly uttered the words when Gordon fired his first gun, which was immediately followed by the entire army, and in a short time the entire force was over the breastworks of the enemy, surprised and routed, in a retreat only equalled by that of Bull Run.

HAD TERRIBLE TIME.

It must be remembered our army was but the remnants of the Second Corps, and other commands, men barefooted and ragged, and but half fed, and our horses broken down, with nothing but grass for food. The men had been on the move since 6 A. M., with no sleep for thirty hours, and it was not surprising they should straggle and plunder the enemy's well-supplied camps.

General Early followed Wright's army to the hills overlooking Middletown, and there calling a halt, he found but 5,000 men for duty, and in the woods north of Middletown there was the Sixth Corps (Sedgwick) in line of battle, protected by abattis work 10,000 strong, which had been removed from White Post during the night to this position. The officers of this corps had also succeeded in halting and reorganizing at least 10,000 of Wright's routed army.

As the fates had worked against him Early determined to hold his position and retreat under the cover of night, and here again he was disappointed, as Sheridan, about 4 P. M., moved

forward his command of 20,000 men, overlapping his left flank, which seen by Doles' brigade, they fled in a panic and without firing a gun from their position. The other commands followed, and Early was left with only Pegram and Wharton, less than 1,000 men, to combat this overwhelming force, which they did until they reached the bridge, and they, too, retreated in disorder, leaving Early's twenty-four pieces of artillery, also ambulances and ordnance train, at the mercy of Custer's Cavalry, which had struck our column at the Capon Road.

By 8 o'clock P. M., all was lost—Early fell back to New Market, and then in a few days his scattered forces were collected and reorganized, with the loss of but 2,860 men.

Thus ended one of the most brilliant, and stubbornly fought campaigns of the war, lasting four months. Sheridan's forces, in front of Early from August 2nd to November 1st, numbered over 50,000 men, and his losses, including those of Wallace, at Frederick City, on the 6th of July, and Crook at Winchester on the 24th, exceeded 20,000 men killed, wounded and prisoners.

Early's entire force from the 15th of June until November 1st, with all reinforcements, was but 20,000 men of all arms, and his entire losses in killed, wounded and captured, less than 9,000.

REMARKABLE CHARACTER.

Personally General Early was a remarkable character; he was elected to the Virginia Convention in 1860; he fought secession to the utmost and voted against it.

When Sumter fell and Lincoln called for troops to invade the South, he offered his services to the State of Virginia, and raised a regiment. When the ordinance of secession was passed he again voted against it and refused to sign it.

He never accepted his parole or took the oath, or voted after the war. He never wore anything but his Confederate gray, and was buried in it.

The stories of his excessive drinking were malicious lies.

General Early was a man of strong and stubborn disposition, but he was also a sincere friend.

With all his faults and virtues he has passed over the river, and is resting with his beloved Lee and Jackson, under the shade of the heavenly trees. Peace to his ashes.

MOSES GIBSON.

From the *Times-Dispatch*, July 29, 1906.

MET HIS DEATH IN LAST FIGHT.

**John William Ashby is Man who Fell at Appomattox in
Gordon's Last Assault.**

**This Question Now Settled Once for All—Also the Last
Federal Soldier Killed.**

The Confederate soldier Ashby, whose gravestone at Appomattox bears the mark of "Second Virginia Cavalry," was not of that regiment. Inquiry has elicited the well verified statement that he belonged to Company I, of the Twelfth Virginia Cavalry, and that he was killed in action when Gordon advanced on the morning of April 9, 1865.

I enclose two communications on the subject, the one from Bushrod Rust, formerly of Company I, Twelfth Virginia Cavalry, the other from Captain (now General) R. D. Funkhouser, of the Confederate Veterans.

Here let me say that I am trying to get the names of the Confederates who fell in the last days of the Army of Northern Virginia, from April 2d to April 9th. I would thank any comrade to send me the statement of any officer or soldier killed within that period, and I am especially desirous, as chairman of the History Committee of the Grand Camp, Confederate Veterans of Virginia, to get a statement of all Virginia soldiers who were killed and wounded within those dates—April 2d to April 9th, 1865. I have had collected a number of names which might have been forgotten or lost sight of, and hereby ask any one who has knowledge or information to send it to me at Lynchburg, Va.

Very respectfully,

JOHN W. DANIEL.

BUSHROD RUST WRITES.

Dear Major Daniel,—In the Confederate column, Sunday, July 1, 1906, I noticed your inquiry, "To what company and regiment Ashby, who was killed at Appomattox, belonged?" Buckner Ashby, a wealthy farmer, resided near Stone Bridge, Clark county, Va., before and at the commencement of the "war between the States," and had three grown sons, James Lewis, John William, and Buckner G. Ashby.

At the commencement of hostilities James Lewis Ashby enlisted in Company D, Clarke Cavalry, Sixth Virginia Regiment, and was killed in action at the battle of Trevillian's, June 12, 1864, Hampton commanding Confederates and Sheridan the Federals.

He was a gallant soldier, a most estimable gentleman, and a true patriot. John William Ashby enlisted in Company I, Twelfth Virginia Cavalry, in April, 1862, and served his country well up to the time of his death, at Appomattox, April 9, 1865.

He had participated in many hard fought engagements before the final campaign from Five Forks to Appomattox.

Directly after the Beverley raid in January, 1865, our regiment the Twelfth, was furloughed home for some weeks on account of the scarcity of forage. At the proper time all were ready to meet the foe, and our brigade was placed under the command of General James Dearing, a worthy successor of the peerless Turner Ashby and the gallant Rosser.

John Williams Ashby took his place in the ranks and did his whole duty at Five Forks, and in every other action in which his command was engaged, including the hard fight at High Bridge.

At Appomattox, Sunday, April 9, 1865, General Gordon was ordered to force a passage through the Federal lines, and in the midst of the fierce combat which ensued Ashby was mortally wounded by a cannon shot, and left in charge of John Buckner Ashby, a member of the same company. After undergoing the most intense agony for about two hours, Ashby died, and his remains were interred.

He was a noble man, a dauntless soldier, a faithful comrade, an

enthusiast in his love for his beloved southland, and one of the dearest friends the writer ever had. Requiescat in pace.

BUSHROD RUST.

Company I, Twelfth Virginia Cavalry.

GENERAL FUNKHOUSER'S LETTER.

MAURERTOWN, VA., July 6, 1906.

Major William F. Graves:

Dear Sir,—I noticed the article in the Richmond Times-Dispatch of July 4, 1906, in which there is mentioned the name of Ashby, a cavalryman who was killed near Appomattox Courthouse and buried there, etc., and I write to inform you that he belonged to the Twelfth Virginia Cavalry, and is the reason you cannot find his name in the roster of the Second Virginia Cavalry. William Ashby was a native of Warren county, Va., which was my native county also, and he joined my infantry, Company D, of the Forty-ninth Infantry (Virginia), "Extra Billy" Smith's Regiment, but went to the cavalry before we left our county seat, Front Royal, Va., in June, 1861, and I always heard that he was killed in the last cavalry charge at Appomattox Courthouse, April 9, 1865.

I was Captain J. B. Updike's first lieutenant, and succeeded him in command of the company after 12th May, 1864, at Spotsylvania, when the Captain was wounded, and was never fit for duty afterwards. You may know him. He lives at Clover Dale, Botetourt county, Va., and was a brave and kind officer, and a jolly good fellow. We were reared in same county, six miles apart, and were militia officers before the war, and well acquainted, and went to work and made up a company, which became distinguished in the First Manassas battle by being in the charge with the Stonewall Brigade that took Ricketts' Battery on the Henry House hill, which ended the fight in the Confederates' favor. And then, too, we were thrown into the balance at Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 12, 1864, after Johnson's division was captured, when all seemed to be lost, and it was our duty to try to retake the works. Then it was General R. E. Lee rode up and offered to lead us, the Forty-ninth

Virginia Regiment, Pegram's Brigade, Gordon's Division, and William A. Compton, of Company D, Forty-ninth, led his (General Lee's) horse to the rear; and history knows the rest. And it is a pleasure to me always to assist in having all of the brave Confederates, and more especially the names of those who lost their lives in the struggle of '61-'65 for constitutional liberty and State's rights, placed upon the Confederate roster, so that the histories may duly record their deeds on the brightest pages of chivalry and heroism in the world's history. This is my reason for giving the foregoing information as regards William Ashby.

Yours truly,

R. D. FUNKHOUSER.

[The following from the *Baltimore American* of January 6, 1907, gives not only an account of the last man killed on the Federal side in 1865, but includes also some other facts of interest.—ED.]

Last Man Killed in Civil War.

(Anderson Cor. Indianapolis *News*.)

Capt. B. B. Campbell and Daniel F. Mustard, of this city, members of the Thirty-fourth Indiana Infantry in the Civil War, have obtained the last photograph of the last man killed in the Civil War—John Jefferson Williams, of Jay county.

"It is on record that the last battle of the Civil War was the one in which Jeff. Williams was killed," said Mr. Mustard. "It was fought on May 13, 1865, almost a month after the surrender of Lee to Grant. The prolonged campaign of our regiment was accounted for because of delay in getting word to us to lay down arms. We got into that last battle when we went to the relief of some colored troops who were foraging for beef cattle, and were charged on by Confederates. Jeff Williams was the only man killed.

"The boys carried his body to near Brownsville, Tex., where it was buried. About 10 days afterward our regiment was marching into Brownsville, Tex., to take that town when we met Confederates who did not oppose us and explained that the war was over. We then occupied Fort Brown and other camps near Brownsville until ordered home for our discharge."

From the Times-Dispatch, May 30, 1906.

**WILLIAM SMITH, GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA,
AND MAJOR-GENERAL C. S. ARMY,
HERO AND PATRIOT.**

Unveiling of the Statue to, in the Capital Square,
Richmond, Virginia, May 30, 1906.

CEREMONIES INCIDENT THEREON.

Presented by Judge JAMES KEITH, President of the Court of Appeals
of Virginia, and accepted by Governor CLAUDE A.
SWANSON in Appealing Addresses.

The ceremonies relating to the unveiling of the Smith monument began this afternoon at 2.30 o'clock, when, under instructions of the chief marshal, the mounted escort and militia and veterans, assembled between Fifth and Seventh Streets, in Grace Street, moved East to the Capital Square, the military escort swinging in through the Grace Street gate, and the occupants of the carriages and dismounted horsemen moving to Capital Street and entering from that gate.

The speaker's stand was already crowded with State and city officials and invited guests.

Gradually the hum of many voices ceased, and as Chaplain J. William Jones raised his hand, as he opened the exercises proper, a perfect stillness fell over the gathered throng, and heads were bared and bowed as the veteran chaplain invoked the blessing of God and offered thanks for the past blessings lavished on Richmond, the South and the United States.

ADDRESS OF JUDGE JAMES KEITH.

Following the prayer, Judge James Keith, who was to deliver the presentation address, stepped to the front of the platform, and in the following terms presented the statue to the Commonwealth of Virginia:

Fellow-Citizens of the Commonwealth of Virginia :

A distinguished son of Massachusetts has said of the Virginia of the Revolutionary period, that "We must go back to Athens to find another instance of a society so small in number and yet capable of such an outburst of ability and force."

Into this society, in the County of King George, on 6th of September, 1797, was born William Smith.

The public opinion of the day was dominated by the sentiments which had caused the War of Independence and carried it to a successful conclusion. From his earliest infancy, his mind was fed and his character formed with stories of heroic deeds. At the fire-side he would hear recounted incidents of the stern struggle for freedom in which all with whom he was brought into association were engaged. The mighty figure of Washington still lingered upon the stage; Light-Horse Harry Lee, the hero of the Southern campaigns, great in himself, but to be remembered in all coming time as the father of Robert Edward Lee; and Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and Marshall were at the zenith of their great careers while William Smith was in the tender and receptive days of his early youth. What lessons he learned! What examples he saw around him! What inspiration to form his ideals upon that which is noble in life, and what incentives to high achievement! In order to rouse his ambition, to kindle the sacred fire in his soul, there was no need to turn to books of chivalry or romance, to pore over Plutarch's Lives or Livy's pictured page. It was a saying of the great Doctor Johnson that "The man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona." If such be the force of environment, how great must have been its influence upon a boy of ardent temperament, of fine intellectual gifts, reared in such an atmosphere and among such surroundings! We shall see that in the breast of William Smith it kindled a fervid love of country which age could not cool, and which, to the end of a long life, retained all its warmth, like Hecla with its crown of snow and heart of fire.

Fitted by a liberal academic and professional education, on reaching man's estate he entered upon the practice of law, and attained distinction in that profession, which along with other business pursuits, furnished an ample field for the display of his talents and

energies. But he was soon to be called to play a distinguished part in public affairs.

In 1836, he was elected to the Senate of Virginia as a Democrat. He always had firmest faith in the integrity, the patriotism and the ultimate wisdom of the great body of people. He thought the people equal to the task of self-government, and therefore placed the strictest construction upon governmental powers by which their freedom of action and of choice are to be fettered and restrained; in other words, he thought with Jefferson, that the least governed were in the main the best governed communities, and that the voters, when a question of expediency or policy is discussed before them, were quite capable of a wise and just decision. As this opinion was honestly cherished and consistently maintained, and as he reposed his trust in the people, he was in turn loved and trusted by them with a passionate devotion which knew no variableness nor shadow of turning. To vouch all this I have only to turn to the inscription, which records in bare outline the many positions of honor and trust he was called to fill.

What a busy life it was; time would fail me were I merely to catalogue the more striking incidents of a career so crowded with varied experiences! That inscription tells you with the highest eloquence, because with truth and simplicity, the places he filled with so much honor to himself and such advantage to his country that not a moment of private life was permitted to him. It tells you the principles and sentiments by which he was guided and controlled, the great central idea of which was, "Virginia's inherent sovereignty," which in time of peace he maintained with "fearless and impassioned eloquence;" and that when "the storm of war burst, his voice was in the sword."

For the men of the generation which is rapidly passing away, the war is and must be the one great overshadowing fact. It looms up in the memory in such vast proportions that all else which happened before and since seems trivial and of little worth. More especially is this true of this day of all days, when North and South, all over the land, there is an outpouring of the people to honor themselves by paying a loving tribute to the memory of our glorious, our happy dead—happy, because nothing can harm them further, while the memory of their heroic deeds, of their lives offered as a willing sacrifice upon the altar of duty, is sweeter and more fragrant far than the flowers with which we bestrew their honored graves.

In April, 1861, the storm so long threatened burst upon us. The land was alive with men hurrying to the front. It is scarcely a figure of speech to say, that the plow was left in the furrow, and the bride at the altar, by those eager to be in place when the curtain was rung up on the greatest tragedy of ancient or modern times.

In Virginia, Manassas was the first point of concentration, with an advanced post at Fairfax Courthouse composed of a company of infantry from Fauquier under John Quincy Marr, a cavalry company from Rappahannock under Captain Green, and another from Prince William under Captain Thornton. Such was the beginning of the Army of Northern Virginia. Drawn from all ranks and employments in life, it represented every social phase, condition and occupation, fused and welded by the seismic force of that tremendous upheaval into an organization whose deeds were predestined soon to make all the world wonder.

On the night of the 31st of May, or more accurately in the early morning of the 1st of June, a body of United States cavalry charged into Fairfax Courthouse, effecting an almost complete surprise, coming in with the videttes whose duty it was to give warning of their approach. Everything was in confusion. But it chanced that on the preceding evening Governor Smith, like a knight errant in search of adventure, had arrived upon the scene and was spending the night at the house of a friend. Awakened from his sleep before the dawn, he quickly dressed and armed, and with that break-of-day courage which Napoleon loved and found so rare, he hurried to the scene of conflict. Colonel (afterwards General) Ewell was in command, but he being presently wounded, our old friend took charge. What then happened has always been to me a wonderful thing. It is said by Byron, that when you have been under fire

. . . . "once or twice,
The ear becomes more Irish and less nice."

But here we see one verging upon sixty-four years of age, kindly in all his dealings with his fellow-man, whom the gentle Cowper might well have called his friend, for he would not needlessly have set his foot upon a worm, and yet he springs from his bed with arms in his hands, and with the coolness of a veteran and the skill of a born soldier he at once grasps the situation, and by his example rallies a part of the men from the disorder into which they had

fallen, disposes of them most judiciously, inspires them with a portion of his own courage, and finally repulses the enemy with loss.

On this day, June 1st, John Quincy Marr fell in battle. Was he the first to fall? It is bootless to inquire. He answered the first call of duty, and he fell upon the field of honor. Virginians can trust posterity and the contemporary opinion of foreign nations, which, it is said, stands towards us in somewhat the same attitude with that of posterity and anticipates its judgment, to make a just award and to assign to us our due share in the glory of that mighty struggle. For that award we shall wait with serene confidence, and with it we shall be content, certain of this at last, that there is enough and to spare for all.

We next hear of Governor Smith as colonel of the Forty-ninth Virginia Infantry at Manassas. To follow his career in detail would be to give the story of the Army of Northern Virginia. At Manassas, Williamsburg, Seven Pines, the seven days of battle around Richmond, at Sharpsburg, at Gettysburg, he displayed upon greater and bloodier fields the high soldierly qualities of which he gave promise and earnest at Fairfax Courthouse. At Seven Pines we see him seize a fallen banner and bear it to the front, heedless of a storm of shot and shell; at Sharpsburg all day upon the perilous edge of the fiercest battle of the war, he displayed the highest courage and by his example lifted his men above all fear of the carnival of death, in the midst of which they stood unshaken during that awful day. Oppressed by the weight of years, weary from almost superhuman exertion, bleeding from grievous wounds, his constant soul, mounting with the occasion, was careless of all save the command he had received and the promise he had given to hold the position. Can you conceive of anything finer than that? And yet it is no fancy picture; it is cold, sober, unadorned truth. What fancy could add to it? The attempt would be wasteful and ridiculous excess. Marshal Ney, reeling from wounds and exhaustion covered with blood, staggering into a Prussian town and exclaiming, "I am the rear guard of the Grand Army," was not a more heroic figure.

At Gettysburg his conduct was equally admirable, and his readiness to perceive and promptness to meet situations as they disclosed themselves during the ever-changing fortunes of a great battle were again conspicuous and of inestimable value. He had that quickness of physical and intellectual vision which enabled him

to see the crucial point, to catch the moment of a crisis, and thus to do the right thing at the right time—one of the highest attributes of a soldier.

Let us pause here for a moment. Think of what the Army of Northern Virginia was, of what it suffered and endured, and of what it achieved. To have belonged to that army and to have passed through that fierce ordeal in any capacity however humble, provided one did his duty, is warrant for no small meed of praise—that army of which an eloquent historian of its great adversary, the Army of the Potomac; has said: “Who can ever forget that once looked upon that array of tattered uniforms and bright muskets, that body of incomparable infantry, the Army of Northern Virginia, which for four years carried the revolt upon its bayonets, opposing a constant front to the mighty concentration of power brought against it, which receiving terrible blows did not fail to give the like, and which vital in all its parts died only with its annihilation.” What then of the man who joined it at sixty-four, and without military training, by sheer force of his own high qualities, won his way to the rank of major-general under the eye and with the approval of Robert E. Lee, and whose conduct in battle extorted the warm admiration of that Rhadamanthine judge, General Jubal A. Early? Their approbation was praise indeed.

In the spring of 1863 he was for a second time elected governor. During his first term in that office, to which he was chosen by the legislature in 1845, he discharged his duties in a most satisfactory manner. There is but one circumstance of that administration to which I wish to call particular attention.

In the various schemes for constructing internal improvement, a subject which then engaged to a great degree the attention of the people of this State, he advocated a system which would have promoted the unity and solidarity of all sections of our Commonwealth, and which converging upon Richmond was designed to make this city the commercial as well as the political capital of the Commonwealth. He contemplated the construction of railroads from the western and northwestern parts of the State, which would have had a strong tendency to diminish, if not to obviate, the disposition towards separation along those natural lines of cleavage, the Alleghany mountains. Other counsels prevailed, other plans were adopted, the interests of the western part of the State were alienated from us; and, when the time of stress came, Virginia was

dismembered, and she who had created the Union of States was torn asunder by her offspring.

Succeeding Governor Letcher, who had during three years of war had been our zealous, able and patriotic chief magistrate, Governor Smith, on January 1st, 1864, entered upon his second term. The strain upon the nerves, the energies and the resources of our people was terrific. Already the seemingly impossible had been accomplished. Vast armies had been raised and equipped. The enemy with equal ardor and with unstinted abundance of men and supplies to draw upon, came again and again to the attack with unwearied, unabated constancy. Our men in the field must be fed, and the supplies must be drawn from those at home who were themselves in want. The commonest necessities of life were exhausted. There are men here to-day who lived and toiled and fought on four ounces of raw pork and one-half a pound of coarse corn meal a day. I, myself, to relieve the hunger of a gallant infantryman, have robbed my horse of his scant supply of unshelled corn.

Governor Smith was called upon to take office under these appalling conditions. The tide of war had for three long years swept over the land, but his undaunted soul was in unison with the unshaken fortitude, the unfaltering resolution of our people. He bent every energy, he strained every nerve, to alleviate the wants of the people, to supply the absolute needs of the army. So long as rations and cartridges could be supplied he knew that the thin gray line of steel which hedged us about could be trusted to keep the enemy at bay, to "carry the revolt upon its bayonets;" and with all his heart he set himself to his task. With absolute unselfishness, with perfect singleness of purpose, he toiled at his more than herculean labor. He had no friend to serve, no enemy to punish. The cry of his soul to God was, that he might serve his people. All that man could do he did. He seized upon every material resource that was within his reach; he rekindled the spirit of our people; he reanimated the courage of our soldiers. But he could not reverse "fix'd events of Fate's remote decrees."

It is a pleasing and yet an idle thing to speculate upon what might have been could we reconstruct the past and cause things to happen otherwise than as they actually occurred. What might have been had Fate called Governor Smith to a wider and a higher field of action; to guide the destinies, not of a State, but of many States through that titanic struggle?

The war ended, he returned to his home in Fauquier, where he lived in dignified retirement, broken more than once by the voice of the people who demanded his services in the legislature. His hospitable home was always open, and there he spent the peaceful evening of his days. He had lived a long life filled with great events. Indeed the chief difficulty in speaking of him is to select where material is so abundant. Almost coeval in time with the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, the story of his life involves the history of his country, which he served in the legislature of the State, in the congress of the United, as the executive of the State in time of peace and again in time of war. He might truthfully have said with old Aeneas :

. . . . "quaeque ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magni fui."

He outlived every antagonism, he hushed every discord, and when his end came he was at perfect peace with his God and his fellow-man.

"Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
But fell like autumn fruit that mellow'd long—
Even wonder'd at, because he dropped no sooner.
Fate seemed to wind him up for four-score years,
Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more;
Till like a clock worn out with eating time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still."

And now we are gathered to unveil a monument to his memory and to present it to the Commonwealth of Virginia, in whose service his life was spent. To erect monuments that we may perpetuate the memory of noble deeds, seems to me an inversion of the true order of things. It is striving to make the perishable bear witness to that which is imperishable; to call upon that which is earthly to keep alive that which is spiritual and immortal. You may stand at the tomb of Achilles and hear Troy doubted. Gone are its towers and battlements, its stately temples and gorgeous palaces, but the Iliad which tells the story of the siege and fall of Troy is as fresh today as it was three thousand years ago. This bronze will yield to the remorseless touch of time, this granite pedestal will crumble into dust; but the influence of a noble life is never lost, nor its memory wholly forgotten until the day when

“The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like an insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.”

UNVEILING OF THE STATUE.

Immediately following the presentation address, Miss Eleanor Smith, of Fauquier County, grandniece of the old governor, gently pulled the unveiling rope, and the heavy hood fell from the statue, leaving the proud figure of the “Virginian of Virginians” standing alone, grasping his sword and casting off his cloak, advancing to the aid of his State and country.

At the sight of the statue thus exposed to the public view for the first time, the audience burst into long and enthusiastic applause, the thunder of their clapping and cheering being heard for squares around the capitol.

ADDRESS OF GOVERNOR SWANSON ACCEPTING.

The statue had been presented, and all that remained was its acceptance by the State.

Upon Governor Swanson the duty fell, and raising his hand to quiet the applause and command attention, he said:

Judge Keith and Fellow-Citizens:

By the authority vested in me as Governor and in behalf of the people of this Commonwealth, I gladly and gratefully accept this gift. It is fitting that the statue erected to commemorate the achievements of this distinguished Virginian should be placed in these lovely grounds and in this superb city. The bewitching beauty of these grounds is due mainly to his refined taste, earnest efforts and generous aid. It is but proper in the coming years that he should survey the scene of loveliness he formed while Governor of this State. He stands here erect in fit company and with worthy associations. Not one of the illustrious company whose statue adorn yon magnificent monument ever had heart stirred with a purer patriotism, or thrilled with a deeper love for Virginia than Governor Smith. From early manhood to mature old age, in peace, in war, in the days of her power and splendor, in the hour of her gloom and defeat, this devoted son of Virginia firmly,

faithfully and fearlessly served her. Virginia's honor was his honor, her wrongs were his wrongs, her failures were his failures, her success was his success. In his deep passionate nature flamed an eternal love for this State. Speaking for the people of Virginia, we are proud to have placed here this memorial of this beloved son, making worthy addition to yonder monument around which cluster the forms of so many eminent Virginia patriots. In the future, Virginia, like the mother of Gracchi, can point to this son as one of her brightest and purest jewels. It is appropriate that this brave son should stand here in company with Virginia's immortal soldier, Stonewall Jackson. At the battle of First Manassas he was close to Jackson and as Colonel of the gallant Forty-ninth Virginia Regiment, he participated in the fierce fighting and contributed to that splendid victory. It is well for all time that he should gaze upon the ancient capitol of this Commonwealth, whose foundations antedate the Federal constitution and whose edicts once ruled from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. This old capitol has been the scene of his many civic triumphs and can bear witness to his ceaseless public toil and great public service.

Governor Smith was the highest type of a Virginian; a name synonymous with the most splendid attributes of human character. Sunshine scintillated in every lineament of his pleasing face. It has been well said: "He had the whitest head and the lightest heart that marched with the Confederate colors." Geniality ever radiated from his warm, generous heart. Kindly courtesy characterized his manly deportment. To women he ever extended a deference and reverence, bespeaking innate refinement and purity. A devoted husband and father, a kindly neighbor, a loyal friend, he possessed in a pre-eminent degree those sterling Anglo-Saxon home virtues which constituted the foundation of its greatness and has made it the world's conquering race. The pleasing personal traits were adornments that gave charm to a strong rugged nature. He was a man of tireless energy, strong convictions, superb courage. No misfortune could bring despair to his brave and stout heart. At the age of 53, when from public service and sacrifice he found himself indebted and bankrupt he left his home and family in Fauquier, traversed the continent, and amid the mining camps and wild scenes of California, earned the means to pay his debts and provide a future competence for his family. These years of wild and fierce struggle speak volumes of sterling strength and heroism. He

was a man of positive convictions and without the shadow of turning, adhered firmly and steadily to his party's tenets and principles. For almost half a century he was one of the ablest and most eloquent defenders of Democratic principles in this State. On the hustings, in the press, in the legislative halls of the State and nation, he was the bold, brave champion of Democracy; its acknowledged and most beloved leader. When a small minority of Democrats bolted the Democratic caucus united with Whigs and defeated him of his election to the United States senate, which he had richly earned and deserved, he manfully acquiesced, never sulking or swerving from party fealty. He was too good and great a man to desert his people because they failed to crown him king.

Governor Smith was a man of absolutely scrupulous honesty. A great orator well said: "Honesty is the oak around which all other virtues cling; without that they fall and groveling die in weeds and dust." The paths of his public life were crowned with vast power, responsibility and opportunity, yet no stain ever followed his footsteps. His pure, clean hands were never soiled by betrayal of private or public trust.

Governor Smith was a man of unflinching courage and intrepid spirit. When the Civil War commenced he was more than 64 years of age, yet, so ardent was his patriotism, so brave his heart, so resolute his will, that he volunteered and was commissioned as colonel of the Forty-ninth Virginia Regiment. Directed by his valor and military genius, this regiment soon attained a fame exceeded by none of the great Army of Northern Virginia. In the night assault at Fairfax Courthouse, almost the first of the war, he exhibited a coolness, a courage, a resourcefulness that made a profound impression at the time and marked him as one eminently fitted for military command and responsibility.

At the battle of First Manassas, rallying around his regiment other troops that were disorganized and retreating, he stationed himself on Jackson's left, fought heroically and kept his line unbroken in all the vicissitudes of that fierce and terrific conflict. Subsequently, at Seven Pines, he attained yet loftier heights of courage and endurance. The figure of this old hero, waving his flag and with sunny smile leading his troops against the enemy under a murderous fire that wounded and killed more than half, will live in the hearts of all Virginians as long as courage and gallantry are cherished. The annals of war can scarcely furnish a

more striking and picturesque scene of valor and daring. But it is at Sharpsburg that we love and admire him most. He was assigned a critical position in that terrible battle, the holding of which was absolutely necessary to the safety of the Confederates. Fierce attacks and assaults were made upon him. The situation seemed desperate; with calm heroism he said to his troops: "Men, you conquer or die where you stand." When General Jackson sent him orders, "To hold his position at all hazards," with steady eye and serene smile he replied, "Tell General Jackson that is just what we are going to do." His promise was fulfilled. Though wounded thrice, and dangerously, he refused to relinquish his command, but firmly and bravely held his position until the battle was finished. The commendation given him by his superior officers for this conduct was eulogy sufficient to satisfy any soldier's heart.

On the fateful and bloody third day's fight at Gettysburg the heroic courage and firm resistance of General Smith and his command saved Lee's left flank. The glory of that day has placed him forever among the immortals. These great achievements brought reward and soon was he promoted to the rank of Brigadier-general and subsequently to that of Major-general. If he had not been called to other fields of usefulness, he would unquestionably have become still more illustrious as a soldier. By the universal acclaim of his people, he was soon called for the second time to fill the important and responsible office of Governor of Virginia.

Virginia never bestowed upon any of her eminent sons higher evidence of confidence and affection than she did upon Governor Smith when she called him for the second time to the governorship. Virginia was then the battle-ground of the nation. Nearly her entire territory was the scene of terrific conflicts between contending armies. A strong, energetic, fearless, patriotic man was needed to direct State affairs during these existing and coming troubles. In this hour of danger and responsibility, the greatest that ever confronted this State, the people almost unanimously selected him to be their guide, counsellor and defender. Never was greater love and trust given by a people. Be it said to Governor Smith's greatness and glory, never was trust more faithfully and fearlessly discharged. His brow will ever be decorated with an eternal laurel of praise for his superb conduct during the declining days of the Confederacy.

My countrymen, the character of Governor Smith and the natural aspects of his native State always to me seemed to have a strange

and striking conformity. Virginia is largely composed of rich, fertile fields, large and broad plains, decorated with hill and mountain scenery of surpassing beauty—so with this great son; he was endowed with a strong, broad masculine mind and heart, sparkling with the fascination of geniality and humor, and glittering with the corruscations of courage, eloquence and genius.

Sirs, the greatest of all English novelists in his masterpiece—‘*Vanity Fair*’—has truly said that the world is a looking glass and casts back to each man the reflection of his own face. If he smiles upon the world, it smiles upon him; if he frowns upon it, it frowns upon him; if he hates it, it hates him; if he loves it, it loves him. Invariably reflecting back the picture presented. How profoundly is this truth illustrated in the magnificent career of this distinguished soldier and statesman. He faced the world with a genial, tender smile, and it received him with open, loving arms. He loved humanity and the world and he lived the idol of his people. He trusted the people and with implicit confidence his people in their hours of trial and gloom placed with loving faith their hands in his and followed his leadership and guidance. His people showered upon him great honors and important trusts. What a splendid career does his life present.

A lawyer of fine attainment, with a large and lucrative practice, a successful business man of large and varied enterprises; an eloquent speaker and a splendid debater. He served with great reputation in both branches of the general assembly of Virginia and in our national house of representatives. In each of these bodies he was a potential member, an acknowledged leader. Without effort on his part he was accorded the rare distinction of being twice Governor of this State. His administration of this high office was equal to that of any of his predecessors or his successors. By splendid military achievements he was promoted from colonel to Brigadier-general and finally to Major-general. Few public men, few statesmen, have ever been endowed with accomplishments so varied and brilliant, have experienced a life so crowded with grave and great responsibilities, so resplendent with success and honors.

My countrymen, Carlyle, in his splendid essay on Voltaire, has truly said: ‘The life of every man is as the well-spring of a stream, whose small beginnings are indeed plain to all, but whose ultimate course and destination, as it winds through the expanse of infinite years, only the Omniscient can discern. Will it mingle with the

neighboring rivulets as a tributary or receive them as their sovereign? Is it to be a nameless brook and will its tiny waters among millions of other brooks and rills increase the current of some world-famed river? Or is it to be itself a Rhine, a Danube, an Amazon, whose goings forth are to the utmost land, its floods an everlasting boundary on the globe itself, the bulwark and highway of whole kingdoms and continents?"

As to what a man's life shall be, whether a tiny stream giving the current of its life to others, or a magnificent river, receiving the waters of thousands of smaller rivulets, depends largely upon one's talents and opportunities, but more than all else upon one's efforts, will and ambition. Governor Smith, possessed of high qualities of mind and splendid talents, aspiring and ambitious, chose to make and did make the stream of his life as it ran with its pure waters to the great eternal ocean, a large and majestic river, known far and wide, fertilizing broad fields, enriching States and carrying on its bosom rich treasure for his country and mankind. It is by the lives and sacrifices of such men that States and nations are made strong and great.

A poet has well expressed it:

"What builds a nation's pillars high
And makes it great and strong?
What makes it mighty to defy
The foes that round it throng.

"Not gold, but only men can make
A nation great and strong;
Men who for truth and honor's sake
Hold still and suffer long.

"Brave men, who work while others sleep,
Who dare when others sigh;
They build a nation's pillars deep,
And lift it to the sky."

At the close of the Governor's words a heavy salute was fired by the military escort, and with a crash of music the ceremonies were brought to a close, and the military, veterans, escort, etc., reformed in column and proceeded to Hollywood to attend the memorial exercises there.

MONUMENT INSCRIPTIONS.

The figure of Governor Smith stands on a heavy pedestal surrounded by a swinging chain fence. On the several sides of the base are the following inscriptions:

FRONT FACE:

William Smith.
 Virginia.
 Born Sept. 6, 1797. Died May 18, 1887.
 1836-'40 1841-'2
 Member of Virginia Senate.
 1846-'49
 Governor of Virginia.
 1841-'3 1853-1861
 Member of United States Congress.
 1861-'62
 Member of Confederate States Congress.
 1861-'2
 Colonel Forty-ninth Virginia Volunteers.
 1862-'3
 Brigadier-General of Confederate States Army.
 1863-'4
 Major-General Confederate States Army.
 1864-'5
 Governor of Virginia.

SECOND FACE:

A man of strong convictions, bred in the strict States' Right school,
 He yielded paramount allegiance to his mother State,
 And maintained, with fearless and impassioned eloquence,
 In the Congress of the United States the Sovereignty of Virginia,
 When the storm of war burst,
 "His voice was in his sword."

THIRD FACE:

Though past threescore, he entered the military service
 As Colonel of Virginia Infantry,
 And rose by sheer merit to the rank of
 Major-General.

At First Manassas, Seven Pines, the Seven Days' Battle,
Cedar Mountain, Second Manassas, Sharpsburg,
Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville
and Gettysburg.

His fiery, yet "cheerful courage" was everywhere conspicuous,
And the only fault imputed to him by his superior was
"A too reckless exposure of his person,"

Thrice wounded at Sharpsburg, he refused to leave the field,
And remained in command of his regiment until the end of that
sanguinary engagement.

FOURTH FACE:

Called from the army to guide again the destinies of this
Commonwealth during 1864-'65
He displayed such energy, resource and unshaken resolution,
As drew to him the heart of the whole Southern people.
Tried by both extremes of Fortune proved equal to the trial,
And died as he had lived,
A Virginian of Virginians.

The following description of the statue was prepared for *The News Leader* by William L. Sheppard, who designed it in drawing and molded the clay model from which the work was made:

"The action of the figure illustrates the turn in Governor Smith's public career in which he abandoned the civil for the military office. He has seized the sword in his right hand, having freed himself of the drapery on that shoulder. With his left hand he is in the act of casting the cloak from his person. This pose was selected from several drawings from which a small model was made. This was approved by the parties in interest and several friends who were asked to inspect it, among them Colonel Cutshaw and Mayor McCarthy.

"The large figure, from the design, was modeled by William Sievers, of New York, formerly of Richmond. He was first a scholar and subsequently instructor in modeling in the Mechanics' Institute. Mr. Siever's afterwards studied in the schools of Rome. His work on the figure thoroughly represents the spirit of the design and is done with bold technique.

"W. Cary Sheppard designed the pedestal, which was cut and erected by Albert Netherwood."

Mr. Sheppard's other work in the city is the Libby Hill monument, Howitzer and A. P. Hill. Within the last two years he has done soldiers' monuments for Lewisburg, W. Va., and Louisa, Va., the latter being a high relief lifesize figure.

From the New Orleans *Picayune*, April 22, 1906.

HISTORY OF QUITMAN RIFLES.

Historic Command, Organized in 1859, Composed of Pike County's Pride.

HOLMESVILLE, MISS., April 21, 1906.

The occasion of the reunion of surviving Confederate veterans at Holmesville raises the curtain and brings to view scenes presented here forty-six years ago. Then the town of Holmesville was the county seat of justice and one of the most lovable spots in South Mississippi, nestling at the foot of a range of hills and situated on a sloping hammock with the beautiful Bogue Chillo River rippling at its feet, nine miles East of the railroad. Pike County was formed in 1815, and this place was chosen as the seat of justice. It has been the home of some of Mississippi's greatest men, and its history is full of interesting events. The surrounding country was peopled by a class of thriving farmers and large cotton planters, the offspring of the hardy pioneer settlers who penetrated its wilds, after Congress had constituted the Mississippi territory in 1798.

The railroad from New Orleans to Jackson, Miss., was scarcely finished and Holmesville was the center of business, drawing its supplies from New Orleans by way of Covington, through ox wagon transportation, and it was also a center for gaiety and resort for the people of New Orleans.

The beautiful Bogue Chillo River furnished the finest facilities for fishing, boating and bathing. The country was in a flourishing condition and there was perhaps no place that could boast of a happier people.

In 1859 a military company was organized by Preston Brent, a graduate of a military institute in the State of Kentucky. They named it the Quitman Guards. The company then was composed of the young men and some of the married men of the town and immediate vicinity.

In the year 1860 the ladies of Pike County formed a "Banner Society" for the purpose of raising funds to have a handsome banner made to present to the Quitman Guards, in which the following named

married and unmarried ladies took an active part, and afterwards became identified with the stirring scenes of the sixties: Mesdames I. T. Lamkin, S. A. Matthews, Dr. Jesse Wallace, John S. Lamkin, H. S. Bonney, J. C. Williams, Dr. George Nicholson, H. M. Quin, Louis C. Bickham, Dr. Hillory Quin, J. B. Quin, H. F. Bridgers, Richie Quinn, Christian Hoover, B. C. Hartwell, Widow Eliza Bickham, Owen Conerly, William A. Barr, J. A. Brent, Preston Brent, Jackson Coney, Andrew Kaigler, James A. Ferguson, W. M. Quinn, William Ellzey, Jeremiah Coney, R. G. Statham, James Conerly and W. M. Conerly, and the following young ladies: Rachel E. Coney, Nannie Ellzey, Emma Ellzey, Fanny Wicker, Laura Turnipseed, Fanny A. Lamkin, C. A. Lamkin, Elizabeth and Frances Lamkin, Mary A. Conerly, Mrs. Jennie Lindsey McClendon, Lucy Brumfield, Victoria and Lavinia Williams, Mary E. Hartwell, Eliza Hoover, Nannie Wells, Julia Hoover, Mollie Quin, Alice Quin, Alvira Sparkman, Bettie Miskell, Eliza Thompson, Elizabeth Thompson, Catherine Conerly, Mollie Magee, Mary E. Vaught, Julia Bascot, Maggie Martin, Martha Jane Sibley, Ida Matthews and Ida Wallace.

Miss Rachel E. Coney, daughter of Jackson Coney and Emeline Morgan, was chosen to present the banner, and Emma Ellzey and Fanny Wicker were chosen as maids and Benton-Bickham escort of honor.

Hugh Eugene Weatherby, a brilliant young lawyer, was selected to receive the banner on the part of the Quitman Guards, and the ceremonies were performed the same year on the public square, the spot chosen for the ceremonies of the return of the flag to the survivors.

The banner was made in the city of New Orleans. It is of light cream colored silk, with a gold fringe around it and the United States coat of arms formed in the center. On one side, worked in gold letters, is the inscription :

“Our Country and Our Homes.”

On the other :

“Presented to the Quitman Guards by the Ladies of Pike county.”

After the secession of Mississippi and the formation of the Confederate Government at Montgomery, Ala., in obedience to a call of President Davis on Governor Pettus for aid to protect Pensacola, the Quitman Guards were reorganized and mustered into the service

of the State on April 21, 1861, with Samuel A. Matthews as captain. The company was attached to the Sixteenth Mississippi Regiment under Colonel Carnot Posey, and served through the war in Virginia.

In a few more years the remnants of this company will have passed into the unknown, where all the heroes who figured in that great conflict have gone, and it has been determined by them to have this relic of theirs framed and deposited in the Hall of Fame at Jackson, with a suitable record of those instrumental in its presentation and return to them.

Pike county sent out eleven companies, besides Garland's Battalion, into the Confederate service.

Preston Brent, who organized the Quitman Guards in 1859, also organized the Brent Rifles and took them out in 1862. He became colonel of the Thirty-eighth Mississippi Regiment and was severely wounded at the siege of Vicksburg, in 1863.

Thomas R. Stockdale, who acted as one of the escorts to the young ladies at the presentation of the banner, was major of the Sixteenth Mississippi Regiment the first year of the war. He afterwards raised a cavalry command and became lieutenant-colonel of the Fourth Cavalry. At the close of the war he resumed the practice of law and married Fanny Wicker, one of the maids of honor at the banner presentation. He was subsequently elected to Congress and served several terms, when he was appointed Supreme Judge of Mississippi by Governor McLaurin.

H. Eugene Weathersby was a graduate of Centenary College, La., in a class with Judge T. C. W. Ellis, of the Civil District Court, and went out as a lieutenant in Captain John T. Lamkin's company, organized at Holmesville in 1862, of the Thirty-third Regiment, and was killed at the battle of Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864. He was a son of Dr. Solomon Weathersby and Martha Jane Bennett, of Amite county. His grand-parents were immigrants from South Carolina, and came to the territory of Mississippi early in 1800, and settled in Amite county.

The little girl, Miss Norma Dunn, chosen to return the banner to the survivors, is a granddaughter of Captain S. A. Matthews and daughter of H. G. Dunn, of the firm of Dunn Bros., merchants of Summitt, who married Mamie Mathews.

Captain John Holmes, of Picayune, the last captain of the Quitman Guards, received the banner.

In the early sixties, when these young men shouldered their muskets and went out into the army of the Confederacy, it was not dreamed that the years which have passed and been forgotten by so many would again be recalled and bring to view the scenes which touched so many hearts, and filled the land with the flood of tears that were wept. It is so long ago that age has crept on the brows of many who were children then, and now the youths who fought through the great war and have lived to see the rehabilitation of their desolated homes gather here to take the banner that was handed to them in the morning of life and fold it forever with the benediction which has filled the world with admiration.

From the *Times-Dispatch*, October 28, 1906.

FROM PETERSBURG TO APPOMATTOX.

Lampkin's Battery of Artillery and How it Fought on
Famous Retreat. A Glimpse of General Lee.

Fight Near Farmville and Splendid Service of the Second
Rockbridge Battery.

The account below of the retreat of Lampkin's Battery from near Fort Harrison, on the north side of the James, to Appomattox, is by Lieutenant Fletcher T. Massie, of that splendid company of artillery.

It is interesting in its incidents, and particularly so in the account it gives of the gun and caisson captured on the morning of surrender with their commanding officer and their men.

It is shown by the report of General W. H. F. Lee, which has come to light, that two guns were captured that morning by Beale's and Robins's Brigades of his division. In the assault General Beale was wounded, and Wilson and Walker, of Rockbridge, were killed. One of the two guns was thrown over in a ditch, as other accounts have made known. The one gun and the caisson, which were brought into Lee's lines, were each drawn by six horses. It is possible, if not, indeed, probable, that this gun and caisson were counted by some onlookers as two guns, for some accounts say that four guns were captured. It is needlessly to go farther into this question now, and it suffices to remark that this account of Lieutenant Massie is valuable, so far as it goes, in fixing the circumstances under which the gun and caisson were brought into Lee's lines, and that being put in charge of Lieutenant Massie and his ten men, were turned over by him in a short time after the surrender to the officer and men from whom they were taken.

Lieutenant Massie is an active and vigorous man, enjoying excellent health at his home in Amherst County.

Captain Lampkin, a gigantic grenadier, who would have been picked out on sight by Frederick the Great for one of his guards, and who made a great name while gallantly commanding his guns

in battle, is still living in Amherst, and he and Lieutenant Massie still look as if they would hear the bugle call of battle with relish and satisfaction.

JNO. W. DANIEL.

My name is Fletcher T. Massie, and I was a second lieutenant in Lampkin's battery of artillery, which was organized in Nelson county, Va.

In the retreat from Petersburg the men of the battery, under Captain Lampkin, were near Fort Harrison, on the north side of the James. We had nearly a hundred men in the battery at the time of the last operations, and had been using mortars at Fort Harrison. We left Fort Harrison in the night and crossed Mayo's Bridge at daylight next morning, the day the enemy took possession of Richmond. We were on foot, and eight or ten mortars were carried along with us in wagons. We were attached to Lieutenant-Colonel Haskell's artillery battalion. We had neither swords nor muskets. As we progressed on our march, we crossed the river near Flat Creek, in Amelia county, when a man in Confederate uniform rode up to Haskell's battalion and told them to take the road leading to Paineville. He then rode off.

ATTACKED FROM AMBUSH.

As we got nearer Flat Creek a body of Federal cavalry suddenly dashed from the front with a battalion yelling and shooting. There were several hundred of them. I did not then have time to count. We had no infantry support, and one gun of Ramsey's battery, which had been gotten into position to fire, was run over and captured by the cavalry and the battalion dispersed. They also got all of Ramsey's guns, which were four fine English rifle pieces. They also got all of our mortars, and these two batteries, Ramsey's and Lampkin's, constituted the battalion at this time. Captain Lampkin was soon captured. I escaped to the woods, and when the affair was over I went back to the scene, where I found wagons cut down, the teams gone and ten men of my battery.

I am satisfied that the man who gave the order for us to take the road to Paineville was a Yankee scout in disguise. Sergeant James F. Wood, of Lampkin's battery, saw him, after he was captured in the affair with the Yankees, and said he was undoubtedly one of them.

A SIGHT OF GENERAL LEE.

I told the men to supply themselves with rations out of the cut down and broken up wagons which the Yankees had left near Flat Creek, and we had a plenty of raw provisions for the time being.

We marched on together, crossing Appomattox River on a ferryboat near High Bridge, and got to Farmville on Thursday evening. Our rations had now given out, but a Confederate commissary at Farmville gave us a new supply, which lasted us to the end. We spent that Thursday night in Farmville.

On the next morning (Friday) I took my ten men and marched towards the county bridge that crosses the Appomattox, not far from Farmville. I met General Pendleton on the eastern side of the bridge and inquired for Haskell's battalion. He told me that it was coming on, and in a short time I met Colonel Haskell on the Richmond side of the bridge with two batteries of his battalion, which had been marching with him. About this time General Robert E. Lee rode up at the head of a column of infantry. He halted the men on the eastern side of the river to stop their progress along the line of our subsequent march towards Appomattox. General Lee looked as he always did, and showed no sign of any discomfiture whatever.

THE FIGHT NEAR FARMVILLE.

We were now about a quarter of a mile from Farmville, and we marched about a mile farther on the road to Appomattox. I now saw a section of artillery—that is, two guns of the Second Rockbridge Battery—on a hill in action, and which appeared to be a small brigade of infantry supporting them. A spirited skirmish was going on. I never saw men work guns better or more efficiently than did that section of that artillery. The infantry receded at one time behind the battery, where they were formed, and, advancing in fine trim, they charged and drove the enemy. It seemed to consist of infantry and artillery. I did not see any cavalry.

The result of this action was the capture of some seven hundred Federal prisoners, and the enemy were thrown back and defeated. I do not know what command the Confederate infantry belonged to.

We remained in this position the afternoon of Friday. The Yankee prisoners were collected under a hill, and the skirmishing, mostly with artillery, continued until about dark. The missiles

from the Yankee artillery swept over the top of the hill behind which the Yankee prisoners were lying down, and struck into the hill behind them. The prisoners naturally stuck pretty close to the ground, and some of them said "they were damn-fool Yankees shooting those guns," for they were very dangerous to their own men.

At nightfall we resumed our march towards Appomattox. During Saturday we were on the march, without incident of importance. In the evening we heard the guns of a skirmish near Appomattox. We halted about nightfall, about a mile before reaching Appomattox, and for the first time during the retreat the harness was taken off of the horses that carried Colonel Haskell's guns.

THIN GRAY LINE AT APPOMATTOX.

On the morning of April 9th, the day of surrender, we were early in arms—that is, those who had them. My ten men had none, and Haskell's battalion marched in the rear of Field's division to Appomattox Courthouse. Passing through the village, Colonel Haskell's guns were placed in position in the line of battle formed on the western side of the courthouse. I cannot say at what point Field's division was put in position. As my ten men had no guns to serve, nor small arms to use as infantry, I kept them near the courthouse. There I met a lieutenant of Ramseys's battery. We walked out of the village, where we could see the Confederate line, and I remarked to the lieutenant how slender it looked, and how many openings there were in it, covered by their infantry or artillery. Most of our artillery were in the hollows behind the infantry, and it was evident that the army, as one of the generals said, "had been worn to a frazzle." We turned after surveying the scene to rejoin our men in the village, when we heard the guns of a skirmish in the direction of the Lynchburg front. Soon after that, a Yankee gun, the brass Napoleon of Company M, United States Regular Artillery, and the caisson also, each hauled by six horses, were brought into the village by a Confederate cavalry escort on horseback, the Yankee detachments going along with the guns, and the Yankee drivers being in the saddle. A Federal lieutenant of artillery rode along with them. A little later I met General Alexander, chief of artillery of Longstreet's corps, in the village. He said to me, after our greetings: "I am sorry, Lieu-

tenant, you have not your guns with you, for I am putting the guns in position now to meet the enemy."

GENERAL LEE APPEARS.

"I am sorry," I said, "but I have got ten men here who can serve a gun, and I saw a Yankee gun just now coming into the village, and I would like to have that, for my men can handle it." "Very well," said he, "come with me and I will turn it over to you." So we went together and found the gun with the Yankee company, which had been captured, and some of the cavalry that had it in charge, and I took possession of it with my ten men and got ready to carry it into position as soon as General Alexander should tell me where to place it.

Before any further orders came from General Alexander, I saw General Lee ride up into the village with two Federal officers, one riding on each side of him. He came from the Lynchburg side of his army. I knew from seeing these officers with General Lee that the whole thing was about up. Soon after this the news came that the army had surrendered. Before we heard what the terms of surrender were, a group of us, consisting of my men, myself, Colonel Haskell, and a number of officers, agreed together that we would not go to prison, would cut our way through the lines some way or other, but we would not surrender to be captured and carried off. Then came the farther news, circulated from lip to lip, that we would be paroled under the terms of surrender that had been agreed upon.

When my men took charge of the captured Napoleon gun, the men of the company were turned over to the Confederate provost-marshal, but as soon as the surrender was over the Federal lieutenant who commanded it and many of his men returned to where I was. He was as hot as pepper about having lost his gun that morning, but he greeted me kindly, though at first he did not seem in a humor for talk. In a little while his temper improved, and when I turned the gun over to him, he had it and the caisson hitched up, put his men in charge of it and drove off. Before he left us he said he had been deceived that morning, having been told that the way was open to him. No sooner had he got in the brush than the Confederate cavalry swooped down on him and got all around him, and he didn't have a chance to fire a shot before he and his gun were captured. We had taken the Yankee horses for the most part,

that brought out the gun and caisson and swapped them off to cavalymen or officers, whoever wanted them, and had put in their place the worn and haggard Confederate horses that they had ridden down. When the lieutenant looked at the new horses we had provided for him, he evidently knew what had happened, but he never said a word about it.

FLETCHER T. MASSIE,
Second Lieutenant, Lampkin's Battery.

GIVES FULL RECORD.

Longest March in Shortest Time—Suffolk to Gettysburg.

Editor Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—I will say that I was a member of Company E, Eighteenth Virginia Regiment, Hunton's Brigade, Pickett's Division. I knew Comrade S. W. Paulett very well. I have made many long and weary marches with him. I don't think any troops made a longer march to reach Gettysburg than we did—namely, from Suffolk, Va., to Gettysburg battlefield, and I would like to say that the Thirty-second Virginia Regiment was at one time attached to Hunton's Brigade, and that was in the fall and winter of 1863-64. Hunton's Brigade, with the rest of the division, came from Orange county to the vicinity of Richmond about the first of October, 1863. Hunton's Brigade went to Chaffin's farm, eight miles below Richmond, and went in quarters vacated by Wise's men. In about two weeks the Eighteenth Virginia Regiment was sent to Petersburg to do provost duty in the town; at the same time we relieved the Thirty-second Virginia Regiment, who had been doing similar duty up to that time. So the Thirty-second Regiment went to Chaffin's farm and were attached to Hunton's Brigade, and remained with them until the last of May or first of June, 1864, when at Hanover Junction, when we rejoined our brigade and the Thirty-second went back to Corse's Brigade. In the meantime the Eighteenth Virginia Regiment was with Corse's Brigade and left

Petersburg with them about the last of January, 1864, and went to the vicinity of Newbern, N. C., and had quite an exciting time, capturing a good many prisoners and some fine guns and horses. We captured one complete camp of a New York regiment about five miles out from Newbern. While in North Carolina we were at Goldsboro, where in February we re-enlisted for the remainder of the war. We were at Rocky Mount and Tarboro in May. We returned to Virginia in time for the battle of Drewry's Bluff, May 16, 1864, after which we went to Richmond, and, lying on the green grass inside the Capitol Square, heard a speech from Congressman McMillan from Tennessee, and drew some chewing tobacco, after which we took the train for Guinea Station, in Spotsylvania, just in time to make the march with Lee's army for the North Anna. Here we held Grant's vast army in check for some days, when we made the move to Cold Harbor, and there I made my last fight, being desperately wounded, and my career as an active Confederate soldier came to an end.

M. J. MOORE,

Formerly of Company E, 18th Virginia Regiment, Hunton's
Brigade, Pickett's Division, Longstreet's Corps.

Gig, Va., September, 1906.

From the *Times-Dispatch*, September 30, 1906.

THIRTY-SECOND AT SHARPSBURG.

Graphic Story of Work Done on One of the Bloodiest of
Fields—Forty-five Per Cent. Loss.

Shot at From Behind a Stone Fence—Samples of
Personal Courage.

[For further information of the terrific battle and of the loss sustained by the Fifteenth Virginia Infantry, Colonel E. M. Morrison, see *Southern Historical Society Papers*, Vol. XXXIII, pp. 97-110.—ED.]

Editor Times-Dispatch :

Sir,—On December 10, 1905, you published, in the Confederate column an account of the part the Fifteenth Virginia Regiment took in that awful battle of Sharpsburg, on September 17, 1862. It was written by that noble and gallant gentleman, Colonel E. M. Morrison.

The hope was then expressed that some soldier who was there would do for the Thirty-second Virginia Regiment what Colonel Morrison had done for the Fifteenth Virginia. I have waited for nearly one year to see if some one more competent than I would respond, but so far I have seen no account of the Thirty-second Virginia, and the old regiment was there, and did her full duty, having lost forty-five per cent. in killed and wounded. If our noble Colonel Edgar Bunn Montague, Lieutenant-Colonel W. R. Willis, Major Baker P. Lee, or several Captains, Samuel Armistead, Octavius Coke, O. P. Johnson, Segar Green, Adjutant Pettit, and other true and brave men were alive, they could and would give a good account; but I will try and do the best that I can, and tell what I saw and did from my standpoint, which was not very far right or left of our colors. Bob Forrest was the color-bearer, John Cose, of Company I, was on his right front rank, and I was on his left front rank. Captain Octavius Coke, of Company C, on my left.

Our brigade (Semmes's) left Maryland Heights on the afternoon

of the 16th of September, 1862. We crossed the river at Harper's Ferry on pontoon bridges. Late in the day saw plenty of Federal prisoners. I got a good supply of crackers and maple sugar. We camped just outside of the town, and rations were issued with instructions to cook at once. It was then about dark. We marched until about ten o'clock, and then filed off into an open field to rest for the night, as I thought. Most of us lay on the ground to sleep and rest, but many, as usual, went off foraging for something good to eat. At about twelve o'clock, I reckon, we were awakened by that very unwelcome, everlasting long roll, and our colonel, mounted on his old sorrel, riding about the men, saying, "Hurry up, men! Hurry! Everything depends on being at the ford by daybreak." That word, "Hurry!" and, "Steady, men! steady!" were his favorite commands. (Brave and true soldier he was; he ought to have been a general.)

It looked then as if we were going back to Maryland. About that time, Leonard Taylor, of Company C, said, "Boys, we are going to catch thunder today, for I have been dreaming that we were in the hardest battle yet." His dream came too true, for before sunset on that day, the 17th of September, our regiment, the Thirty-second Virginia, had lost in killed and wounded forty-five per cent. (The poor boy was afterwards killed at Second Cold Harbor.)

After a hard march we reached the ford (Boteler's, just below Shepherdstown) at daybreak and crossed the Potomac, and marched up the river opposite Shepherdstown, halted, and two men from each company detailed to fill our canteens. At that time General Jackson rode up and directed General McLaws to strike McClellan about Dunkards' Church and drive him back. Kershaw's Brigade rested near the church, Barksdale's next, Semmes's next, Cobb's Legion next, I think, and Fitz Lee's cavalry next on the river. I think that was about the formation of the line about where we went in the battle.

I will say just here that Captain R. L. Henley (afterwards Judge of James City County), as we were on the way to the field procured a musket, and, as was his custom, went in the fight with his old company, C. He was at that time commissary of the regiment. He was wounded three times before leaving the field.

We went on at quick time until halted and ordered to unslung knapsacks and all baggage (except "war-bags," haversacks and

canteens); and then on to the field at a double-quick through fields, woods, creeks, fences and most everything. I thought as we came out of a piece of woods to the field I saw General Jackson. I think the Tenth Georgia was on the right of our brigade (which was in echelon with Barksdale's Brigade), the Thirty-second next, the Fifteenth next, I think, and the Fifty-third Georgia on extreme left. As we emerged from the piece of woods, Colonel Montague gave command, "By company into line!" as we were marching by the flank; but the regiment came into line at one movement and started across that terrible, bloody field. Looking to my right, I witnessed one of the most magnificent sights that I ever saw, or ever expect to see again. It was Barksdale's men driving the enemy up into and through a piece of woods in their front. Their fire was so steady and severe that it looked like a whirlwind was passing through the leaves on the ground and woods. I remarked to Captain Coke, on my left, "to look; was not that the grandest sight he ever saw." He said, "Yes, John, it is grand; but look in our front, my boy, and see what we have to face."

At that time the field in our front was being literally plowed and torn up by shot, shell and minie balls. Colonel Montague gave command that captains take their positions in the centre and rear of their companies. Captain Coke said that he was going to stay by my side, on the right of his company. I said to him it was a very dangerous place, so near the colors. He said, "Yes, everywhere is dangerous here." In a few moments he was shot above the knee and fell. The ambulance corps took him off the field, and he recovered to join us again before we got to Fredericksburg, in December, 1862.

On we went until we reached a rocky knoll about, I should judge, seventy-five or one hundred yards from a stone fence, which the enemy were behind, pouring a shower of minies at us. At that point our loss was terrible. The ranks were so scattered, and the dead and wounded so thick, it seemed as if we could go no further. Our rear rank was ten or more paces in our rear, and we were in danger of being shot by our own men. Our flag was shot through seventeen times, and the staff cut in two. I don't think our color-bearer, Bob Forrest, was hurt. I was slightly wounded in the wrist and foot, and it seemed to me that most everybody near the flag was either killed or wounded. Both of my jacket sleeves were bespotted with blood and brains of my comrades near me.

At about this time General Semmes came to our colors, and saw me still shooting away as fast as I could load, and asked where the enemy was located. I told him behind that fence in front. He said, "Yes, and they will kill the last one of us, and that we must charge them." He gave the command to charge. Bob Forrest went forward several paces in front and waited for the line of battle to come up, and Lieutenant Henry St. Clair, of Company I, ran up to him and said, "Bob Forrest, why in the h—ll don't you go forward with the flag; if you won't go, give it to me," and started for it. Bob Forrest, as brave a man as ever lived, said to him, "You shan't have it; I will carry this flag as far as any man; bring your line up and we will all go up together." They did come up, and took the fence and drove the enemy up the hill. This practically ended the fighting in our front during that awful day. This is the best account I can give. I well know that the old Thirty-second Virginia did her full duty on that terrible, bloody day.

JOHN T. PARHAM,

Late Ensign 32d Virginia Infantry.

P. S.—I omitted to state that Capt. W. S. Stores, of Co. I, the color company, and Serg't-Major Jos. V. Bidgood were present and did their full duty, and are both now alive, and could give a good account of the battle. Joseph V. Bidgood's father was our chaplain. I have heard that Major Willis, chaplain of the Fifteenth Virginia, had his coat shot all to pieces, and did not receive a scratch. He was one of our many fighting chaplains—would fight with his men during the day and preach and pray with them at night.

J. T. P.

From the *Times-Dispatch* of April 22-29, May 6, 1906.

MEN OF VIRGINIA AT BALL'S BLUFF.

They Will Divide the Honors with the Brave Men from
Mississippi—Hunton Hero of the Day.

The Famous Eighth Virginia Infantry, the Cavalry and the
Richmond Howitzers—The Numbers Engaged
on Both Sides in the Famous Fight.

Editor of the Times-Dispatch :

Sir,—This paper on Ball's Bluff was partly prepared some weeks ago, but laid aside on account of an eye trouble, which prevented writing, and the examination requisite to accuracy. In the meantime Captain McNeily's account appeared, but as he writes from the standpoint of a Mississippian and I, from that of a Virginian, there will be found enough variety of treatment to keep the interest of readers of war subjects and Virginia historic battles.

Respectfully,

R. W. HUNTER.

The proposed appropriation by Congress of \$5,000 for the purchase of so much of the Ball's Bluff battlefield as may be necessary for the preservation of the National Cemetery there located, and for macadamising a road leading thereto from the Leesburg and Point of Rocks turnpike, recalls one of the most remarkable of the minor battles of the war, not only because of the laurels so gallantly won by the victorious Virginians and Mississippians, the disproportion of the enemy's loss to the number engaged on our side, the tragic character of the disaster which overtook the Federal invaders, but also because of its far-reaching effect in the derangement and check it caused to McClellan's whole plan of campaign. Apart from these larger results, the battle bristles with thrilling exploits, and incidents of the most sensational character, which invest it with an enduring interest to all students of the military and general history of our country.

The significance of battles cannot be gauged fairly by the number

engaged. The results, immediate and remote, must be considered. In his "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," beginning with Marathon in 490 B. C., and ending with Waterloo, in 1815, Creasy gives Burgoyne's defeat at Saratoga, where the Americans largely outnumbered the British, as the decisive battles of our Revolution, because it led to the French recognition and alliance, which proved so opportune at Yorktown. Southern historians, with pardonable native pride, advance the claim of King's Mountains to the distinction Creasy accords to Saratoga; and with much show of reason, because at King's Mountain, the militia of the backwoods frontier of Southwest Virginia and the adjacent country of Tennessee, North Carolina and Kentucky, to the number of 910, under such master spirits as Campbell, Shelby, Levier, Cleveland, McDowell and Williams, with their hunting rifles met and destroyed Cornwallis' advance guard under Colonel Ferguson, composed of 1,016 of the flower of the British army, equipped with muskets and bayonets. Less than two thousand were here engaged and the battle lasted only an hour, but that hour was largely fraught with the nation's fate, in that it dispelled at once and forever, the fatal illusion that our colonial militia could not successfully contend with British regulars, and taught lessons infinite in value, and full of inspiration, to our struggle and dejected countrymen.

While none of the splendid triumphs achieved by Southern arms in the war between the States can be called "decisive" in the sense, the terms applied to these battles of the Revolution, for the reason that the government for whose establishment they were fought, was finally overthrown, yet they will live in history forever as models of the highest attainment in the science of war; and in all the Southland, the names and deeds of its champions will be enshrined in the hearts of its people as long as men cherish honor and women love courage.

To understand a battle thoroughly, the train of events which led up to it, the circumstances under which it was fought, and what it accomplished, must be considered; or more briefly in the phrase of the military writers, the "Genesis or Prelude, the Battle, and the Results."

Along these lines we shall try to describe Ball's Bluff, availing ourselves, largely, however, of the admirable history written by Colonel E. V. White and dedicated to the Loudoun Chapter of the U. D. C., for the benefit of the monument to the Loudoun soldiers.

The realistic touches of a personal narrative give a life and spirit to his picture, which any effort of a non-participant would necessarily lack. He belonged to Ashby's Cavalry and volunteered for the fight as aide to Colonel Hunton, who tells in his official report of "the great service" White rendered "by his intimate knowledge of the country and his daring courage." Lieutenant-Colonel Jenifer, who was in command of the field until Hunton arrived, says he "never witnessed more coolness and courage than this young gentleman displayed, being exposed to the heaviest fire of the enemy." His subsequent career as a soldier was in accord with its early promise. He won promotion along with the praise of his generals, and as commander of White's (35th Va.) battalion, takes a place in our history among the boldest sabreurs who followed the plumes of Stuart, Hampton and the Lees.

It is because he has supplemented his active participation with a careful study of the official reports (which many writers fail to do) that I regard Colonel White as the best living authority as to the details of this battle, and will, therefore, quote from him freely.

THE PRELUDE.

Popular clamor at the North for an advance upon Richmond, which was lulled for a while by the disastrous rout of McDowell at Bull Run, revived in intensity three months later. General McClellan, who appreciated the magnitude of the undertaking more clearly than the political generals who were goading him to aggressive operations, had wisely utilized the interval to discipline and mobilize the Northern hosts, which had rallied to the Union Standard, into that formidable organization which became famous as the "Army of the Potomac," and he was now making preliminary reconnaissances with the view to a combined movement upon the Confederate position near Manassas.

The main body of his army was in the defenses of Washington, south of the Potomac, and large Federal forces under Banks, Hamilton and Stone were located in Maryland, opposite the county of Loudoun, within easy march of the fords and ferries of the upper Potomac, which led to roads running to Leesburg. It will thus be seen that Leesburg was a point of prime strategic importance, the possession of which would make McClellan, by menacing or passing Johnston's left flank to manoeuvre him out of his position, and this evidently was his aim.

Apart from the necessity of guarding his flank and watching the ferries, the Confederate commander realized the importance of keeping open the turnpike leading from Leesburg across the Blue Ridge to the lower Shenandoah Valley, where Jackson was operating, and saving for his army the abundant supplies of the fertile Piedmont counties.

THE SEVENTH BRIGADE.

To compass these ends, Colonel Hunton had been ordered early in August to reoccupy Leesburg with the Eighth Virginia Regiment, and later on three Mississippi regiments—the Thirteenth, Seventeenth and Eighteenth—under Colonels Barksdale, Featherstone and Burt with six guns of the Richmond Howitzers and three companies of Virginia cavalry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Jenifer, were sent to the same place, and organized as the Seventh Brigade of Beauregard's Corps, under command of Colonel N. G. Evans, of South Carolina, who had won great distinction at the first battle of Manassas, and for which he was afterward made a brigadier-general.

Evans thought Leesburg was too much exposed and too far away for timely reinforcement in case of attack by a largely superior force, and had withdrawn his command to a strong position at Carter's Mill, seven miles nearer Manassas. Upon reporting this fact, General Beauregard wrote at once, asking the reason for his withdrawal, adding that the position he had occupied was "understood to be very strong, and the General hopes you will be able to maintain it against odds should the enemy press across the river and move in this direction. To prevent such a movement, and junction of Banks's forces with McClellan's is of the utmost military importance, and you will be expected to make a desperate stand, falling back only in the face of an overwhelming enemy."

At midnight of the 19th, Evans moved his brigade back to Burnt Bridge, along the line of Goose Creek, where he had a line of intrenchments, and there awaited developments. His situation was now critical, and called for the same fine military foresight he had shown at first Manassas, where he disconnected McDowell's imposing feint at Stone bridge and met his main advance by way of Sudley Springs, some two miles beyond the Confederate flank.

On the morning of the 20th, McClellan telegraphed to Stone, at Poolesville, Md., that "General McCall occupied Draneville, yester-

day and is still there. Will send out heavy reconnoissances today in all directions from that point. The General desires that you keep a good lookout upon Leesburg to see if this movement drives them away. Perhaps a slight demonstration on your part would have the effect to move them.'

THE BATTLE CAME.

This order, although not so intended, brought on the battle of Ball's Bluff.

When armies are on the qui vive for a fight, slight and unforeseen causes often bring it on. It was Pettigrew's march in search of shoes, and his collision with Buford's cavalry, that precipitated the battle of Gettysburg, and defeated Lee's plan of concentration at Cashtown. So Stone's "demonstration" at Ball's Bluff deranged McClellan's plan for a general advance of his army.

On the night of the 20th, Stone sent out a scouting party to cross at Harrison's Island and explore the country in the direction of Leesburg. Returning with the report that a rebel camp of about thirty tents was found in the edge of a woods near the town, Stone directed Colonel Devens, with four companies of his regiment—the Fifteenth Massachusetts—to destroy the camp, reconnoitre, and either to recross the river or remain, if he thought he could safely do so.

Devens decided to hold on, and sent back to his brigade commander (Colonel Baker) for reinforcements. The latter consulted Stone, his division commander, and was given permission either to withdraw Devens or send him reinforcements. Eager to add the laurels of a hero to his fame as a senatorial orator, Baker promptly availed himself of the discretion allowed him, and sent word to Devens that he would come in person with his historic brigade to his support; and this he did as rapidly as the boats at his disposal would permit.

The "rebel camp" was an illusion, the scouts having been deceived by a line of trees, which presented, in an uncertain light, somewhat the appearance of tents. But about 7 o'clock in the morning of the 21st, Colonel Devens encountered a very real and a very insuperable obstacle in the person of Captain Duff, with forty men of the Seventeenth Mississippi, who had been picketing the river near Smart's mill, a short distance above the Bluff. Devens undertook their capture, by attacking with Philbrick's

company in front, and sending his other companies around their flanks. The net was spread in vain in sight of such a bird as Duff. Retiring a few hundred yards to a better position, Duff's men dropped on their knees for more deliberate aim, and fired a staggering volley as the enemy approached, which caused Devens to reconsider and retire out of range. In that preliminary skirmish Duff captured three wounded prisoners and fifteen stands of arms, with a loss of three men wounded, while Devens reports one killed, nine wounded and three missing.

Meantime, Devens had been reinforced by one hundred men of the Twentieth Massachusetts, under Colonel Lee, and by the other companies of his regiment, amounting in all to 753.

There was an earthwork called "Fort Evans," to the eastward of Leesburg, which commanded a wide view of the field of operation, where Colonel Evans fixed his headquarters and remained throughout the engagement. He knew that crossings had been effected, both at the Bluff and at Edwards' Ferry—the distance between them being about four miles—but nothing had as yet occurred to indicate clearly the point from which the enemy's advance was to be made. He could only conjecture, what we know now with certainty, that Stone's plan was for Baker to break and drive the Confederate left "so that when they are pushed, Gorman (at Edwards' Ferry) can come in on their flank." Stone's strategy was good, but Baker's tactics very bad.

Evans had previously ordered Lieutenant-Colonel Jenifer, with four companies from the Mississippi regiments and three Virginia cavalry companies, under Captains W. B. Ball, W. W. Mead and Lieutenant Morehead, in all 320 men, to the support of Captain Duff, and to hold the enemy in check until his plan of attack should be developed.

About 11 o'clock Devens again advanced, "but was met in strong contention by Jenifer's people for about an hour, when the Federals retired." In his report Jenifer speaks in highest praise of the Mississippi companies and the Virginia cavalymen, who fought dismounted by their side, because of the fences, ravines and thickets in that part of the field. In the charge which dislodged the enemy, Jenifer leaped his horse over the fence, "followed by Captain Ball, Lieutenants Wooldridge and Weisiger, of the Chesterfield troop; Baxter, of the Loudoun cavalry, and Messrs. Hendrick and Peters, civilians, who volunteered for the fight." Baxter is

mentioned as "deserving praise for the gallant manner in which he made a charge with ten men on two companies of the enemy's infantry. Lieutenant Charles Wildman, who will be heard from later on, is complimented, and "Sergeant Strother, of the Madison cavalry; Sergeant-Major Baugh, of the Chesterfield troop, and Private Toler, of the Loudoun cavalry, rendered good service in carrying orders."

"And now," says Colonel White, "was their best time to recross the river, for Hunton, with his Eighth Virginia (except Wampler's company, left at the Burnt Bridge to look out for McCall) was coming at a double quick, with 375 more people in bad temper."

Then came the tug of the battle. Colonel Baker had now arrived with the rest of his brigade, making in all about 1,900 men, with two howitzers and one rifle cannon.

"Colonel Hunton," says Colonel White, "moved forward into the heavy timber, where Colonel Jenifer's fight had left the Federals. The battle opened again severely, the Eighth Virginia fighting straight ahead, with Jenifer's force covering their left, which gave them opportunity for aggressive battle, although but one to three, with no artillery to answer Baker's salutes. The firing was rapid and the fighting stubborn, the Federals standing up to their work well, giving and receiving bloody blows with high courage; but notwithstanding their superiority of force, amply sufficient to have swept the Confederates from the field at one rushing charge, they failed for lack of a proper leader, the result proving that Baker was as inferior to Hunton, in skill and promptness on the battle line as was Stone or Evans in general conduct of the field of operations."

THE KEY OF THE BATTLE-FIELD.

Devens, with the Fifteenth Massachusetts, was holding on hard along a ridge, at the edge of the woods, which faced an open field of about ten acres in area in front of the Bluff, looking towards Leesburg. Realizing with the quick eye of a soldier, that this ridge was the key of the situation, Hunton assailed Devens' left with a vigor that caused him to retire into the open field, where Baker was forming his line of battle. Seizing the abandoned ridge, the Eighth Regiment poured an incessant and destructive fire into the enemy, which killed and disabled their artillerists so rapidly that, as Hunton says in his report, "there were only three discharges of

cannon after the first fire from the Eighth." In rear of the ridge the ground sloped down into the woods, affording cover from the enemy's fire, and thus enabling Hunton's men to play havoc with the foe, with comparatively slight loss to them. When Baker advanced—as he did several times—our men rallied to the ridge, and with steady aim depleted his ranks and drove him back to the woods skirting the river. For four hours, with no other aid than Jenkins' small command, Hunton had been fighting, repulsing and holding at bay Baker's largely superior force. His ammunition was nearly gone, and his men suffering excessive fatigue. If they had not been of the staunchest type the strain would have been too great. Against such heavy odds, with ammunition and men nearly exhausted, Hunton had done all that was possible at this time; and he sent Lieutenant-Colonel Norborne Berkeley White to Evans several times for reinforcements and ammunition, but got no response than "Tell Hunton to hold on."

As Gorman was making no aggressive movement from Edwards' Ferry, Evans concluded that he could safely spare a part of the force he had been holding at Fort Evans, and when Hunton's messengers came again, with a still more urgent message, "Evans, evidently mindful of Beauregard's instruction to make 'a desperate stand,' said to them, 'Tell Hunton to hold on till every d—n man falls. I have sent him the Eighteenth, and will send him the Seventeenth.' When White joined Hunton, Colonel Burt had reached the field, and taken position about two hundred yards to the right of and in line with the Eighth Virginia. Therefore, Hunton sent word to Burt that the Eighth would charge the enemy in front, and asked him to attack with his regiment at the same time on the right. Burt waited no longer than was necessary to bring a detached company to his line, when the Mississippians moved forward in the most gallant style, but as White, who was with Burt at the time says, 'We had already heard the battle yell of the glorious old Eighth as it dashed forward on the enemy.'"

HUNTON'S REPORT

In his report of this charge Colonel Hunton says: "I gave the order to cease firing for a moment, distributed the few cartridges remaining so as to give all a round of ammunition, and ordered a charge upon the enemy. This charge was made in the most gallant and impetuous manner. Nothing could exceed or scarcely

equal the intrepid daring and gallantry displayed by my officers and men in making this charge. Relying almost solely upon the bayonet, they rushed upon and drove back a heavy column of the enemy just landed, and captured the two howitzers. In the charge I was assisted by Captain Upshaw, of the Seventeenth, and Captains Kearney and Wellborn, of the Eighteenth Mississippi Regiment, who displayed great gallantry in the charge."

As Burt's Mississippians pressed forward, they were met by a deadly volley, at close range, from the enemy concealed behind a ridge of earth thrown up by long-ago plowing; "but no man faltered except the stricken ones before that fearful fire." White, who rode by Burt's side, says it was one of the most deadly fires of musketry he saw during the war, and that sometimes in visions, even now, he sees "those brave fellows falling like leaves of autumn before the northern blast." The dauntless Burt fell from his horse mortally wounded, and was borne from the field—still cheering his men on to victory, in the true spirit of a hero.

The fall of a commander often causes confusion, sometimes demoralization. Not so with these staunch sons of the Sunny South. The knightly spirit of the dying Burt was in their hearts, and, under Lieutenant-Colonel Griffin, their volleys drove the enemy from his position into the ravine near the river for shelter.

And now came up, at a double-quick, Colonel Featherston, with the Seventeenth Mississippi, and filled the gap between the Eighth Virginia and the Eighteenth Mississippi.

The battle, which had lasted from dawn until night began to let her sable curtains down, was drawing to its close—triumphantly for us, disastrously for the foe. Blucher had come to give the "coup de grace."

Hunton's charge having driven the enemy across the open field to the woods directly in front of the Bluff, at which point Colonel Baker, the Federal commander, was killed (pierced with four balls, no one knowing really who did it, although there was much romancing at the time), and there being indications, unmistakable to the eye of a soldier, that the Federals were in disorder, and fast losing their cohesion; we give, in White's own vivid words, the last act of the drama:

"Colonel Hunton halted his men, who were completely broken down—nature and ammunition both exhausted—and rode over to Colonel Featherston, saying: 'Colonel, charge the enemy on the

Bluff.' Featherston replied, 'I do not know the ground;' and Hunton exclaimed, 'Come on, I will lead you;' but Featherston curtly said: 'No, sir; I will lead my own men, but want a guide who knows the ground; when Hunton turned to me and said, 'Lige, my boy, won't you go with them.' I was thoroughly acquainted with the country, having fox-hunted over it many times, and now, at sunset of a busy day, I rode up to the front, shouting, 'Follow me; I'll show you the way.' The two regiments moved promptly a short distance, when they were met with a galling fire, to which they heartily responded, and in a rushing charge drove the enemy headlong over the steep, rugged bluff, capturing three hundred prisoners, among them Colonel Cogswell of the Tammany Regiment, but now acting brigadier-general in place of the gallant Baker, and Colonel W. R. Lee, 20th Massachusetts, together with the rifle cannon."

REMARKABLE EVENT OF WAR.

A remarkable incident, attended with serious loss to the enemy, occurred just before Featherston's final charge, which must not be omitted. After Baker was killed, Cogswell says, in his report, that he went to the point occupied by Colonels Devens and Lee and found that they had decided on making a retreat—that he informed them he was in command of the field—that a retreat across the river was impossible, and the only movement to be made was to cut their way through to Edward's Ferry—and that a column of attack must be at once formed for that purpose. While endeavoring to make the necessary dispositions for this desperate attempt, we learn, from the reports of both Stone and Devens that an officer of the enemy rode rapidly in front of the Tammany Regiment and called on them to charge the enemy. The Tammany men, thinking he was one of their own officers, or perhaps, rattled by the excitement and confusion (which no one can appreciate who has not been in a hot battle), charged forward with a yell, carrying with them in their advance a part of the Massachusetts Regiments. The Confederates met this charge with a deadly fire, which killed and wounded at least twenty-five of the Federals; and Stone, in his report, says when they found out their mistake they had got into such a position that the movement designed was impracticable, and Colonel Cogswell reluctantly gave the order to retire, adding that "the enemy pursued our troops to the edge of the bluff over

the landing place and thence poured in a heavy fire on our men, who were endeavoring to cross to the island. The smaller boats had disappeared and the largest boat, rapidly and too heavily loaded, swamped fifteen feet from the shore, and nothing was left to our soldiers but to swim, surrender or die." The "officer of the enemy," referred to by General Stone and Colonel Devens, was Lieutenant Charles B. Wildman, of Loudoun, serving upon General Evans' staff, who came riding rapidly to the field, and mistaking the Federals for his own men, gave the order to charge. Wildman, fortunately, escaped from his perilous predicament, but the men he was leading suffered terribly.

The story of the battle would be incomplete if the essential role of Colonel Barksdale and his Thirteenth Mississippi Regiment were omitted. Remembering that Gorman's Brigade was at Edward's Ferry, numbering, according to official reports, 2,250 strong, and that Stone's plan was to strike the Confederate flank with this force when Baker pushed them from the Bluff, the importance of this role can be appreciated. Whenever Gorman's skirmishers advanced they were met in fierce contest and promptly driven back, and he was thus kept "bottled up" until Baker's force had been routed and captured.

The statement in Barksdale's report that he was satisfied "that the presence of my command in position at Edwards' Ferry prevented the advance of a large column of the enemy, which was intended to reinforce General Baker's command near Conrad's Ferry, then engaged in battle with our forces," is ample testimony to the great value of the service here rendered, and also to the modesty and valor of this noble Mississippian, whose fearless fighters, it will be remembered, at a later period in the war, by their tenacious contention upon the river banks at Fredericksburg, checked Burnside's advance until Lee was prepared to welcome and overwhelm him.

THE RICHMOND HOWITZERS.

Major Robert Stiles, who was with the Howitzers, near Fort Evans, says in his "Four Years Under Marse Robert:" "We felt peculiarly chagrined at not being able to fire even so much as one shot while the battle roared in the thicket." And again: "We changed position several times during the action, in the vain hope of finding a point from which we might fire upon the enemy without imperilling our own men."

Evans was by no means certain that Hunton could hold Baker in check. The chances he thought quite desperate, and cautioned the Howitzers to be very careful "not to fire on Hunton's men, who would be the first running out of the woods;" but Hunton not only held on heroically, but drove the enemy, and the Howitzers, therefore, had no chance to test their metal. Their presence upon the field, however, had its effect, for General Stone, in his report, speaks of "breastworks and a hidden battery, which barred the movement of troops from left to right."

THE HERO OF BALL'S BLUFF.

In the narrative histories and descriptions of battles required by the act creating the office of Secretary of Virginia Military Records, it will be my constant aim, while bringing out in as clear relief as possible the achievements and exploits of our own soldiers, to pluck no laurels from the soldiers of our sister Southern States. Unfounded or grossly exaggerated claims discredit their authors and the merit of actions otherwise praiseworthy. Besides, there is a vitality about the truth very dangerous to tamper with.

General Hunton has been known throughout Virginia as the "Hero of Ball's Bluff" ever since the battle, and we have never heard his title to that honor questioned. It is based upon considerations which involve no disparagement of the other distinguished participants. Colonel Evans, the commander of the whole field, remained at Fort Evans, two and a half miles from Edward's Ferry and one and a half miles from Ball's Bluff, during the whole day, watching both points, and directing the general operations.

In detaching two-thirds of his command from Gorman's front to reinforce Hunton at the critical juncture he evinced strategic skill and generalship of a high order and added to the fame he had won at First Manassas.

Colonel Burt, as we have seen, fell mortally wounded while leading a brilliant and successful charge in the face of deadly volleys from the enemy's left wing, in strong position, in conjunction with Hunton's splendid dash against their centre, and no one will question Captain McNealy's tribute to his fame as a hero "by the title of life-sacrifice."

Colonel Featherston, whose crowning and conclusive charge swept the enemy from the woods, over the bluffs, and compelled his surrender, associated his fame forever with this memorable battle.

No Virginian will question Major Robert Stiles' opinion that "this Mississippi brigade was in many respects the finest body of men he ever saw."

Colonel Hunton, of the Eighth Virginia, however, was the chief contributing factor in the conduct of the actual battle and the winning of the victory. As next in rank to Evans, as White tells us, "Hunton was in command of the field from the moment of his arrival, at about 12 M., and so, as I know, ordered all the dispositions and movements of troops engaged in the battle." With no other aid than Jenkin's small command of 320 (his own regiment numbering less than four hundred), he first drove the enemy's largely superior force back to their position near the bluffs, and by promptly seizing and heroically holding for four hours at least the ridge, which was the key of the situation, he was enabled to repulse Baker's charges and compel his adversary to fight under every disadvantage. The disabling and subsequent capture of the enemy's howitzer's was an important turning point in our favor, and his last shots and bayonet charge broke the enemy's formations and left them in such disordered state that the final charge of the Mississippians was conclusive and triumphant.

The gallant Bee was "a hero by life-sacrifice" at First Manassas, but the world accords to Jackson, whom Bee that day christened "Stonewall," the honor of having done the work which contributed chiefly to that great victory.

The Eighth Virginia Infantry has a brilliant record, and its roster bears the names of soldiers equal to any "that ever followed the eagles to conquest." As Judge Keith said, in presenting the portrait of its first Colonel to Lee Camp: "Did not Hunton lead it at Manassas and at Ball's Bluff, and win for it and for himself imperishable glory on those famous fields, not only as a brave soldier, but as a ready, capable and resourceful officer? Was he not with them at Cold Harbor, and upon a hundred other fields of less renown, but which were attended by feats of arms and gallant deeds more than enough to adorn the annals of our modern wars? Was he not at the charge at Gettysburg? Was human courage and fortitude ever put to a sterner test? Did human virtue ever more nobly respond to the call of duty? * * * * For gallant conduct on that fatal day, Colonel Hunton, who had been sorely wounded, was made a brigadier-general."

Its field officers, at different periods, were: Eppa Hunton,

Colonel; Charles B. Tebbs, Lieutenant-Colonel; Edmund Berkeley, Major, Lieutenant-Colonel; Norbourn Berkeley, Major, Lieutenant-Colonel; William A. Berkeley, Major; James Thrift, Major. Its Captains were: Edmund Berkeley, of Prince William; Richard Henry Carter and R. Taylor Scott, of Fauquier; James Thrift, of Fairfax; and Henry Heaton, Alexander Grayson, William N. Berkeley, M. Wample, Hampton; and Simpson, of Loudoun.

The other company officers and privates will have a proud place in the Virginia Roster, now being compiled for publication.

Only about three hundred of the Federals surrendered to Colonel Featherston, but many others were huddled along the river bank and in the woods, hoping to escape later in the night. Exhausted after thirteen hours' of marching and fighting, the Mississippians and Virginians retired to the vicinity of Fort Evans for rest and rations, except a detail of seventeen men of the Eighth Virginia, under Lieutenant Charles Berkeley, with whom White was ordered by Colonel Hunton, to remain, to picket the battle ground. It was a solemn vigil, relieved only by a bountiful supper, which the keenly solicitous and patriotic ladies of Leesburg contrived to get to them. Whether it was the inspiration and refreshment supplied by the viands, or the thought of the bright eyes and fair hands of the ladies who sent them, we are not told, but the suggestion was made that they go to the river bank, for although the battle had rolled to the very edge of the bluff, none of our men had yet been quite there. Reaching the bank, they could hear, a few hundred yards away, the frantic cries for help from despairing, drowning Federals, and the sound of an occasional boat coming from Harrison's Island, to their rescue.

Their first impulse—prompted by the savage spirit of the day's hard fight—was to open fire and drive off the rescuers, but that "touch of nature which makes the whole world kin" and abides in knightly breasts, even amid scenes of blood and carnage, restrained their hands.

Let this be remembered, because the newspapers throughout the North, at the time of the battle, and Northern school histories, since, have sought to create the impression that the conduct of the Confederates, after the defeat and rout of the Federals at Ball's Bluff, was not in accord with the usages of civilized warfare; and only a few weeks ago, the Washington correspondent of the *Boston Transcript*, wrote to his paper of the tragedy, "where the Northern

men, greatly outnumbered, were driven like sheep over bluffs 150 feet high, in a struggling mass down upon the shore or into the waters of the Potomac."

How strange it is, at this late day—forty-five years after the battle—and in view of the indisputable proof furnished by the official record, that Baker's force was more than double that of Hunton's, and that not until late in the day, after the Eighteenth and Seventeenth Mississippi regiments came upon the field, was there an approximate equality of numbers—that such careless and glaring mistakes should be published. The contemporary exaggerations are pardonable—for the Confederates had a marvelous way of magnifying and multiplying themselves in battle and there were also Falstaffs in those days, in whose affrighted vision hundreds of "men in buckram" appeared, whose names were not on the rolls; but now—when sectional passions have subsided and the truth is so easily accessible—there is no excuse for such misstatements.

A VOLUNTEER EXPEDITION.

Asking pardon for this brief digression, we return to the picket by the river, where Lieutenant Berkeley and White were holding a council. It was agreed that White should go forward alone to reconnoitre, while Berkeley held his men ready for any emergency. Moving cautiously along the bank—it being so dark that he could not be recognized—White approached the landing where the Federals (estimated at over 1,000) were waiting for deliverance. Returning with this report, it was proposed to try and capture them, but a gallant fellow, afterwards killed at Gettysburg, said the scheme was too utterly rash for consideration, and it was decided that White should ride to Hunton's headquarters, explain the situation, and ask for the regiment. Colonel Hunton—who had been prostrated for several weeks by a painful malady, but thinking a battle was imminent, and unwilling that his men should go into it without him, had left his sick bed against the protest of his physician and the entreaties of his family—was so completely worn out at the close of the battle as to make it necessary for him to retire to Leesburg for medical attention, leaving Lieutenant-Colonel Tebbs in command. Tebbs would not assume the responsibility of ordering the regiment on the expedition, but said that any who chose to volunteer for it might do so.

Thereupon Captains Edmund and Wm. N. Berkeley; Lieutenants R. H. Tyler, L. B. Stephenson and Robert Cue; Sergeants. F. Wilson, I. O. Adams and — Gochenaner; Corporals B. Hunt, W. Fletcher, R. Hutchinson, Wm. Thomas; Privates A. S. Adams, J. W. Adams, F. A. Boyer, I. L. Chinn, G. Crell, R. S. Downs, W. Donnelly, G. Insor, C. R. Griffin, John George, D. L. Hixon, T. W. Hutchinson, I. F. Ish, R. I. Smith, W. C. Thomas, J. W. Tavenner, I. M. McVeigh, L. W. Lockett, M. H. Lockett, A. M. O'Bannon, Rev. Charles F. Linthicum, R. O. Carter, Geo. Roach, E. Nalls, Howard Trussell, D. Rouke, T. E. Tavenner, P. Gochenaner, F. Tinsman, T. H. Benton, T. Kidwell, C. Fox, V. R. Costello, Will Moore, J. Ellis, Wm. McCarty, J. M. McClannehan, E. Herrington, R. Julian and C. D. Lucket—in all, fifty-two—came forward promptly, saying to White: "We will follow you."

WHITE BREVETTED "GENERAL."

I should like to give in extenso Colonel White's stirring account of the incidents of that dark and eventful night—of his own hair-breadth 'scapes, and how, because he knew the ground, and was, moreover, full of resource and initiative, he was made the leader, and brevetted for the nonce "General" of the expedition—of his good tactics in placing Berkeley and his squad on the Bluff, until the flanking party under his guidance, moved up along the bank of the river, under the Bluff, to the point of co-operation, where the surrender was to be demanded, or, in case of refusal, the enemy was to be fired on—how he called for a surrender, and receiving no reply ordered "Fire," which caused a stampede, "a large number of them jumping into the river, while some ran along the shore above"—and how, immediately after the firing, a gallant Irish captain, named O'Meara, who had swam the river to get some means to save his men, and failing, had swum back to share their fate, recognizing the inevitable, had called out: "We surrender; who is in command?" whereupon Captain W. N. Berkeley, replied: "General White"—how the "general" offered "the terms of war," which were satisfactory, and how the gallant Irish captain gathered the Federals together from the river and the woods and "marched them up the bluff to the plateau, where he formed them in line and handed over to our charge 325 prisoners, with many arms, ammunition," etc., but we cannot tax your space farther than to give this imperfect

sketch, with the names of the volunteers of the Eighth Virginia, who participated in this hazardous and gallant enterprise.

NUMBERS ENGAGED IN THE BATTLE.

The Federal forces, under Baker, in the battle—not counting Gorman's 2,250 at Edwards' Ferry—comprised the Fifteenth Massachusetts, 600; the Twentieth Massachusetts, 340; the Forty-second New York (Tammany), 360; the First California (Baker's own), 600. To these must be added the men attached to the two howitzers of the First Rhode Island Battery, and the rifle cannon of the First United States Artillery, about 60 more, making in all, 1,960. The Federal losses, as officially reported, were 49 killed, 158 wounded and 714 missing—912. The number drowned were never reported.

A COMPLETE VINDICATION.

A complete vindication of the conduct of the Confederate officers (who had repeatedly called upon the routed Federals to surrender, in order to prevent unnecessary bloodshed) at the landing and in the river is to be found in this extract from the report of Colonel Devens, of the Fifteenth Massachusetts: "It was impossible," said he, "longer to continue to resist, and I should have had no doubt, if we had been contending with the troops of a foreign nation, in justice to the lives of men, it would have been our duty to surrender; but it was impossible to do this to rebels and traitors, and I had no hesitation in advising men to escape as they could, ordering them in all cases to throw their arms into the river rather than give them up to the enemy."

EXPLANATIONS OF THE DISASTER.

There have been many attempted explanations of this memorable Federal disaster, at the time and since it occurred. General McClellan sought to allay the popular wrath and clamor which it caused throughout the North by a general order, in which he said: "The gallantry and discipline there displayed deserved a more fortunate result; but situated as these troops were—cut off alike from retreat and reinforcements, and attacked by an overwhelming force, 5,000 against 1,700—it was not possible that the issue could have been successful."

A secret service agent named Buxton, who seems to have been

paid to furnish false information, says in one of his reports: "Poor Baker must have been very rash to rush with his small force into the jaws of 7,000 men."

Our own people have always known, and it is beginning to be admitted among fair-minded people everywhere, that the true explanation of the Ball's Bluff disaster, and other brilliant triumphs of Southern arms over largely superior Federal forces, is to be found in the superb prowess of our Southern soldiers and the superior skill of our generals. Generals Johnston and Beauregard availed themselves in congratulatory general orders "to express the confident hope that all of his command, officers and men, by the brilliant achievements of their comrades in arms of the Seventh Brigade, on the 21st instant, will be assured of our ability to cope successfully with the foe arrayed against us, in whatsoever force he may offer battle. * * * After the success of the Seventh Brigade in the conflict of the 21st of October, no odds must discourage or make you doubtful of victory."

Colonel Edwin D. Baker at that time was, perhaps, the most spectacular personage in the land. Like Yancey in the South, he was the most inflammatory orator in the North and the special pet of the extreme abolition wing of the Republican party, which had brought on the war. He had been a member of the House from Illinois and California, and was then a Senator from Oregon. It is said that he appeared in the Senate in his uniform, and when Vice-President Breckinridge had finished his masterly farewell address to that body, seized the occasion to deliver a harangue of great virulence. He had, withal, the courage of his fanatical convictions and thirsted for military glory. Never, perhaps, has the Scripture saying that pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall, been more aptly illustrated than in his case. His fall in front of his skirmish line at Ball's Bluff shocked Washington as Cæsar's fall at the foot of Pompey's statue shocked Rome. His body was taken to the White House, where it lay in state for several days, and the Senate ordered from Rome a statue of heroic size, which is to be seen today in Statuary Hall.

It is now scarcely possible to realize the frenzied state into which the popular mind of the North was thrown by this man's death and defeat. Reason completely lost its sway, and every vestige of conservatism and respect for the Constitution and the guaranteed rights of persons were swept away in the storm. Extreme men

like Wade, Zach Chandler and Sumner, and monsters like Thad. Stevens and Stanton, seized the opportunity to throw aside all semblance of respect for law and inaugurate a despotism of capricious and unbridled power—a veritable “reign of terror.” “The fortresses of the North were stuffed full of men and women, dragged from their homes at midnight or at midday, without warrant or authority or even form of law.”

One result of Ball’s Bluff, or rather of the blind rage generated by it, was the appointment of “The Joint Congressional Committee on the Conduct of the War,” a standing menace to all generals, who would not disgrace the profession of arms by sacrificing their convictions of duty to senseless clamor—which tried and degraded officers upon testimony that would not have been accepted by Dogberry. A victim and scapegoat was needed to appease the popular wrath, and, at the instance of this committee, General Stone became the vicarious sacrifice for Baker’s blunders. He was arrested by order of Stanton about two o’clock one morning in Washington, by a posse of the provost marshal’s force, and sent to Fort Lafayette, and kept in close confinement for six months, with no more knowledge of the charges against him than if he had been a prisoner in the Tower or Bastile.

WHO TO BLAME FOR THE DISASTER.

No one, who studies the battle of Ball’s Bluff, can fail to fix the responsibility for the Federal disaster upon Colonel Baker. He was an orator, not a general; could command “the applause of listening Senates,” but not soldiers upon the field of battle.

“The plain truth is,” said General Stone, in his report, “that this brave and impetuous officer was determined at all hazards to bring on an action, and used the discretion allowed him to do it.”

Without reconnoitering or organizing the boat service, which was ample for orderly crossing, he pushed forward into the fight in total disregard of Stone’s precautionary orders. Like Tarleton at Cowpens, who was in such hot haste to attack Morgan, he violated one of the fundamental rules of battles by placing his reserves very near his front line and within range of Hunton’s muskets, and thereby rendered them useless. There was a time, too, when by a bold rush with all his force he could probably have forced Hunton’s small command from the wooded ridge, which commanded the field

of battle. This would have enabled him, at least, to retreat in good order. He disregarded Stone's order to report frequently, and left the latter unaware of the perilous position of his troops, and thus unable to render assistance. He had conspicuous personal bravery, but in all other qualities of a commander, as shown by this battle, he was totally lacking. General McClellan and the leading officer's of Baker's brigade, including those wounded and captured, cast no reproach on Stone, but their voices were drowned in the prevailing fury. In "McClellan's Own Story," he writes that Stone "was a most charming and amiable gentleman, honest, brave, a good soldier, though occasionally carried away by his chivalrous ideas. He was very unfortunate, and was, as far as possible from meriting the sad fate and cruel treatment he met with."

The same black spirit, which made Stone its victim, later on led to the downfall of McClellan and the displacement of many others of that gallant band of Federal officers supporting him, who had impressed a generous and chivalric spirit on the war, which caused the remark in General Dick Taylor's "Destruction and Reconstruction," that the future historian, in recounting some later operations, will doubt if he is dealing with campaigns of generals or expeditions of brigands." Napoleon, when General Mack capitulated at Ulm, recalling his own chagrin when compelled by Sir Sidney Smith to raise the siege of St. Jean d'Acre, remarked: "How much to be pitied is a general on the day after a lost battle." The pity that was felt in all manly breasts for this brave soldier in misfortune has been changed to respect for his memory and contempt for that of his persecutors.

There were notable men in that famous battle from Massachusetts, Mississippi and Virginia. Colonel Devens was afterwards brevetted Major General, and was Attorney-General under the Hayes administration; Colonel Lee was brevetted Brigadier, and was Attorney-General of his State; Lieutenant Oliver Wendell Holmes, of the Twentieth Massachusetts, who "was shot through chest from side to side, is now a Justice of the Supreme Court, and has delivered some good State Right's decisions; Captain Wm. Francis Bartlett, also of the Twentieth, became a General and lived for a time in Richmond, where he was much respected. Major Paul Revere, Colonel Ward and others also attained distinction. Mississippi sent Barksdale and Featherston to the House of Representatives and

made Captain A. G. Brown, of the Eighteenth, first Governor and then United States Senator.

The gallant Captain Ball, of the Chesterfield Troop, became Colonel of the Fifteenth Virginia Cavalry, and achieved distinction as an officer, and Lieutenant Wooldridge, of the same troop, became Colonel of the Fourth Cavalry, and proved a worthy successor of Wickham, Randolph and Payne, one of the most distinguished cavalry commands in our service, of which our friend Judge Keith, was the adjutant, and there were many others whose names we do not now recall.

And the grand old hero of the battle, General Eppa Hunton, having served his people with marked ability and most faithfully, in the highest offices within their gift, still lives, we rejoice to say, crowned with honors, blessed in fortune and family, and with troops of loving friends.

From the *Times-Dispatch*, June 9, 1906.

COLONEL WILLIAM TODD ROBINS.

A Confederate Hero.

December 11, 1906.

Editor of the Times-Dispatch:

Sir:—You will find accompanying this note a brief sketch of the life and services of Colonel William Todd Robins, which the Magruder Camp of Confederate Veterans requested me to enclose you for publication in the Confederate column.

Very truly yours,

MARYUS JONES.

WILLIAM TODD ROBINS.

The ranks of the veterans of the great war between the States are thinning with fearful rapidity. The Confederate veterans have illustrated, no less in the peaceful avocations of life than on the battlefield, that heroism which astonished the world. When the end came and all hope seemed crushed, they returned to their desolated homes, and by patient industry built up the waste places. They had no government to pension them. The same men who, amid screaming shells and hissing bullets, had carried the banner of constitutional freedom to so many victories, went to the peaceful pursuits of life with such indomitable patience and quiet industry, that ere a generation had passed their beloved Southland began to bloom and blossom like the rose. As we contemplate the heroic lives and the honored graves of such men we can say—

“On fame’s eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.”

Among these heroic men, William Todd Robins bore no inconspicuous part. Born at the home of his maternal grandfather in the county of King and Queen, on the 22d day of November, 1835, he was in his twenty-sixth year when the War between the States

began. His father was Augustine Warner Robins, of Gloucester county, Va. He was a lineal descendant of John Robins, who came to Virginia in 1622. This John Robins was a member of the House of Burgesses in 1646. In 1642 there had been patented to him 3,000 acres of land in Gloucester county. The peninsula between the Ware and Severn Rivers is still known as "Robins' Neck." Augustine Warner Robins at one time represented Gloucester in the Legislature. The mother of the subject of this sketch was from King and Queen county, and died at his birth. He was reared at the old Robins homestead, "Level Green," in Gloucester, by his grandfather, William Robins.

When the first tocsin of war sounded in 1861, William Todd Robins enlisted as a private soldier in the Lee Rangers—a cavalry company recruited by W. H. F. Lee, who was its first captain. The company was attached to the Ninth Regiment of the Virginia Cavalry, of which Captain Lee became the Colonel. In January, 1862, William Todd Robins was made sergeant-major of the regiment. In April, 1862, he became its adjutant, with the rank of first lieutenant. In October, 1862, he was made assistant adjutant-general and chief of staff of Brigadier-General W. H. F. Lee, with the rank of captain. In August, 1863, he was made the commander of the Forty-eighth Battalion of Virginia Cavalry, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and in January, 1864, he was made the colonel of the Twenty-fourth Regiment of Virginia Cavalry. Colonel Robins had eight horses shot under him in battle, and was wounded three times. He was riding by the side of Captain Latane when he (Latané) was killed.

In his report of the celebrated ride around McClellan's army, Colonel Lee says: "I should like to call your attention to the conduct of my adjutant, Lieutenant W. T. Robins, who conducted in a very handsome manner the advance of my regiment when it was in front, and the rear when it was in the rear. He was also in both of the charges." General Stuart, in his report, says: "The regiment in front was the Ninth Virginia Cavalry (Colonel W. H. F. Lee), whose advance guard, entrusted to the command of the adjutant (Lieutenant Robins) did admirable service. Lieutenant Robins handled it in the most skilful manner, managing to clear the way for the march with little delay, and infusing by a sudden dash at a picket such wholesome terror that it never paused to take

a second look. On, on, dashed Robins—here skirting a field, there leaping a fence or ditch and clearing the woods beyond. First-Lieutenant W. T. Robins, adjutant of the Ninth Virginia Cavalry, would be a valuable addition to the regular army.’’

In the famous charge at Samaria Church, on the 24th of June, 1864, Colonel Robins was wounded. It was there that, with eight companies from the Twenty-fourth Regiment, dismounted from their horses, he led a charge on the enemy, heavily entrenched in a pine woods. The entrenchments were scaled and the enemy driven out. A captain in the Federal army told the writer that a division of men were behind those entrenchments. If Colonel Robins’ modesty had not equaled his valor, that charge would have immortalized him. He took it merely as a matter of course. The writer served with Colonel Robins, and can testify of his own knowledge of his gallantry and devotion.

He was twice married, first to Miss Martha Smith, of Gloucester, a niece of Mr. Alexander Seddon, and second, to Miss Sally Berkeley Nelson, also of Gloucester.

About twelve years ago Colonel Robins moved from Gloucester to Richmond, where he died on the 28th day of October, 1906. He left a widow and six children.

His body was carried to Gloucester for interment. He had requested that there should be no display at his funeral, but that his coffin should be wrapped in the Confederate flag. His wishes were respected. The crowd that met the body at the steamer attested the affection his people bore him. Tenderly his comrades laid the body of the old hero to rest to await the resurrection morn.

ROLL OF BRAVE MEN.

Company I, Thirteenth Regiment of Virginia Cavalry.

The following is a list of the organization of Company I, of the Thirteenth Virginia Cavalry, May 14, 1861:

OFFICERS.

Patrick H. Lee, captain; J. B. Brewer, first lieutenant; Washington Riddick, second lieutenant; W. C. Smith, third lieutenant; Alexander Savage, first sergeant, promoted to first lieutenant, captain and colonel of regiment; Thomas I. Kilby, second sergeant; Charles Rawles, third sergeant; Timothy E. Langstun, fourth sergeant; J. E. Rawles, first corporal; Robert C. Daughtrey, second corporal; Charles B. Milteer, third corporal.

PRIVATES.

B. A. Armistead, promoted to first sergeant; Nathaniel Babb, Samuel Brittain, Calvin Brittain, George W. Brittain, R. H. Brinkley, promoted to corporal; J. E. Bembery, W. T. Bacus, J. W. Clarke, E. T. Cross, Charles T. Cross, F. M. Capps, John Cartwright, Hugh Collins, E. T. Collins, H. D. Cowper, R. B. Cox, James Carr, D. P. Daughtrey, T. G. Daughtrey, Jacob H. Daughtrey, J. J. Daughtrey, J. A. Doughtie, Robert Darden, Jethro Darden, R. R. Darden, E. H. Darden, E. Dunford, V. Dunford, R. L. M. Everett, Charles Everett, I. Edwards, Miles Elliott, R. S. Eley, promoted to first lieutenant; H. Eley, Joseph Freeman, John L. Fulgham, R. B. Freeman, J. M. Goodwin, Thomas Harrell, J. H. Harrell, D. C. Harrell, Frank Holland, Joel P. Holland, Wash. Holland, F. W. Hunter, W. S. Hunter, J. D. House, Dempsey Jones, W. A. Jones, J. E. Kelly, promoted to second lieutenant; E. P. Kelly, John Knight, A. U. Kilby, J. H. Keeling, J. W. King, Dempsey Langstun, Samuel Leanoir, E. E. Lee, A. T. Lee, T. J. Lee, W. J. Lee, G. W. Langstun, John S. Milteer, Frank Morris, Dr. J. F. Mitchell, promoted to third lieutenant;

Alex. Norfleet, Justin Norfleet, John Oberry, James E. Oberry, Jesse Oberry, Paul Palmer, Benjamin Palmer, J. T. Parker, of Willis; Charles B. Parker, A. I. Parker, J. T. Parker, of C.; James A. Phelps, J. B. Porter, W. H. Porter, John Poyner, Frank Pierce, Jackson Rawls, Elisha Rawls, of A.; James Rodgers, William D. Rodgers, Asa Rodgers, Robert Riddick, Richard T. Riddick, Charles Riddick, Miles E. Riddick, Samuel Sneed, T. P. Savage, Samuel Simpson, C. E. Sumner, Dempsey Sumner, C. C. Swett, R. R. Smith, H. E. Smith, J. C. Savage, J. Newton Smith, promoted to first sergeant; J. A. Turrentine, N. R. Wilkerson, James Woodward, G. W. Whitley, Alpheus Wilson.

Of the above roll, only the following survive: Captain Patrick H. Lee, Colonel Alexander Savage, Corporal R. C. Daughtrey; Privates Nathaniel Babb, Charles T. Cross, John Cartwright, Hugh and E. T. Collins, D. P., T. G. and Jacob H. Daughtrey, J. A. Doughtie, E. H. Darden, H. Eley, G. M. Goodwin, Thomas Harrell, Joel P. Holland, J. D. House, W. J. Lee, Wm. F. and J. N. Milteer, James E. and Jesse Oberry, Paul and Benjamin Palmer, Charles B. and A. I. Parker, J. B. and W. H. Porter, Jackson Rawls, B. R. and H. E. Smith, J. A. Turrentine, and N. R. Wilkerson.

From the *Times-Dispatch*, November 4, 1906.

FAMOUS RETREAT FROM PHILIPPI.

One of the Early Battles of the War Fought Under
Serious Disadvantages.

Confederates Unprepared — Strange Views of General
McClellan and His Idea of Uncivilized Warfare.

BY JOHN A. McNEEL.

At this time and place the very first collision of arms between the Northern and Southern forces on Virginia soil occurred. Here the first blood on Virginia soil of the four years of the great civil war was spilled. The writer has never seen an accurate and full account of the first meeting of the two armies in Virginia, that were afterwards to engage in the death struggle of the next four years, and now, after the lapse of more than forty-five years, takes upon himself the duty of writing an impartial account of the occurrence of an event that was considered a great victory for the North and a greater defeat for the South.

In order to form a correct opinion of the facts related, we must, first, locate the town of Philippi, describe and give the attendant circumstances of each army, as well as discuss the peculiar political conditions that existed in Virginia at that time. Under the alarming political conditions of the country, the Hon. John Letcher, as Governor of Virginia, by proclamation, convened the Legislature of Virginia in extraordinary session on the 7th day of January, 1861.

This Legislature, almost immediately on its assembling, passed an act calling for a State convention to express the sovereign will of the people of Virginia upon their Federal relations.

By this act the members to the convention were to be elected on the 4th day of February, proximo, and to meet in convention on the 13th day of the same month, in the city of Richmond.

The members were elected, and the convention met at the time and place appointed, the whole number of the members being one hundred and fifty-two.

REMARKABLE BODY.

As the list of the names of this convention will show, it was a very remarkable body of men, and in every respect worthy of the trust that the people of Virginia had confided in them.

The political sentiments of the Virginia Convention of 1861, on its assembling, were strongly Union, and this was the true reflection of the feelings of the people of Virginia at that time; but events were occurring outside of the State of Virginia, over which the Virginia people had no control, that were calculated to destroy the peace of the country.

By this last remark special reference is made to the increased manufacture of arms and munitions of war by the Northern States, and the threatening attitude of the National Government towards the seceded States.

Abraham Lincoln had been elected President of the United States in the fall of 1860, and on the 4th of March, 1861, was inducted into office. His inaugural address on this occasion greatly excited the Virginia people, and the convention appointed three eminent men to confer with Mr. Lincoln at Washington in regard to his intentions towards the seceded States.

To this commission no satisfactory reply had been made, when events that were occurring at Fort Sumter, S. C., engrossed the public attention.

On the 12th day of April, 1861, the garrison at Fort Sumter surrendered to General Beauregard, commanding the Confederate forces.

LINCOLN'S PROCLAMATION.

Three days after this event—viz., on the 15th day of April—Mr. Lincoln issued his first warlike proclamation, calling upon all of the States that had not seceded to furnish 75,000 troops to coerce the seceded States.

Under this proclamation Virginia was to furnish three regiments of the 75,000 men.

The answer to this call for troops to coerce the Southern States, on the part of Virginia, through her assembled convention, was given two days afterwards, on the 17th day of April, by the passage of the "ordinance of secession."

The vote in convention stood 88 "for" and 55 "against" secession.

The convention, after the passage of the ordinance of secession, adopted a resolution agreeing to submit the ordinance to the popular vote of the State on the fourth Thursday of May following, and after conditionally adopting the Provisional Constitution of the seceded States, which condition depended upon the "ratification" or "rejection" of the secession ordinance, adjourned to meet on the 1st day of June, proximo.

Two days after the passage of this ordinance Mr. Lincoln issued his second war proclamation, the tenor of which was an open declaration of war against the seceded States, a blockade of the seaports of these States, and declaring any act on the part of these States on the high seas to be piracy.

Such was the status of political affairs in Virginia in April, 1861.

Prior to this time the conservative leaders of the State of thought and action had earnestly hoped and, nay, even fervently prayed that all national troubles might be amicably settled.

So thoroughly were people of Virginia of this opinion that practically no preparations for war had been made, and when the events that have just been narrated occurred in such rapid succession, and "the pen naturally yielded to the sword," and the whole country was precipitated into war, the State of Virginia was totally unprepared for war, and many a volunteer company, when the first call was made by the Governor, started to the border of the State without a single gun.

And while this was literally true of Virginia, it was not the case with the Northern or Western States. Even after the John Brown raid on Harper's Ferry there had been an increased manufacture of arms and munitions of war in these States, and when the spring of 1861 dawned the Northern people were ready for the war. Their time, as the record now shows, was not taken up in discussing "peace resolutions" or "peace measures," but, with dogged persistence, had been preparing for

war. In support of this last statement of facts the writer offers as evidence the correspondence between Gen. George B. McClellan, as commander-in-chief of Ohio volunteers, with his headquarters at Cincinnati, and Gen. Winfield Scott, as commander-in-chief of the Federal army, with his headquarters at Washington City. (See "War of Rebellion," Vol. LI., Series I., Part I., Supplement).

MCCLELLAN'S PLANS.

On the 23d day of April, 1861, from Columbus, Ohio (see page 333 of above history), General McClellan writes General Scott a long letter, informing General Scott that he (McClellan) had been appointed by the Governor of Ohio as commander-in-chief of Ohio volunteers, and as such commanding the Ohio Valley.

This correspondence is kept up at a brisk rate until the 29th day of May, the greater part of which is from General McClellan. During these thirty-six days General McClellan discloses all of his war plans on the border States of Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee.

McClellan intimates to General Scott that he wanted to control all the territory from Cumberland, Md., to Memphis, Tenn. His plans were of an immediate invasion. General Scott, opposed this, thinking that the best way to coerce the States was to take the Ohio and Mississippi rivers by a system of gunboats, and blockade the seaports of all the Southern States effectually, and not invade at that time the Southern States and thereby "evade the useless effusion of blood," as he puts it. So much to the credit of General Scott.

In the correspondence referred to General McClellan manifests how anxious he was personally to invade Virginia and the means he was then using to discover the political feelings of the border Southern States.

In this correspondence General McClellan has written the story of his own life and no biographer at this day can alter or change what General McClellan has fixed. He questions the propriety of the use of some of the means he was using to ascertain the domestic relations of the Southern States, and in one of these letters (see page 384) he uses the following language in

description of the political condition of the counties of Western Tennessee:

"I am told that there is much excitement among the negroes there, who, in their private talks, have gone so far as to select their white wives."

And still, General McClellan was devoting all his talent and energy (as the correspondence shows) to bring about the very state of affairs that would enable these poor, deluded negroes to accomplish their unrighteous purposes. And since General McClellan planned and executed the first formidable invasion of Virginia, it is meet to give more than a passing notice to his character.

General McClellan was born and reared in the North, and was educated at West Point Military Academy. He had seen service as a soldier in the Mexican war, and was in the United States army in 1861, at which time he was in the prime of life

From his letters to General Scott and the War Department he shows a wonderful knowledge of the art of war. He does not hesitate at the use of any means that would subserve his purpose, and the only standard set up by him was "success." The record shows that immediately after his appointment as major-general he established the large camps just in the rear of Cincinnati, and named them Forts Harrison and Dennison, and with the help of Governors Dennison of Ohio, Yates of Illinois and Morton of Indiana, that he assembled at these two forts more than forty full regiments that were thoroughly drilled and in every way equipped to take the field by the 27th day of May, when the invasion of Virginia from the Ohio frontier began; and this vast preparation that had been made since the 23d day of April is a clear proof of the wonderful power of General McClellan as an organizer of troops.

These troops were conveyed over the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, some from Wheeling, but the greater part from Parkersburg, and at the little town of Philippi, the county seat of Barbour county, twelve miles south of the Parkersburg branch of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, on the third day of June, 1861, is where the van of General McClellan's vast army first struck the Provisional forces of Virginia, under Colonel Porterfield.

General McClellan (from his letters) knew all about the "weak rebel force," as he called the Virginia troops, and of their lack of arms and otherwise unfortunate condition he was going to take advantage.

HIS INSTRUCTIONS.

In a letter of May 29th, of general instruction, to General T. A. Morris, of the Indiana volunteers, who had command of eight full regiments of the van of General McClellan's army, General McClellan uses the following language (see page 394): "If traitors fall into your hands, deal summarily with them. In aggravated cases bring them before a court martial; in ordinary cases either keep them under guard or send them to the Columbus penitentiary, as circumstances may render expedient." Such was the animus that accompanied this vast army with which General McClellan invaded the northwestern part of Virginia, and so great and so aggressive was this army of invasion that a part of it reached the top of Cheat Mountain, between Randolph and Pocahontas counties, a distance of more than one hundred and fifty miles from Parkersburg, before the Confederates could bring a sufficient force against it to stop it. So much for the plans and movements of the Federal army.

And now before locating the town of Philippi and describing the Confederate forces, the writer desires to say he has before him three diaries that were kept by two enlisted soldiers and one by a Presbyterian minister, who accompanied this "Provisional Army" as a volunteer chaplain.

The minister is still living, in the person of the Rev. William T. Price, D. D., of the new town of Marlinton, of Pocahontas county, W. Va., on the Greenbrier division of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad. In the spring of 1861 Dr. Price was a young preacher, supplying the congregations of McDowell and Williamsville Churches, in Highland county, Va., and when Captain Felix H. Hull, of that county, with his company of volunteers, was ordered to Grafton by Governor Letcher Mr. Price desired to accompany the soldiers, and at his special request the two congregations voted him a leave of absence to go to Grafton.

At this time he was the only preacher to accompany any of

the volunteer companies as a chaplain. Dr. Price kept a faithful diary, beginning on the 18th day of May, 1861, until about the 20th of June, recording every day each day's events. Of the two soldiers referred to who kept diaries of the "On to Grafton" campaign, one was a Mr. Osborne Wilsero, and the other a Mr. Charles Lewis Campbell. Both of these gentlemen were members of Captain Hull's company, as both were born and reared in Highland county, Va. These gentlemen were still living at the last account, one a citizen of his native county, in Virginia, and the other a citizen of the State of California. The three diaries referred to have been compiled and published in booklet form by Dr. Price, for which act alone the name of Dr. Price should be held in grateful remembrance by Virginia people.

CIRCUMSTANCES OF DISASTER.

The writer further desires to say that he has in his possession letters that were written at the time of this Philippi disaster by intelligent Southern men, detailing all the attendant circumstances, and with all this record of facts, in connection with his individual knowledge, which peculiar environments allowed him to obtain at the time, he feels amply able to tell the story from a Southern standpoint.

Prior to the passage of the ordinance of secession by the convention, the Legislature of Virginia passed an act providing for the raising of 20,000 troops for the protection of the State against armed invasion, and after the adjournment of the convention Governor Letcher began ordering the volunteer companies to various points on the border of the State. In Northwestern Virginia the order was for all volunteer companies to rendezvous at Grafton, and hence the cry arose among the young soldiers, "On to Grafton." The town of Grafton, then, as now, was in Taylor county, Va., (now West Virginia), on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and at the junction of what was then the Parkersburg branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

The town of Grafton in 1861 was a new railroad town, and owed its existence entirely to the building of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, the main line of which, a distance of 379 miles, between the cities of Baltimore and Wheeling, had been com-

pleted in the year of 1853. The "Parkersburg branch," a distance of 101 miles from Grafton to Parkersburg, had been completed about two years later. And, in passing, the writer desires to say that when General McClellan heard that Governor Letcher had ordered the State troops to rendezvous at Grafton it greatly excited him.

At that time the people of the State of Ohio looked upon the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad as their own special property, and were exceedingly jealous of the exercise of any rights over this corporation, and the subsequent events show that the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was one of the most effectual means in the hands of the Lincoln government for the subjugation of the Southern States.

PORTERFIELD GIVEN COMMAND.

Colonel Geo. A. Porterfield, from the Virginia Military Institute was sent by Governor Letcher to take command of all State troops at Grafton. On Friday, the 31st day of May, Dr. Price makes this entry: "I met Colonel Porterfield, and was invited to take tea with him at his quarters, and I found him a very intelligent and affable gentleman." * * "Colonel Porterfield spoke rather despondently of the unprepared condition of Virginia to meet invasion successfully. He regretted very much the lack of order, preparation and discipline among the troops now at the front, but he hoped all might come right after while." On the 30th day of May, Mr. Wilson makes this entry: "Our head officer is a tall, slender young man, with red, curly hair, no whiskers, dark eyes, and good looking, especially his face. He was in company with another officer, whose uniform is a blue coat, blue pants, stick cap. His complexion fair, light hair and eyes, rather heavy beard."

Such is the personal description of Colonel Porterfield by two of the writers of the diaries at that time.

From Staunton, Va., to Grafton, over the turnpike roads, it is a distance of 143 miles. The first 112 miles is over the "Staunton and Parkersburg pike," when you reach Beverley, that was the county seat of Randolph county. There you take Philippi pike, and you reach Philippi, the county seat of Barbour county, at a distance of thirty-one miles, and from Philippi to

Grafton, over the Fitterman pike it is eighteen miles to Grafton. All of these roads were made by the State of Virginia prior to the year of 1861, under what was known as the "internal improvement system of Virginia," and were broad, well-graded turnpikes.

The State troops that were included in Governor Letcher's order to rendezvous at Grafton were known as the "Provisional Army," and this title had been acquired by the fact that Virginia, through her convention, had adopted conditionally the "Provisional Constitution" of the seceded States. The following is a list of the companies and their captains that were ordered to Grafton, and were in the Philippi route or retreat:

One company of cavalry from Greenbrier county, under Capt. Robert Moorman.

Two companies from Pocahontas county—one company of cavalry, under Capt. Andrew McNeil, and one company of infantry, under Capt. Daniel Stofer.

One company of cavalry from Bath county, under Capt. Arch Richards.

One company of cavalry from Rockbridge county, Capt. John Rice McNutt.

One company of cavalry from Augusta county, under Capt. Frank Sterrett.

One company of infantry, under Capt. Felix Hull, from Highland county.

Two companies of infantry from Pendleton county—one under Captain Anderson and the other under Captain Moorman:

Two companies from Barbour county—one under Captain Reger and the other under a Captain Strums.

One company from Upshur county, under Captain Higginbotham.

And all other volunteer forces as far west as the city of Wheeling were required to report at Grafton, but the diaries show that probably not more than half of the companies that have been enumerated did reach Grafton. The record shows that a few hundred of Colonel Porterfield's forces did reach Grafton from the 25th to the 28th days of May, when a report came from Ohio of this big army of McClellan's coming on the

Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, when Colonel Porterfield ordered a retreat to Philippi. This retreat was made in good order.

ASLEEP WHEN ATTACKED.

Colonel Porterfield remained at Philippi until the 3d morning of June, when, just at the break of day, the Federals opened on him and his little army with all the artillery that was available on this occasion.

The Confederates were all asleep apparently when the artillery began to fire. To oppose McClellan's vast host Colonel Porterfield had probably, all told, twelve hundred men, that were poorly armed and equipped for service.

The attacking army was fully 10,000 men, that were armed and equipped in the very best possible condition, under the command of General T. A. Morris, of the Indiana volunteers. The attack of infantry was led by Col. B. F. Kelly in person, and had it not been for the timely shooting of Colonel Kelly by John W. Sheffee, a member of Capt. Hull's company, in the streets of Philippi, as the Colonel was leading the charge on the routed Virginians, a greater part of the latter would have been captured.

Captain Hull's company was in the rear of the Virginians, and young Sheffee took dead aim at Colonel Kelly, and when the gun cracked he, with great glee, came jumping forward to his companions, and exclaimed, "Sergeant, I have done it!" "Done what?" "I flopped that big fellow from his horse that was coming after us so savage." Sheffee was a green mountain boy, but knew how to shoot, and when Colonel Kelly came wallop to the ground all effort to pursue the Virginians just then stopped, and this break in the charge gave them time to get together and defend themselves.

This Col. B. F. Kelly is the same man who became a major-general in the Federal army, and was captured the last winter of the war in Cumberland City, Md., by Jesse McNeil. Major-General George Crook was captured at the same time by McNeil.

TELLS OF THE ATTACK.

From Dr. Price's diary the following explanation is given of the attack on Philippi:

Saturday was the first day of June, 1861. On the second day of June there was an open-air preaching service for the Virginia soldiers in Philippi. At the conclusion of the service two young ladies, a Miss Mollie Kerr and a Miss Mollie McLeod, rode hurriedly into Philippi on horseback, and asked at once to be shown to Col. Porterfield's headquarters. These young ladies by some means had come in possession of the plans of the Northern generals, and knew when the attack was to be made on the Virginians.

The homes of these young ladies were down near Fairmount, and on Saturday by some means they had discovered the plans of the Federals, and under trying circumstances on Sunday had come to Philippi to tell Col. Porterfield that the plan was either to attack him Sunday night or Monday morning. Col. Porterfield at once gave the order to be ready to march at 5 o'clock P. M., and Dr. Price here narrates: "When the troops were promptly in marching order Sunday evening, June 2, 1861, instructions were given to eat supper and await further orders. The officers in charge of the pickets and scouts were directed to bring all in by midnight, and if it was not raining the march to Beverley would begin. The scouts reported at 12 o'clock and the pickets were withdrawn, and so from midnight on neither videttes nor pickets were on duty.

"It was raining in torrents, and Captain Sterrett, of the Churchville Cavalry, had supposed, from the character of the instructions received by him, that it was his duty to await further orders, and so did Captain Stofer, officer in charge of the pickets.

"In the meantime the Union troops were advancing unobserved and unmolested, and prepared for the attack at dawn. The first intimation the Virginians had of the Union men's approach was the firing of artillery from an eminence beyond the bridge on the opposite side of the river from the cavalry camp.

"It appeared that the Unionist had adopted this plan of as-

sault; Philippi was to be approached at the north end by two divisions, while a flanking detachment was to enter by the southern road simultaneously, cutting off all retreat.

BROUGHT ABOUT CONFUSION.

"It seemed to have been intended that the attack should be brought on by the infantry upon the sleeping soldiers, followed up by the artillery opening on the cavalry camp at the northern limits of the town. Had this plan of battle been carried out, the Virginians would have all been slain or captured. Through a very manifest Providence interposing, as the writer views it, confusion was brought upon the designs of the Unionists by the assault opening with the artillery. This gave the sleeping Virginians time to leave town before the infantry could cut off retreat.

"The flanking party of the Unionists came into position just as the last of the Virginians were passing out of the town on the southern road.

"On the part of the Virginians not a life was reported as lost. Two or three were seriously wounded—Leroy Dangerfield, of the Bath Cavalry, and Private Hanger, of the Churchville Cavalry.

"The Unionists had their commanding officer, Col. B. F. Kelley, severely wounded near the southern extremity of the town, and as soon as that occurred all pursuit seemed to have ceased."

Such is Dr. Price's account of the Philippi disaster. It is well to note that he was not an eye-witness, but was some miles in the rear, but near enough to hear the firing of the guns, and in a little while the fleeing Virginians came rushing by. On the 3rd of June, 1861, Mr. Wilson makes the note that he was waked-up at 3 o'clock that morning, and put on guard duty, and just at daylight he saw the flash of the artillery fire directed at the cavalry camp when all was thrown into confusion and retreat ordered.

The artillery was charged with solid shot, and Young Hanger's leg was cut off with a cannon ball. Mr. Hanger survived

this, and is still living, and since the Civil War has been the manufacturer of wooden limbs. Leroy Dangerfield got well of his wound, and made a brilliant record as a Confederate soldier in the Eleventh Virginia Cavalry, captain of a company. Captain Dangerfield died a few years ago.

VIRGINIANS' HEAVY LOSSES.

The record shows that the Virginians lost all of their baggage and camp equipage, and fully one-half of their arms, and the little army was scattered to the four winds, but, after many privations, got together again, and presented another front on "Laurel Hill," where they were again outflanked and put to flight. Prior to the Philippi disaster the whole of western Virginia was in a greatly excited condition, and the mental suffering was intense; but now the sufferings became real, and war, with all of its horrors, was spread over the country.

All of Northwestern Virginia, as far south as Randolph county, had to be abandoned to the Federals, and this was very disheartening to the Southern sympathizers.

The bold dash of the Federals, under General McClellan, into Northwest Virginia, led to the assembling of a mighty army under General Robert E. Lee in Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties the summer of 1861, but General Lee and General McClellan never confronted each other in Western Virginia as commanders of opposing armies. General Lee did not reach Huntersville until the 3d day of August, 1861 (see *Recollections and Letters of R. E. Lee*, by Robert E. Lee, Jr., page 38, and did not reach his headquarters at Valley Mountain until three days later (see same book).

General McClellan at this time was in command of the Army of the Potomac, which he assumed on the 27th day of July (see *History of the War of Rebellion*, referred to, page 428); when General McClellan issues his first order as commander-in-chief of that army.

The great battle of Bull Run, or First Manassas, had been fought on the 21st day of July 1861, and the Confederates had gained a signal victory, and General McDowell's defeated and

disorganized army was hurled back to Washington, and Mr. Lincoln and his Cabinet had sent to Randolph county with all haste for General McClellan, and when he reached Washington he was hailed as Napoleon, and Mr. Lincoln would jocularly tell his dishearted friends to "wait and see what little Mac would do." Poor Lincoln! He never seemed to have realized what sorrow, what bloodshed, and what suffering he was causing the country by his acts, and the levity with which he was accustomed to treat all questions touching the war must ever render his character contemptible in that respect.

From the *Times-Dispatch*, September 2, 1906.

THE IMBODEN RAID AND ITS EFFECTS.

Interesting Review of this Important Military Expedition.

Steady March Unbroken—Important Town of Beverley
Captured Without a Soldier Being Killed.

What is known in war parlance as the "Imboden Raid" occurred in the spring of 1863, beginning the latter part of April and winding up before the month of May had expired.

This was in some respects the most important military expedition that was planned and executed by the Confederate authorities within the scope of the Virginia campaign; still little is known by the Virginia people of the "Imboden Raid."

The Confederate soldiers who were on this expedition were almost entirely Western Virginia men, and, when the authorities had determined on the raid, these men were sought, far and near, because of their knowledge of the country, the people and the army posts kept up by the Federals in Western Virginia. Another thing: Many of these men had been absent from their homes and friends two long years, and the authorities knew their great anxiety to return to their homes, for which they still cherished the dearest memories.

The Twenty-fifth and Thirty-first Regiments of Virginia Infantry were withdrawn from General Lee's army a few days before the battle of Chancellorsville and allowed to accompany this expedition. These two regiments belonged to General Early's old brigade, and this was the first time they had been separated from General Jackson since they had been made a part of his division.

The man who planned and did more to execute the "Imboden Raid" than any other one person was William L. Jackson, who became a brigadier of the Confederate Army before the close of the Civil War. After the "Phillipi Retreat" William L. Jackson was made colonel of the Thirty-first Virginia

Regiment, an office that he held up to the reorganization of the army in the spring of 1862, at which time he became a member of Stonewall Jackson's staff, a position that he retained up to the spring of 1863. William L. Jackson was born and reared in Lewis county, Va., (now West Virginia), and was a first cousin of Thomas Jonathan Jackson, better known as "Stonewall." He was a lawyer by profession, and in the year 1859 was elected circuit judge of the Twenty-first Judicial District of Virginia, that was composed of the counties of Taylor, Preston, Upshur, Harrison, Barbour, Tucker, Randolph and Marion, and was known at the beginning of the war of 1861 as Judge Jackson, and at this time was the most widely known, as well as the most popular man in all that part of Virginia.

Before beginning the story of the "Imboden Raid," in order to have a proper understanding of the whole affair, it is necessary to give an epitomized history of military events that had preceded the year of 1863. A great part of the hard fighting of the Civil War was done in the campaign of 1862, and although the way matters looked at the beginning of that year, as being very unfavorable to the Confederates, yet before the close of that year some of the most brilliant victories of the war had been gained by the Confederates.

WHAT HAD BEEN DONE.

In the year 1862 a dry summer and fall had prevailed and dry weather is an indispensable requisite for active military operations. To recount, before the close of that year, Stonewall Jackson had made his splendid Valley Campaign including the battle of McDowell, the Seven Days' battles around Richmond had been fought and won; not long thereafter the battle of Cedar Run, and very soon thereafter the battles of Thoroughfare Gap and the Second Manassas where and when General John Pope hurriedly left his headquarters, that had been in the saddle. Later, north of the Potomac; the battle of Sharpsburg was fought when General McClellan went down in defeat the last time. This was more than the "flesh and blood" of which Mr. Lincoln and his Cabinet were made, could stand;

and poor McClellan, although a man of fine war talent, and having exerted that talent with every power of his nature in behalf of his government, was bound to go, and not long thereafter was relieved of his command and retired in disgrace to private life. Just one year before the Northern people, with tongue and pen, had compared him to the great Napoleon. Then it was Ambrose Burnside was put in command of the Army of the Potomac.

A man whose zeal and ambition were consuming him, and in his rash efforts to do what neither of his predecessors had been able to do, General Halleck, his chief at Washington, telegraphs him on the 10th day of December, 1862 (see War of Rebellion, Series I., Vol. LI., Part I, supplement page 955), "I beg of you not to telegraph details of your plans, nor the times of your intended movements. No secret can be kept which passes through so many hands." Nevertheless, three days after the date of this dispatch, General Burnside did fight the great battle of Fredericksburg, where he was overwhelmingly defeated. The United States Congress that was in session when this battle was fought, held a long investigation to find out the causes of General Burnside's failure, and the readers of this paper, who desire to know the causes that conspired to defeat General Ambrose Burnside at Fredericksburg on the 13th day of December, 1862, should get the Congressional Record of that year, suffice it to say here, that the special committee to whom the case had been referred did find a scapegoat on the 6th day of April, 1863, in the person of Major-General William B. Franklin, who bore away, to the wilderness the sin of the defeat, (see same Vol., page 1019).

Then "all was quiet along the Potomac"—in fact, the signal defeat of General Burnside greatly enhanced the significance of the oft-repeated war-song, "All is Quiet Along the Potomac," and such was the status of events with General Lee's army until April, 1863.

In the spring of 1862 the Confederates abandoned all Virginia territory west of the Alleghanies, which was immediately occupied by the advancing Federals, and the war records of the early part of that year bristle with the dispatches of Gen-

erals Robert Houston Milroy, George Crook and Colonel Rutherford B. Hayes, telling of their wonderful adventures, all of which were successful from their standpoint. General Milroy advanced over the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike and succeeded in penetrating the State as far east as McDowell, in Highland county. General Crook got as far east as Lewisburg, in Greenbrier county, and Colonel Hayes reached Pearisburg, in Giles county. Colonel Hayes was in command of the famous Twenty-third Ohio Regiment, and the dozen or more dispatches sent back by him on that expedition are to this day a remarkable revelation, and the greatest mystery is, that Rutherford B. Hayes, as President of the United States, should put his name, on the 16th day of June, 1880, to an act of Congress, making appropriations for the publication of what is so prejudicial to his own character as an honest and upright man. There were no rebels in sight on this expedition, and the colonel was happy.

The only thing that troubled him was the "Captured Stuff," as he styles it, this he continually refers to in his dispatches as the only trouble. There was no trouble to whip the enemy, but the "Captured Stuff," he really did not have a sufficient number of men to care for. From the dispatches, this "Captured Stuff" consisted of horses, mules, oxen and milk cows, and what little hay and grain the already impoverished farmers had on hand in the spring of the year of 1862. As late as the 8th day of May, 1862, from Pearisburg he sends a dispatch (see same Vol. 609) to Colonel E. P. Scammon, commanding brigade in which he says, "This is a lovely spot, a fine, clean village, most beautiful and romantic surrounding country, polite and educated 'secesh' people. It is the spot to organize our brigade." The writer would love to give this whole dispatch to his readers. It is a gushing affair. The Colonel was evidently under the influence of balmy spring when he wrote this dispatch, but it is too long to be inserted here.

PROSPERITY SHORT LIVED.

Colonel Hayes' prosperity, however, was short lived, as the very next day he informs his brigade commander by dispatch of the 9th (see same volume, page 611) of May, "Sir, you will

have to hurry forward reinforcements rapidly— as rapidly as possible to prevent trouble here,” and with a postscript adds: “A party on the other side of the river is firing on our men, collecting forage and provisions.”

This is the very last of Colonel Hayes' dispatches on that expedition, and the light of his pen flickers and goes out, and no doubt the Colonel and his men for the next few days were engaged in business that forbade much writing. What happened to General Milroy at the village of McDowell on the 8th day of May, of the same year, has long been a matter of public history—an event the old, grizzled Confederate soldiers yet love to commemorate. The jolt Stonewall Jackson gave him on that memorable day so completely knocked the wind out of him that he never had any luck afterwards as a military man. From this man's own pen, his character, too, is a remarkable revelation. Somebody in the village of McDowell, where he had his headquarters, a few days before the battle, had cut his saddle to pieces, and he, thereupon, had arrested some twenty or more of the most prominent old men of the country and brought to his headquarters upon the charge of being rebel sympathizers, but the real offense was the mutilation of his saddle, and at the trial the fact was developed that he believed Jefferson Davis had connived at the destruction of his saddle.

General Milroy was a foreigner by birth, and when relieved of his command, and under military arrest for allowing his whole brigade being gobbled up, he wrote Mr. Lincoln on the 13th of September, 1863 (see same Vol., page 1087), a long and most pitiful letter, in which he says: “If this cannot be granted, I would for many reasons desire a command in Texas. I have traveled through and resided there for a time, and became a naturalized citizen there before the annexation. I would be greatly pleased to help avenge the terrible wrongs of the Union citizens on the monsters there, and desire to be down there when the rebellion ends, to be ready to pitch into the French in Mexico;” and from this letter we see, altho' his wind and luck were gone, his zeal for war was still consuming him. Gen. Geo. Crook met with better fortune at Lewisburg, when on the 23d day of May, 1862, he partially defeated the Confederate General Heth, but that country became too hot for him,

and he, too, retreated towards the Ohio River, and finally wound up his West Virginia campaign the winter of 1864-'5 at Cumberland City, Maryland, by accepting unconditionally and jointly with General Benjamin Franklin Kelly an invitation on the part of Jessie McNeil to accompany him to Richmond, Virginia.

What Confederate soldier is now living who was permitted to see the sight of two major-generals of the Federal army dressed out in full uniform, covered with medals of honor, mounted on two old poor, lanky Confederate mules, each caparisoned with a blind-bridle and the little duck-tailed Confederate saddle, coming into camp? Such was the appearance of Generals Crook and Kelly when they appeared in the Confederate camp, and from their own account, the half-clad, starving Confederate soldiers treated them with the utmost respect, and divided their scant rations with their two distinguished prisoners. Such is the fate of war. "This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth the tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms and bears his blushing honors thick upon him; the third day comes a frost, a killing frost, and when he thinks, good easy man, full surely his greatness is a-ripening, nips his root, and then he falls." By the first day of June, 1863, the Federals had abandoned all the territory of Western Virginia that they had acquired by their forward movement in the early spring, and even contracted their lines further back towards the Ohio River than they were at the close of the year of 1861, and by the 1st of September, 1862, General Loring occupied the Kanawha Valley, and General Jenkins passed through Western Virginia into the State of Ohio, and when winter closed in on the mountains of Virginia that year the outermost posts of the Federals were in Beverley, in Randolph county; Bulltown, in Braxton county; Summerville, in Nicholas county, and Fayetteville, in Fayette county; all of these places were fortified with ditches and parapets, and were well supplied with artillery, and the troops lived in block houses with portholes. The Confederates occupied the entire Greenbrier Valley and the counties of Highland, Pendleton and Hardy, and scouted well down towards the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

The writer spent the winter of 1862-'63 in Pocahontas county,

and as he now remembers it, the coldest winter and the deepest snow that he ever saw in the mountains of Virginia. At the beginning of this winter a Colonel Winston Fontaine, who was born and reared near Richmond, came to Pocahontas county, commissioned by the Confederate government to raise a regiment of mounted men. This gentleman was a grandson of Patrick Henry, and married Miss Mary Burrows, the daughter of Dr. Burrows, the famous Baptist preacher of Richmond, who made such a reputation as chaplain among the Confederate soldiers. A Major Morgan accompanied Colonel Fontaine as his adjutant. Mrs. Fontaine also accompanied her husband to Western Virginia and spent the entire winter in the home of the late Colonel Paul McNeil, of the Little Levels of Pocahontas county. This gentleman had represented Pocahontas county in the Constitutional Convention of 1861, and the writer is his youngest son. At this time I was not an enlisted soldier, but was necessarily thrown a great deal of the time with Colonel Fontaine. I was seventeen years old, and Colonel Fontaine was just the man a boy would admire. He was a brave, generous Christian gentleman, a fine shot and a classic scholar. My father required me to help feed and care for his live stock that winter. Colonel Fontaine succeeded beyond his expectations in recruiting his regiment, and before the opening of spring he had a very respectable nucleus of a regiment of mounted men.

SPATS IN COLD WEATHER.

As the long, cold winter wore away, despite the snow and cold there were occasional spats between the outposts, in which the Confederates fully held their own, and notably on one occasion, when a large raiding party came from Beverley to capture General Fontaine's force, the result of which was to leave fully one-third of their number.

One dark, rainy night, at my father's, about the 1st of April, 1863, from the noise we were apprised that some mounted men were approaching the house. On listening I heard the click of a saber. The first thought was that it was the Yankee cavalry. We fixed to defend ourselves as quickly as possible, but instead of shooting the strangers began to halloo, and then we knew

that they were not Yankees, and when they dismounted and came into the house it proved to be Colonel William L. Jackson, Major William P. Thompson and their colored servant man. This was a great surprise to us, as these gentlemen had been connected with the Eastern army for more than a year, and we then thought of them as a part of General Lee's army, and coming this way in the dead hours of the night was very significant. It was my first meeting with Colonel William L. Jackson, and I will now try to describe him as he appeared to me then—a seven-teen-year-old boy—and to this day I still retain a perfect mental photograph of his appearance. I was introduced to Colonel Jackson in my father's family room. He had on a beautiful uniform of new Confederate gray cloth, with three stars on the collar, that told he held the rank of colonel. General Jackson would have weighed fully two hundred pounds and was at least six feet in height. He had unusually fine shoulders, head and face, and the most animated man that I had ever seen in conversation.

His hair and whiskers were the deepest red that I had ever seen on the head and face of any man. In reply to a question from my father, he stated that he was forty-two years old. I gathered from the conversation that he had known my father very well indeed before the war began. He seemed to be perfectly informed of all matters, both civil and military, relating to the Confederacy. A good deal of the time that night, during the conversation, he walked the floor, although he had made a long horseback ride the day he reached my father's. Colonel Jackson's mission to my father's house was to see Colonel Fontaine brought to the parlor, where they were introduced to each other.

Colonel Jackson told Colonel Fontaine, in the presence of Major Thompson, my father and myself, that he (Jackson) was just from Richmond, where he had seen Mr. Davis and had come by General Lee's headquarters on the Rappahannock River, and that General Lee's army was hard up for "meat rations," and the plan had been made up to raid Northwest Virginia and capture and drive South every kind of cattle in that part of the country that would make beef then and the next summer. This, Colonel Jackson said had been determined

on by the authorities as the only way to provide meat rations for the Confederate soldiers. Colonel Jackson informed Colonel Fontaine that night that he (Jackson) had been authorized by the authorities of Richmond to take part of the regiment which Colonel Fontaine had already recruited, and in conjunction with some other detached companies to form what was afterwards known as the Nineteenth Virginia Cavalry Regiment. Colonel Jackson had letters from the department to Colonel Fontaine, which he produced, and the latter turned over the troops to the former. As a boy, my sympathies were at once aroused in behalf of Colonel Fontaine, but it was explained to me, that the Confederate government had taken this step because of Colonel Jackson's known popularity in the Northwest part of Virginia, and if the contemplated raid succeeded, that Colonel Jackson would recruit sufficiently to organize a brigade, which he did in the summer of 1863, and commanded throughout the war, and he was familiarly known as "Mudwall Jackson."

The writer desires just here to explain the acquisition of the character of William L. Jackson, as a Confederate soldier; the fact is, he was as brave a man as lived, and never refused to fight, when the attendant circumstances were anything like equal; and now for the explanation of the title "Mudwall." In August, 1863, General Jackson was confronted and pressed by the Federal force, which was more than equal his own at Beverley, under the command of Colonel Thom. Harris, of the Tenth West Virginia Infantry. At the same time, General William Woods Averill assembled a large force of cavalry, fully 6,000 men at Keyser, (which during the war was called New Creek Station), on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, in the month of August, 1863, made a dash to capture Jackson and his entire force; he went through Pendleton, Highland and Bath counties, and only lacked five hours of getting in the rear of Jackson, ten miles west of the Warm Springs, but Jackson went through without the loss of a man or a horse, and while Averill went on and fought the battle of "Dry Creek" or "White Sulphur," where he was defeated on the 26th of August. The disappointed force that had come from Beverley remained two or three days at Huntersville, the county seat of Pocahontas.

waiting for General Averill to return, while 2,500 men were loitering there.

Some wag of a fellow wrote a doggerel verse on the inside walls of the old Courthouse, entitled "Mudwall Jackson," the principal feature of which was a complaint that "Mudwall Jackson" would not fight. The writer saw this writing a few days after the retreat of the Federals, and it was understood by the Confederate soldiers as having been put there by a Yankee soldier, and as we Confederates understood it at the time, the animus of the verse was because the then dead "Stonewall" had been so hard on the Yankee, and the live "Mudwall" had escaped their net.

THREW THE SCOUTS OFF.

So much for the explanation of the title "Mudwall." When the Confederate troops in the Greenbrier Valley were put in motion for the raid into Northwestern Virginia, the marching orders were to go east, and the common opinion among the soldiers was that they were to be sent to the Valley of Virginia. This false movement on the part of the Confederates was made in order to throw the Federal scouts off the track, which it did most completely. Beginning at Lewisburg, the 22nd Virginia Infantry Regiment, under the command of Colonel George Patton, marched east to the White Sulphur, and there turned north and passed through the Eastern part of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties into Highland county. The troops in Pocahontas county, consisting of the Nineteenth Virginia Cavalry and Dunn's battalion of mounted infantry, were ordered towards the Warm Springs, and after one day's march turned north. The soldiers of this command had no idea of their destination when they received the marching orders. At this time the writer, as been told, was not an enlisted soldier, but the fact that within the last year the Federal raiding parties had seized and carried away more than two hundred head of my father's cattle, and a number of fine horses, there would be an opportunity now of recovering this stock; this fact more than anything else, led me to accompany the expedition.

Another thing, my father the fall before had given me the most beautiful saddle horse that I have ever owned in my life. The horse was five years old, a blood bay, 15 1-2 hands tall.

with a star in his forehead, the swiftest animal I have ever mounted, and despite his strength and speed, as docile as a lamb. The horse had an exceedingly sore back, when he came into my possession, and up to this time I knew nothing of the former history of the horse, and how fond I was of riding him no pen now can tell. An older brother of mine, who held a commission as captain under Colonel Jackson, and I, started alone on this expedition. The evening of the first day we crossed the Alleghany Mountain into Highland county, and just at the foot of the mountain we overtook the Twenty-second regiment, resting in the roadside, and so soon as I began to ride by the regiment, I heard one soldier call: "Colonel Barbee yonder is your horse." Whereupon the whole regiment began to clamor, "Yonder is Billie," (the name of the horse). Colonel Barbee, who was the lieutenant-colonel of the regiment, rode to my side, and seeing that I was much perturbed, introduced himself to me, and in a very pleasant way gave me a short history of the horse.

He had been bred in Kentucky, and the Colonel had ridden him a year, but, on account of his weight, he had ruined his back and rendered the horse unfit for service. Colonel Barbee had sold him to Captain Bob Moorman, of Greenbrier county, and the latter had sold him to my father. In the meantime, the soldiers had gathered around him until he was completely hemmed in on all sides, and there I sat, a bashful seventeen-year-old boy, not enjoying in the least notoriety that Billie had given me. The Twenty-second Regiment that day had fully nine hundred men, and Virginia had no troops in the field that made a better record than that splendid regiment of men, and the writer can still recall distinctly the faces of many of those noble young men, as they looked to him on that April evening, now more than forty-two years ago.

MET AT HIGHTOWN.

The morning of the second day after this occurrence the troops all met at Hightown, a point on the old Staunton and Parkersburg Road six miles west of Monterey, and from the turnpike road at Hightown, two large and beautiful limestone springs can be seen one North, the other south of the road; one the

extreme head of the South Branch of the Potomac River, the other the extreme head of Jackson's River, the longest branch of the James. At this point is the junction of the public roads leading up and down the South branch and the Jackson Rivers.

The morning was an ideal spring morning, and the writer had often thought the most inspiring sight ever brought before him he saw there that morning. The soldiers were still bewildered as to their movements, but when the command began to move west over the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike you could see joy in their faces. First came General John Imboden, at the head of his brigade, composed of the Sixty-second Virginia Infantry, the Eighteenth Virginia Cavalry, some independent companies and one good battery of four pieces of artillery. The Sixty-second Regiment, a large regiment then, was immediately behind General Imboden's staff, and with fife and drum they moved out. Next came Colonel Patton, as true a knight as ever put lance to rest, at the head of the Twenty-second Regiment. Next came Colonel William L. Jackson, whose face was beaming with joy, at the head of the Nineteenth Regiment of Cavalry. Next Colonel Dunn, at the head of his batalion; next Colonel John Higginbotham, at the head of the Twenty-fifth Virginia Infantry—and what a soldier this man was! Next came that war-worn veteran, Colonel John S. Huffman, at the head of "the old Thirty-first," as the members of that regiment delighted to call it. The scene was too much for my young rebel heart, and for the sake of Billie, I am glad that no one saw me just then.

I was visibly affected. There were the first Confederate soldiers that I had seen marching with colors flying and to the step of martial music, since General Lee had fallen back from Valley Mountain in September, 1861. A great many men who were refugees from Northwest Virginia had found out the secret of the raid and accompanied the raiders. General Imboden, when he got into Randolph county, had fully five thousand fighting men. I marched the first day with the Twenty-fifth and Thirty-first Regiments, for the reason I wanted to see my cousins and acquaintances that I had not now seen for two years. The ranks of these two regiments had been fearfully depleted at that time; and what a change had come over the living. Their faces had grown old and careworn and while they looked strong

and healthy, still their limbs were so stiff that not one of them I tried could mount "Billie" from the ground. I managed to get two of my first cousins on the horse at different times from a high bank, but it affected the hip and leg so they took cramp and had to get off immediately. No wonder! These were the legs that made up Stonewall Jackson's foot cavalry, and when you reflect what they had already done, how could they be anything else but stiff? The first night we camped on the battle-field of "Camp Bartow," twenty miles west of Hightown. Here it was Colonel Ed. Johnson defeated the Federals on the 3d day of October, 1861.

The next morning it was raining, and began to snow as we began to ascend that mighty barrier, Cheat Mountain. The snow fell fully six inches on the top of Cheat Mountain that day, and many of the men who were scantily dressed suffered fearfully from the cold. But we pushed on through the storm and reached Huttonsville, a distance of twenty miles from where we had camped the night before.

By this time it was fully known among the soldiers that General William E. Jones, with his brigade of cavalry, was to operate in conjunction with us and was to strike the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad near Martinsburg, and to go west, doing all the damage he could to the railroad, and we were to meet him somewhere near Clarksburg. The fact that General Jones was on this raid gave General Imboden and his men greater courage and confidence in their own undertaking. General Jones was known to be a dashing cavalry officer, and a splendid fighter, and everybody felt that sure he would do his part. At Huttonsville we were within eleven miles of Beverley, and we knew the Federals had a strong force at this place, and that the town was strongly fortified and supplied with artillery. We also knew that we were ahead of all news and that the enemy had no idea of an approach. The night at Huttonsville was a fearful one on men exposed as we were. It rained all night, and did not cease until late in the afternoon on the next day.

WORK AHEAD OF THEM.

As soon after daylight as possible General Imboden had his

army in motion and every man believed that there was work ahead of us that day.

The infantry could not cross the Tygart's Valley River, as the turnpike does, but had to keep on the east side of the river all the way down to Beverley's. One company of cavalry went in advance of the infantry. This was Captain McNeil's, and was selected because they were the best mounted men. After going a short distance, General Imboden told Captain McNeil to pick out five or six of the swiftest horses and put them far enough in front to apprise him of any approach. Billie was one of the horses chosen, and I rode him, Billie was in all his glory that day. The first party we struck was a foraging party, after corn and hay, with thirty-two good mules in the wagons. We rode right into them before they knew of our presence, and the guard of a dozen or so mounted men surrendered without a shot. Not a man or mule escaped. A little farther on our party of five met a quartermaster, with the rank of major. He was a big, fat Dutchman, and was mounted on one of the most beautiful sorrel mares I ever saw. The major thought that we were his men, coming back empty, and began to abuse us. We told him to see the fellows behind, and he passed on without stopping, and I don't think looked at us.

This is the last, and first, time that I ever saw that major, but, as I saw one of General Imboden's aids riding the major's mare the next day, I knew what had become of the major. Thus far not a shot had been fired, and our orders were not to shoot. Within a few minutes of passing the major we met quite a squad of cavalry, and as soon as they saw us they turned and ran, and we gave chase for mile or two, but did not overtake them. At the close of this race we had our first skirmish, which might have proved a serious affair had not a courier reached us just then with orders to press them, for the reason that, when the final dash was to be made for the breastworks, General Imboden wanted the infantry as close as possible. There were fully fifteen hundred Federal soldiers in the earthworks around Beverley, and if they had been determined men could have stood off a force three times their number. At first they put up a show of a strong fight, but became demoralized and abandoned their positions, and fled towards Philippi. The

Philippi road was the nearest way to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and this road had been used by the Federals at Beverley for the purpose of hauling supplies. Another thing in our efforts to capture the fort at Beverley. We had taken the Staunton and Parkersburg pike beyond Beverley that leads to Buchanan. The Federals left Beverley just before sundown, and as we afterwards learned, fled all the way through the mud to Philippi (a distance of thirty-one miles) that night.

NEITHER KILLED NOR WOUNDED.

There was not a single Confederate killed or seriously wounded in the capture of Beverley, in April, 1863. The Confederates were pretty well worn out when we reached Beverley, and especially was this true of the infantry, that had come from Lewisburg, Staunton and Harrisonburg, all of them having tramped over one hundred miles, but they were greatly rejoiced at the thought of capturing so easily the old town of Beverley, that had then been in the hands of the Federals since the 11th day of July, 1861.

It was the capture of this town on that day that made the great military reputation of General George B. McClellan, and the earthworks that we had just chased the Yankees out of were probably the product of his brain. General McClellan was at Beverley reposing on his Rich Mountain laurels, where he and Rosecrans had more thousands than Colonel Heck had hundreds, when the administration at Washington in their dire discomfiture after the 21st of July, sent for him to come, and that with all possible speed to take the command of General McDowell's defeated and disorganized army, and on his arrival at Washington, he was hailed as the "Young Napoleon." In approaching Northwestern Virginia from the east, Beverley is the key to all that country, and none knew this fact better than the Federals, and the boast was often made by even the private Federal soldiers that "Beverley would never be taken," and this had been the fear of our leaders that we would have to go around Beverley, and if Beverley had not been captured, as the writer now views it, the Imboden raid would have been a failure. The purpose of the raid was not to fight, but to capture all the horses, mules and especially all cattle that could be gotten within the

Federal lines, and after the evacuation of Beverley the Confederate soldiers knew that there was no fortified town east of there, and they also knew that all those rich counties in the Northwest, teeming with fine horses and cattle, were completely at their mercy.

So on they went, and on the 30th day of April, General Roberts, commandant of the Federal forces in that part of Virginia, with his chief, from Clarksburg, that "the advance of Jones was at Shinnstown, seven miles north of him, and the advance of Imboden and Jackson was eleven miles south of him on the Philippi Road" (see page 1019, same Vol.), which dispatch shows that things were getting very interesting around Federal headquarters at that place. General Jones did his part well. He broke the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad up so effectually, as the records show, as to strike terror to the hearts of the enemy from Baltimore city to Wheeling. At the latter place the militia was called out to defend the city, and the Constitutional Convention that was in session at that time in Wheeling, that formed the State of West Virginia, adjourned "sine die," and fled in disorder to the States of Ohio and Pennsylvania. When near Clarksburg, General Jones rode with fully fifteen hundred of his men towards Parkersburg, and came so near that place as to produce great consternation, and the presence of a Yankee gunboat on the Ohio River was what prohibited him from taking the place. The next day, forty miles above Parkersburg, on the little Kanawha River, General Jones burnt the oil works in Wirt county. Here was the biggest oil works in Virginia, and there was immense quantities of barreled oil on hand. Some thousand men or more were living here in shacks, engaged in the oil business.

The whole thing was completely wiped out with fire, and the soldiers who were with General Jones, at this day, get excited when that fire is mentioned, so terrific was it in appearance. In the meantime, General Imboden's command spread all over the counties of Randolph, Barbour, Taylor, Monongahela, Upshur, Lewis, Harrison and Doddridge, and from there gathered fully eight thousand fine cattle and two thousand horses and mules. The writer was in a position to see most all of this stock, nearly all of which was in splendid condition. When

we met General Jones he had selected five hundred head of as fine cattle as ever were in West Virginia, and the drovers and guards were directed to take them as quickly as possible to General Lee's army. No country could have been more abundantly supplied with live stock than all that fine grazing country of Northwestern Virginia was at that time, and all of this stock, independently of the sympathies of the owners, was brought back safely within the Confederate lines. Many and pitiable were the scenes of women, girls and old men, pleading for their horses and cattle, but the Confederate soldiers that had been sent there to execute the orders of their government, did it faithfully. General Jones completely remounted his entire brigade of cavalry with fresh horses, the pick of the country, and ever since the Civil War, in that part of West Virginia the Imboden raid has been regarded the greatest calamity that ever befell their country.

RESULTS OF THE RAID.

The results of the Imboden raid, from a military standpoint were, to supply the meat rations of General Lee's Army, and on the strength supplied by some of those cattle the raid was made into Pennsylvania one month later, when the great battle of Gettysburg was fought the first week of July, 1863. The war records show another result was, General Benjamin S. Roberts was relieved of his command in Western Virginia, and General William Woods Averill was appointed in his place. The government at Washington was greatly displeased with General Roberts, principally because he had allowed all that valuable property to be captured and taken within the Confederate lines. Another result of the Imboden raid was the assembling in West Virginia of what was known as the Eighth Army Corps, under General Averill, for the purpose of destroying all the western part of Virginia inside the Confederate lines, and the three successive raids made by him in August, November and December of that year, the last raid ending up at Salem, Va., where General Averill did so much damage to the railroad and Confederate stores at that place. The political effect of the "Imboden Raid" inside the Federal lines in that part

of the State was very great. The people of those counties had long had their grievances, real or imaginary, against the people of the Eastern counties, and as has been said, there was a convention at that time then in session at the city of Wheeling for the purpose of dividing the State. General Jones' near approach to Wheeling was announced to the convention by a breathless messenger while the convention, in a dignified way, was discussing some matter of great importance. The convention immediately became a bedlam, and the members stampeded over each other in their scramble for the street, and fled in great disorder in every direction.

And now, after the raid was over, and the members came back and looked each other in the face, they felt greatly humiliated, and to aggravate this feeling the news that all of the fine horses and cattle had been seized and taken back into the Confederacy was brought from every part of the country. So upon the reassembling of that convention it was an easy matter for it to publish to the world on the 20th day of June, 1863, that "West Virginia shall be and remain one of the United States of America." The formation and admission into the Union of a new and loyal State, as well as the dismemberment of a disloyal one, had now for two years been a pet measure with Mr. Lincoln, and so anxious was he to encourage the people of Virginia west of the Alleghanies to form this new State, that when he issued his famous emancipation proclamation on the 22d day of September, 1862, to take effect one hundred days thereafter, was careful to announce that his emancipation proclamation did not apply to the forty-eight counties that constituted West Virginia, and that these counties "were left precisely as if the proclamation had not been issued."

So the negroes of West Virginia were not freed by Abraham Lincoln's emancipation proclamation.

The first and only time that we have any record of Mr. Lincoln being questioned about the legality of the formation of West Virginia was at Hampton Roads conference, in February, 1865, when the Confederate State Senator R. M. T. Hunter (see Stephen's History of the War Between the States,

Vol. II., page 616) put the question personally and directly to Mr. Lincoln to know what would be the result of a restoration of the Union, according to his idea, as to Western Virginia: "Would the Old Dominion be restored to her ancient boundaries, or would Western Virginia be recognized as a separate State in the Union?" Mr. Lincoln replied "that he could only give an individual opinion, which was that Western Virginia would be continued to be recognized as a separate State in the Union," and he might have added, with all truth, that the "Imboden Raid" had done more to crytallize local public sentiment in favor of the separate State of West Virginia than all other agencies combined.

JOHN A. McNEIL.

Rockbridge Baths, Va.

**LIST OF VIRGINIA CHAPLAINS, ARMY OF
NORTHERN VIRGINIA.**

FIRST ARMY CORPS.

Lieutenant-General Longstreet, Pickett's Division.

Steuart's Brigade—Ninth Regiment, J. W. Walkup and G. W. Easter; Thirty-eighth Regiment, R. W. Cridlin and Rev. Mr. Cosby; Fifty-third Regiment, W. S. Penick, P. H. Fontaine and Rev. Mr. Colton; Fifty-seventh Regiment, J. E. Joyner; Fourteenth Regiment, Rev. Mr. Crocker; Twenty-fourth Regiment, W. F. Gardner.

Hunter's Brigade—Eighth Regiment, T. A. Ware and George W. Harris; Eighteenth Regiment, J. D. Blackwell, Nineteenth Regiment, P. Slaughter; Twenty-eighth Regiment, Rev. Mr. Tinsley; Fifty-sixth Regiment, Rev. Mr. Robbins.

W. R. Terry's Brigade—First Regiment, Rev. Mr. Oldrick; Third Regiment, Rev. Mr. Hammond and J. D. Ward; Seventh Regiment, John H. Boccock, F. McCarthy and Rev. Mr. Frayser; Eleventh Regiment, John C. Granberry and Thomas C. Jennings.

Corse's Brigade—Fifteenth Regiment, P. F. August; Seventeenth Regiment, John L. Johnson and R. M. Baker; Thirtieth Regiment, W. R. D. Moncure; Thirty-second Regiment; Thirty-ninth Regiment, Rev. Mr. Phillippi.

Missionary chaplains in the corps—Rev. Dr. Theoderick Pryor, Rev. Dr. J. C. Granberry, Rev. Harvie Hatcher, Rev. Dr. A. B. Woodfin.

SECOND ARMY CORPS.

Lieutenant-Generals T. J. Jackson, R. S. Ewell, J. A. Early and Major-General John B. Gordon.

Missionary chaplains at large—Rev. Dr. B. T. Lacy, Rev. Dr. L. Rosser and Rev. E. J. Willis.

Gordon's Division: Chaplains of William Terry's Brigade

(composed of remnants of Stonewall, J. M. Jones's and Stuart's Virginia Brigades)—Sixty-first Georgia Regiment, A. B. Woodfin, of Virginia; Second Regiment, A. C. Hopkins; Fifth Regiment, E. Payson Walton and C. S. M. Lee; Fourth Regiment, F. C. Tebbs and William R. McNeer; Twenty-seventh Regiment, L. C. Vass; Thirty-third Regiment, J. M. Grandin; Tenth Regiment, J. P. Hyde, S. S. Lambeth and Rev. Mr. Balthis; 'Thirty-seventh Regiment, Forty-fourth Regiment, Richard I. McIlwaine and James Nelson; Twenty-fifth Regiment, George B. Taylor and John W. Jones; Twenty-first Regiment, I Harvie Gilmore; Forty-second Regiment, Thomas Williams; Forty-eighth Regiment, George E. Booker; Fiftieth Regiment, J. W. Denny.

Pegram's Division, Pegram's (old) Brigade—Thirteenth Regiment, J. William Jones and William S. Ryland; Fifty-second Regiment, John Magill; Forty-ninth Regiment, J. Powell Garland; Fifty-eighth Regiment, George Slaughter and L. B. Madison; Thirty-first Regiment, A. D. Lepps.

Artillery, Second Corps; Colonel Thomas H. Carter—Cutshaw's Battalion, Rev. Mr. Page; Nelson's Battalion, T. Walker Gilmer; Braxton's Battalion, Rev. A. B. Brown and James Nelson; Hardaway's Battalion, T. M. Niven and Henry M. White.

THIRD ARMY CORPS.

Lieutenant-General A. P. Hill.

Missionary chaplains at large—Rev. Dr. George D. Armstrong and Rev. J. William Jones.

Heth's Division, Archer's (old) Brigade and Walker's (old) Brigade—Fortieth Regiment, George F. Bagby and J. M. Anderson; Forty-seventh Regiment, S. P. Meredith and S. B. Barber; Fiftieth Regiment, R. B. Beadles.

Mahone's Division, Weisiger's Brigade—Twelfth Regiment, S. V. Hoyle; Sixth Regiment, Sixteenth Regiment; Sixty-first Regiment, Hilary E. Hatcher; Forty-first Regiment, John H. Pugh.

Artillery, Third Corps, General Walker—Pegram's Battalion, Rev. Mr. Rodman; Poague's Battalion, James Wheary.

FOURTH CORPS.

General R. H. Anderson.

B. R. Johnson's Division, Wise's Brigade—Thirty-fourth Regiment, W. H. Robert; Twenty-sixth Regiment, W. E. Wiatt; Fifty-ninth Regiment, L. B. Wharton; Forty-sixth Regiment, W. Gaines Miller.

Post chaplains at Petersburg—Rev. T. Hume, Jr., Rev. W. M. Young, Rev. J. B. Hardwicke, Rev. T. Hume, Sr., Rev. L. C. Vass and the pastors of the several churches and a number of visiting ministers, missionaries and colporteurs rendered invaluable service.

Post chaplains at Richmond—Those, so far as I can obtain the list, were Rev. Dr. James B. Taylor, Sr., Rev. Robert Ryland, D. D., Rev. William Harrison Williams, Rev. Dr. W. W. Bennett, Rev. J. E. Martin and Rev. J. T. Carpenter.

The pastors of Richmond were practically chaplains all through the war and were untiring in their self-sacrificing labors. I recall the following:

Rev. Dr. J. L. Burrows, of the First Baptist Church; Rev. Dr. J. B. Jeter, of Grace Street Baptist Church; Rev. Dr. D. Shaver and Rev. Dr. L. W. Seeley, of the Second Baptist Church; Rev. Dr. J. B. Solomon, of Leigh Street Baptist Church; Rev. Dr. M. D. Hoge, of the Second Presbyterian Church; Rev. Dr. C. H. Read, of Grace Street Presbyterian Church; Rev. Dr. J. A. Duncan, Rev. Dr. D. S. Doggett and Rev. Dr. J. E. Doggett, of the Methodist churches, and of the Episcopal churches, Rev. Dr. Charles Minnigerode, of St. Paul's; Rev. Dr. Geo. W. Woodbridge, of the Monumental; Rev. Dr. Joshua Peterkin, of St. James; and Rev. Dr. T. G. Dashiell, of St. Mark's; Rev. William J. Hoge, Tabb Street Church, Petersburg.

Among other post chaplains in the State who did efficient service, I recall the names of the Rev. Dr. George B. Taylor, at Staunton; Rev. J. C. Hiden, at the University of Virginia; Rev. Dr. W. F. Broaddus, at Charlottesville; Rev. Dr. J. L. Johnson, at Lynchburg; Rev. George W. Hyde, at Huguenot Springs; Rev. D. B. Ewing, at Gordonsville; Rev. A. D. McVeigh, at Farmville, Va., and the Rev. C. C. Chaplin, at Danville.

From the *Times-Dispatch*, December 23, 1906, and January 9, 1907.

THE VIRGINIA'S GREAT FIGHT ON WATER.

Her Last Challenge and Why She Was Destroyed.

Extracts from the account prepared and published by Mr. Joseph G. Fiveash, of Norfolk, Va., of the career of the Confederate gun-boat Virginia, or Merrimac, the first iron-clad warship the world has ever known.

"The operations of General Burnside in North Carolina, in the rear of Norfolk, and the transfer of General McClellan's army from the neighborhood of Washington to the Virginia Peninsula, between the York and James rivers, in the spring of 1862, caused the Confederate authorities to determine to evacuate Norfolk and vicinity to prevent the capture of the 15,000 troops in that department. As early as March 26th the commandant of the navy-yard was confidentially informed of the intended action, and ordered to quietly prepare to send valuable machinery to the interior of North Carolina. The peremptory order of General Joseph E. Johnston for the abandonment of the navy-yard was communicated to Capt. S. S. Lee by Secretary Mallory, in a letter dated Richmond, May 3, 1862. The work of evacuation was expected to be accomplished in two weeks. The citizens at first would not believe the reports of the intended abandonment of the department, but they were soon convinced of their truth. The work had been progressing several days when, on May 8th, an incident occurred that hastened matters and brought about results that were far-reaching in their importance. Captain James Byers, of the tug J. B. White, had been instructed to proceed to Sewell's Point early on the morning of the 8th, and tow to Norfolk a barge containing the most valuable gun at that place, an 11-inch Columbiad. He certainly made an early start, as the records show that he reached Old Point before eight o'clock. By this desertion General Wool learned that Norfolk was being evacuated, and shortly after 12 o'clock the same day a

squadron, composed of the ironclads Monitor and Naugatuck, gunboats Seminole and Dakotah and sloops-of-war Susquehanna and San Jacinto commenced to bombard the batteries at Sewell's Point, which were being dismantled.

The Virginia at that time was taking in stores at the navy-yard, but as soon as the bombardment commenced she started for the Roads to give battle to the bombarding squadron. When she reached the neighborhood of Craney island, where there is a bend in the Elizabeth River, and came into view of the six vessels named, they all immediately returned to Old Point. She then proceeded to the neighborhood of the Rip-Raps and fired a shot to windward. This was her last challenge. Its historical accuracy can be verified by referring to a telegram of Commodore Goldsborough to President Lincoln, to abstracts from the logs of the Minnesota, Dakotah, Susquehanna, Naugatuck, St. Lawrence and San Jacinto, and to reports of Captain John P. Gillis, of the Seminole, and Lieutenant Constable, of the steamer E. A. Stevens. These reports are to be found on pages 330-1-2-3-4-5. The report, however, which contains the fullest information was that furnished by Commander W. N. W. Howlett, V. C. of H. B. M. S. Rinaldo, dated Fortress Monroe, May 10, 1862, and forwarded to the British government by Vice-Admiral Sir Alexander Milne, K. C. B., on 24th of May 1862. This is an extract from it:

"May the 8th, 1862. The same morning a Confederate tug-boat arrived at Fortress Monroe from Norfolk, having deserted. She reported that the Confederates were preparing to evacuate Norfolk, etc."

THE TORCH APPLIED.

Then follows a description of the movement of six vessels against Sewell's Point and the appearance of the Virginia in Hampton Roads, when they retired to Old Point.

As the Virginia alone came within the range of their guns and those at Fort Wool, or Rip-Raps, the Federal frigate Minnesota, accompanied by four large steamers, which are intended to act as rams, proceeded up the river (bay it should be) abreast of Old Point, and joined the rest of the squadron. With the exception of a few shots fired from the Rip-Raps at

the Virginia, the Federals made no attempt to molest her, but, on the contrary, as she approached them they steamed away from her. They left off firing at Sewell's Point immediately on sighting her coming from Norfolk.

The Virginia having driven the Federal fleet away, returned and anchored under Sewell's Point, where she now remains.

The information conveyed by the captain of the tug J. B. White, relative to the evacuation of Norfolk, enabled General Wool to hasten it by landing a force on the Bay Shore, about ten miles distant from the city. This occurred on Saturday, the 10th of May, two days after the bombardment of Sewell's Point. The Virginia was then lying in the river near Craney Island, and Commodore Tatnall, in his report of the Virginia's destruction, made in Richmond on the 14th of May, states that he did not learn of the withdrawal of the troops and the destruction of the navy-yard until 7 o'clock in the evening (May 10th). He then recites how he lightened the Virginia for the purpose of taking her up the James River, and after she had been so lightened until she was vulnerable, he was informed by his lieutenant that the pilots reported that the vessel could not reach the desired point up the river on account of a west wind, which had prevailed for several days. He then determined to destroy her, which he did by causing her to be set on fire. His reports says: "The ship was accordingly put on shore as near the mainland in the vicinity of Craney Island as possible, and the crew landed. She was then fired, and after burning fiercely for upwards of an hour, blew up a little before 5 o'clock on the morning of the 11th." This report can be found on pages 335-6-7. Thus ended the career of the Virginia, which had lasted but two months. Never at any time, until the last visit to Hampton Roads, May 8th, was she capable of doing what was first expected of her—that of passing Fort Monroe and the Rip-Raps—and when she reached her perfect condition the changes of her surroundings were such that she had no base of supplies and was confined to Hampton Roads.

DESCRIPTION OF THE SHIP.

A few years after the close of the war efforts were made

to induce Congress to pay prize money to Captain Worden and the crew of the Monitor for their services in destroying the Virginia. A bill was passed in one branch of the Forty-second Congress making such an appropriation, but it failed to secure action in the other house. Eight years later the claim was revived, the bill authorizing an appropriation of \$200,000. The whole subject of the Virginia's operations in Hampton Roads was carefully investigated by the Committee on Naval Affairs of the House, and on the 31st of May, 1864, Mr. Ballentine, for the committee, submitted a very exhaustive report, which was adopted, rejecting the claim. The committee, in submitting the result of their labors, concluded their report in the following language: "Holding to these views, we respectfully report adversely to the passage of the bill." This report can be found in the Congressional Record of May, 1884, and also in Volume XIII., Southern Historical Society Papers, published in 1885.

The Virginia was 262 feet 9 inches long and she drew 22 feet when ready for action. Her shield was 167 feet 7 inches in length, and was covered with two layers of iron that was rolled at the Tredegar Iron Works in Richmond. The plates were 8 inches wide, 2 inches thick, and about 20 feet long. Their capacity for resistance was tested by Lieutenant John M. Brooke, of the ordinance department at Richmond. The first layer ran fore and aft, and the top layer was placed up and down. The timber backing was 22 inches thick and the iron armor 4 inches. Her shutters were of hammered iron 4 inches thick, and her pilot-houses were of cast iron 12 inches thick, with 4 holes each for observation. They were placed at each end of her shield. The pitch of the gun deck was 7 feet, and the iron grating above, forming a deck, was 2 inches thick. There were three hatchways in the top of the grating, with pivot shutters. The casualties on the Virginia occurred in the first day's fight. There were none the second day. Her armor was not pierced at any time, and but six of her outer plates were cracked. None of the lower ones were injured. Two of her guns were broken at the muzzle the first day, and two men killed, the damage being done by shot coming in unprotected portholes. Her armor showed that more than a hundred shots

struck her. She carried two 7-inch rifled pivot guns, one at bow and the other aft, and eight 9-inch Dahlgren guns, four on each side. Two of the latter were disabled March 8th, and they were replaced by two 6-inch rifled guns.

The hopes that the Virginia inspired in the South and the fears that she excited in the North are now but a memory, and it really appears that after forty-four years have passed, the time has arrived when her true history should be known to all the people instead of to a portion only, as at present. The War Records, which have been so freely used in the preparation of this article, afford the material for such a history.

Mr. Fiveash says:

The work of transforming the Merrimac into an ironclad was all performed while the vessel was in the dry dock, and when the time came to let water into the dock and float her, by direction of the Confederate Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Mallory, she was named Virginia.

On Saturday, March 8, 1862, under the command of Flag Officer Franklin Buchanan, she started for Hampton Roads on her trial trip, and before night she had revolutionized naval warfare and ushered in the era of ironclads. Her passage through the harbor and down to the Roads was witnessed by thousands of citizens and soldiers, and when, after dark, she turned to the neighborhood of Sewell's Point and transferred to one of the small gunboats two of her crew who had been killed and three officers and five of the crew who had been wounded, the frigate Cumberland had been destroyed, the Congress had been set on fire after surrendering, the Minnesota had been injured and was aground, and the St. Lawrence and Roanoke had returned to the protection of the guns of Fortress Monroe. The terrible news had caused a panic throughout the North that was distressing, indeed; but while matters at that time appeared very critical, the official records show that the Virginia was not then capable of doing a fraction of the damage credited to her. She drew twenty-two feet of water, was incapable of going to sea in her then condition, and was lacking in protection for eight of her ten guns.

SECOND DAY'S FIGHT.

Relative to the first day's engagement, that of March 8th, there has been no dispute, but on the second day, March 9th, the failure of Lieutenant Jones to destroy the Minnesota after the Monitor retired to shallow water, when Lieutenant, Worden was incapacitated by a shot fired by the Virginia, enabled claims to be made for the Monitor, which are not sustained by official records. It is true that those who had become panic-stricken when the reverse of the 8th was flashed to them had good reason to rejoice that the Virginia had met the Monitor in conflict and that the Minnesota had not been destroyed by the former, as was expected would be the case at the close of the engagement of the 8th, but it does not justify claims that cannot be sustained by the records. The student of these records will find that very extravagant claims were made for the Monitor, and later on that such claims were not founded upon fact. Chief Engineer Stimers, of the Monitor, in a letter to Commodore Joseph Smith, under date of March 17th, page 27, says: "We fired nothing but solid cast-iron shot, and when we were directly abeam of her (Merrimac) and hit her our shot went right through her." Assistant Secretary of the Navy, G. V. Fox, in a telegram to Major-General George B. McClellan, at Fairfax Courthouse, dated Navy Department, March 13th, page 100, says:

"The Monitor is more than a match for the Merrimac, but she might be disabled in the next encounter. * * * The Monitor may, and I think will, destroy the Merrimac in the next fight, but this is hope, not certainty." Despite these expressions, which are about the strongest that are to be found in the volume of records, the claim is here made that—

1. The monitor on the 9th of March, 1862, was the first to retire from the engagement with the Virginia.
2. That the Monitor and all of the vessels near Old Point and the Rip-Raps declined the Virginia's offer to battle on the 11th of April, 1862, when three transports were taken from under the guns of Fortress Monroe and towed to Norfolk.
3. That on the 8th of May, 1862, when the Monitor and five other vessels were bombarding Sewell's Point, just two

days before the evacuation of Norfolk, the entire squadron retired to Old Point as soon as the Virginia made her appearance near Craney Island.

GOING IT ALONE.

The Virginia on this last occasion was not accompanied by the small squadron that operated with her on the 8th and 9th of March, and on the 11th of April. She was alone, and had she been as vulnerable as Chief Engineer Stimer asserted, and as Assistant Secretary Fox hoped, surely there was no need for two iron-clads, two sloops-of-war and two gun-boats to retire to shelter as they did.

The report of the second day's engagement, March 9th, made by Lieutenant Catesby Jones to Captain Buchanan, is very brief. Captain Buchanan's report embraced the operations of both days, March 8th and 9th. It is dated Naval Hospital, March 27th, 1862, and was forwarded to Secretary Mallory, who turned it over to Jefferson Davis, and was by the latter submitted to the Confederate Congress on the 10th of April, 1862. The report of Lieutenant Jones was as follows. "At daylight on the 9th we saw that the Minnesota was still ashore, and that there was an iron battery near her. At 8 o'clock we ran down to engage them (having previously sent the killed and wounded out of the ship) firing at the Minnesota and occasionally at the iron battery. The pilots did not place us as near as they expected, the great length and draft of the ship rendered it exceedingly difficult to work her. We ran ashore about a mile from the frigate and were backing fifteen minutes before we got off. We continued to fire at the Minnesota and blew up a steamer alongside of her, and we also engaged the Monitor, sometimes at very close quarters. We once succeeded in running into her and twice silenced her fire. The pilots declaring that we could get no nearer the Minnesota, and believing her to be entirely disabled, and the Monitor having run into shoal water, which prevented our doing her any further injury we ceased firing at 12 o'clock and proceeded to Norfolk."

JONES WAS CRITICISED UNJUSTLY.

Lieutenant Jones was subjected to criticism for failing to

destroy the Minnesota when he had that vessel so completely in his power, and the Confederate naval authorities appeared to be dissatisfied with his action. To justify himself he wrote to several of his brother officers on the Virginia, who had advised him to return to Norfolk when he did, and of the replies that he received, that of Lieutenant Hunter Davidson, dated October 25, 1862, was the most interesting, as it emphasized the fact that the Monitor retired to shoal water some time before the Virginia was headed for Norfolk. Lieutenant Jones, in his letter to Lieutenant Davidson, said: "The action lasted four hours. We had run into the Monitor, causing us to leak, and received a shot from her which came near disabling the machinery, but continued to fight her until she was driven into shoal water." The following is a portion of Lieutenant Davidson's letter: It can be found on pages 60 and 61: "The Monitor engaged so much of your attention you had little time to attack the Minnesota, as it was evident the former's object was to relieve the latter by drawing us off. Whilst this novel warfare was going on the Virginia was run aground by the pilots; and remained so for about three-quarters of an hour, I think.

"It was during the grounding of the Virginia that the Monitor received her coup de grace and hauled off on the shoals out of reach of our guns and gave us the opportunity to fire about eleven shells from my big bow gun at the Minnesota, six of which, not exploding prematurely as the rest did, appeared to take effect, although we were a mile distant.* * * When the Virginia was floated again I was informed that the pilots declared that it was impossible for us to get nearer the Minnesota. This circumstance, together with the fact that our officers and men were completely broken down by two days' and a night's continuous work with the heaviest rifled ordnance in the world, and that the ship was believed to be seriously injured by ramming and sinking the Cumberland, and that if she should run aground and remain so in attempting to reach the Minnesota, she would probably open forward, where her horn had split the stem, and become an easy prey to the enemy, and in consideration also that the Monitor was drawn off and sought safety in shoal water and that the Minnesota was

crippled beyond the hope of safety, induced you, by the advice of the lieutenants whom you consulted, to return to Norfolk. I still think, as I then thought, that it was the proper course for you to pursue, and that you had made the best fight of the two days engagement."

FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

Lieutenant Greene, on March 12th, three days after the Sunday engagement between the ironclads, reported to Secretary Gideon Wells: Captain Worden then sent for me and told me to take charge of the vessel. We continued the action until 12:15 P. M., when the Merrimac retreated to Sewell's Point and we went to the Minnesota and remained by her until she was afloat." Evidently Lieutenant Greene, at the time this report was made, had been relieved of his command, as on page 92, in a report made to Secretary Wells by Captain John Marston, senior officer, dated March 11, 1862, this sentence occurs: "I also yesterday ordered Lieutenant Thomas O. Selfridge to command the Monitor, the appointment subject to the approval of Flag Officer L. M. Goldsborough." As the engagement occurred on the 9th it would appear from the above that a new commander for the Monitor was appointed the following day, the 10th.

That the evidence of Captain Van Brunt, of the Minnesota, does not support the statement of Lieutenant Greene, is shown by this extract: "As soon as she got off she stood down the bay, the little battery chasing her with all speed, when suddenly Merrimac turned around and ran full speed into her antagonist. For a moment I was anxious, but instantly I saw a shot plunges into the iron roof of the Merrimac, which surely must have damaged her. For some time after the rebels concentrated their whole battery upon the tower and pilot-house of the Monitor, and soon after the latter stood down for Fortress Monroe, and we thought it probable she had exhausted her supply of ammunition or sustained some injury. Soon after the Merrimac and the two other steamers headed for my ship, and I then felt to the fullest extent my condition."

The language of Captain Van Brunt, although differently expressed, is in substance the same as that of Lieutenants

Catesby Jones and Hunter Davidson—that the Monitor retired from the engagement before the Virginia did.

The following items as to the anchor and beams of the first iron-clad, which revolutionized naval warfare, may be of interest to add:

“NORFOLK, VA., January 25.—As the result of her mud hook getting afoul of something in Hampton Roads yesterday a fishing schooner was the innocent cause of the discovery of the lost anchor and chain of the Confederate armor clad ‘Merrimac,’ or ‘Virginia’.”

The stock in the anchor is black walnut. Live Oak was generally used, but this material ran out during the war, and other kinds of wood had to be used. The stock is of two pieces, shaped in the centre to fit around the shank, between the shoulders, and the two pieces are held together by stout iron bands. The shank is fourteen feet long, and a foot thick. The stock is two feet through in the middle, and was originally fourteen feet long, but part of one of the arms is gone.

It is stated that the Jamestown Department of History and Education will endeavor to obtain the anchor for exhibition.

Some years ago the propeller shaft of the “Virginia” was raised and placed in front of the Confederate Museum, which building was the residence of President Davis, the White House of the Confederacy, in Richmond.

This elicited the following, which appeared in the Portsmouth Virginia Star of June 27, 1907:

“The finding of the anchor of the Merrimac a few days ago off Craney Island, and the interest that has been awakened in relics of the old ship thereby, makes doubly interesting the fact that in a house in Portsmouth are two of the great ship’s beams of the first ironclad. They are still in a good state of preservation.

They have been in the possession of the family of Mr. Peter

Cosgrove of this city and he has had them for the past thirty-seven years.

Learning that there was a possibility of the restoration of the original form of the famous vessel, in the form of a model, Mr. Cosgrove addressed the following letter to Hon. H. L. Maynard, representative from this district, offering to donate one of the beams to the government. In part he writes:

“My father got these beams thirty-seven years ago at Craney Island. With my two brothers brought the beams up to the old Cosgrove home in Park View, where they were landed.

“‘These beams are now part of the foundation of the old house and are in an excellent state of preservation. I am prepared to furnish affidavits as to their genuineness, if the government desires them for use in its exhibit’.”

So far as The Star knows, Mr. Cosgrove is misinformed regarding the intention of the government or of the exposition to build a model of the Merrimac, but the fact remains that the original beams of the boat, together with the old anchor verified as having belonged to her, would make a most notable exhibition. Both relics will likely be devoted to this use.”

From the *Times-Dispatch*, May 6, 1906.

PICKETT'S CHARGE AT GETTYSBURG.

Graphic Story Told by Late Colonel Joseph C. Mayo,
Third Virginia Regiment.

Why Don't They Support Us—Why the "Unknown
Private Beyond" Had to Be Killed That Day.

Richmond, Va., April 24, 1906.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—I send you an account of Gettysburg by the late Col. Joseph Mayo, of the Third Virginia Infantry, Kemper's brigade. This gallant officer was a Virginia Military Institute man, and like every other field officer of Pickett's division, without a single exception, he was stricken in the dreadful assault. It has sometimes been said that all of Pickett's field officers were wounded except Major Joseph C. Cabell, of Danville. This is a mistake. He also was shot in the charge, though not severely.

It was stated that Col. Eppa Hunton, of the Eighth Virginia Infantry, Garnett's brigade, rode his horse throughout the action until both he and his horse were shot. Having his painful wound attended, he turned to ride forward again when his horse fell dead.

The account is a graphic one and bears the impress of truth.

Col. J. B. Bachelder, in his account of Gettysburg, states that Pickett's men chased the enemy beyond the point where Armistead fell.

Col Mayo's account tells the story of a private who fell twenty paces beyond that point. Col. Mayo some years since passed over the river. His surviving comrades will read with interest the story of their deeds from his pen.

Very truly yours,

JNO. W. DANIEL.

PICKETT'S CHARGE AT GETTYSBURG.

The order of march into the enemy's country was left in front; first Ewell's, then Hill's, and, lastly, Longstreet's corps, of which Armistead's, Garnett's and Kemper's brigades of Pickett's Division, brought up the rear. The other two brigades, those of Corse and Jenkins, were absent on detached service. We reached Chambersburg early on the evening of June 27th, and stayed there until hastily summoned to the scene of hostilities on the morning of the 2d of July, having been employed in the meantime, in tearing up the railroad track and demolishing the depot and other buildings. A forced march of twenty-five miles brought us, at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, to the stone bridge on the Cashtown and Gettysburg Turnpike, within cannon shot of the battle-field. Here General Pickett sent Col. Walter Harrison, of his staff, to tell General Lee of our arrival and readiness for action.

THE POST OF HONOR, JULY 1ST.

The answer came to find a camp and await further orders. Before dawn the following morning, we moved to our place in the line, our march being carefully concealed from the enemy's view. Soon after we got into position, some two hundred yards in the rear of the batteries on Seminary Ridge, General Lee passed in front of us, coming from the right, and a little while afterwards every man in the ranks was made to know exactly what was the work which had been cut out for us. I remember perfectly well General Kemper's earnest injunction to me to be sure that the Third Virginia was told that the commanding general had assigned our division the post of honor that day. He was a Virginian; so were they. Then the arms were stacked and the men allowed to rest at will; but one thing was especially noticeable; from being unusually merry and hilarious they on a sudden had become as still and thoughtful as Quakers at a love feast. Walking up the line to where Colonel Patton was standing in front of the Seventh, I said to him, "This news has brought about an awful seriousness with our fellows, Taz." "Yes," he replied,

"and well they may be serious if they really know what is in store for them. I have been up yonder where Dearing is, and looked across at the Yankees."

Then he told me a good joke he had on our dashing and debonair chief of artillery. He had ridden out on the skirmish line to get a closer observation of the enemy's position, when a courier galloped up with a message from General Lee. Naturally he supposed Mars Robert wished to ask him what he had seen of those people that was worth reporting; but he was woefully mistaken. This was all the General had to say: "Major Dearing, I do not approve of young officers needlessly exposing themselves; your place is with your batteries." While we were talking an order came to move up nearer the artillery. This was done, and the final preparations made for the advance. Here let me say that General Kemper's memory was at fault when he said in his letter to Judge David E. Johnston, dated February 4, 1886, that he and General Garnett were the only officers of Pickett's Division who went into that battle mounted. He himself gave Col. Lewis B. Williams, of the First, permission to keep his horse, as he was too unwell to walk, and after the General was shot down I saw two of his staff, Captain William O. Fry and Orderly Walker, still on horseback.

THE TEMPEST AT 1 O'CLOCK.

Meantime the blazing sun has reached and passed the meridian, and the long, painful interval of suspense is swallowed up in the excruciating reality. Where the Third and the greater part of the Seventh lay there was a depression in the ridge, exposing them to the full fury of the tempest of shot and shell which soon came raining down upon them. A faint conception of its indescribable horror may be gathered from a few incidents of which I retain to this day a shuddering recollection. At the sound of the signal guns I went to the centre of the regiment in front of the flag, and sat down upon a pile of blankets resembling a coil of rope; but the intolerable heat of the sun quickly drove me back to the shelter of the apple tree, under which men and officers of both regiments were crowded together thick as herring in a barrel, where I managed to squeeze in between Colonel Patton and Colonel Collcote.

PANDEMONIUM.

The first shot or two flew harmlessly over our heads; but soon they began to get the range, and then came—well, what General Gibbon, on the other side, called “pandemonium.” First there was an explosion in the top of our friendly tree, sending a shower of limbs upon us. In a second there was another, followed by a piercing shriek, which caused Patton to spring up and run to see what was the matter. Two killed outright and three frightfully wounded, he said on his return. Immediately after a like cry came from another apple tree close by in the midst of the Third. Company F had suffered terribly; First Lieutenant A. P. Gomer, legs shattered below the knee; of the Arthur brothers, second and third lieutenants, one killed and the other badly hit; Orderly Sergeant Murray mortally wounded, and of the privates, one killed and three wounded. Then, for more than an hour it went on. Nearly every minute the cry of mortal agony was heard above the roar and rumble of the guns. In his modest book, “Four Years a Soldier,” one who was left for dead under that apple tree describes it in these feeling words: “Turn you where you would, there were to be seen at almost every moment of time guns, swords, haversacks, human flesh and bones flying and dangling in the air or bouncing above the earth, which now trembled beneath us as shaken by an earthquake. Over us, in front of us, behind us, in our midst and through our ranks, poured solid shot and bursting shell dealing out death on every hand; yet the men stood bravely at their post in an open field with a blistering July sun beating upon their unprotected heads.” Doubtless there would have been some consolation to know, as we afterwards learned, that our blue-coated friends over the way were in the same, if not in a worse predicament. General Gibbon who with Hancock’s Corps held the position we were about to storm says of the execution done by our batteries that it exceeded anything he had dreamed of in artillery warfare; and I believe it is now an admitted historical fact that from the time that the “nimble gunner with limstock the devilish cannon touched,” that awful din at Gettysburg was the most fearful sound that ever pealed from the “red throat of roaring war.”

Colonel Patton called my attention to the gallant bearing of Major Dearing, as he galloped, flag in hand, from gun to gun of his battalion and suggested that it would be safer for us to close up on the artillery; but I told him he must not think of moving without orders and, besides, it was evident that the enemy's fire was rapidly abating, and that the storm would soon be over. The words were barely spoken before it came again; our turn now. I thought at first that it was my adjutant, John Stewart, as a handful of earth mixed with blood and brains struck my shoulder; but they were two poor fellows belonging to Company D (one of them, I remember, had a flaming red head), and another, as we believed, mortally hurt, Sergeant-Major Davy Johnston, of the Seventh, author of the book I have quoted. Strange to say, he was at the time lying between Colonel Patton, and myself.

"REMEMBER OLD VIRGINIA."

That was among the last shots fired, and as the terrific duel was drawing to a close, General Pickett came riding briskly down the rear of the line, calling to the men to get up and prepare to advance, and "Remember Old Virginia." Our dear old Third, it was a heart-rending sight which greeted me as I moved along your decimated ranks!—while quickly, and without a word of command, the men fell into their places; especially to see our color-bearer, Murden, as fine a type of true soldier-ship as ever stepped beneath the folds of the spotless stars and bars, now lying there stark and stiff, a hideous hole sheer through his stalwart body, and his right hand closed in a death grip around the staff of that beautiful new flag which to-day for the first and last time had braved the battle and the breeze. The devoted little column moved to the assault, with Garnett, and Kemper in front, and Armistead behind in close supporting distance. Soon after clearing our batteries it was found necessary to change direction to the left. While conducting the movement, which was made in perfect order under a galling flank fire from the Round Top, General Pickett, for the second time, cautioned me to be sure and keep the proper interval with General Garnett; Armistead was expected to catch up and

extend the line on the left. Then we swept onward again, straight for the Golgotha of Seminary Ridge, half a mile distant, across the open plain. As we neared the Emmettsburg road, along which, behind piles of rails, the enemy's strong line of skirmishers was posted, General Kemper called to me to give attention to matters on the left, while he went to see what troops those were coming up behind us. Glancing after him, I caught a glimpse of a small body of men, compact and solid as a wedge, moving swiftly to the left oblique, as if aiming to uncover Garnett's Brigade. They were Armistead's people, and as Kemper cantered down their front on his mettlesome sorrel they greeted him with a rousing cheer, which I know made his gallant heart leap for joy. At the same moment I saw a disorderly crowd of men breaking for the rear, and Pickett, with Stuart Symington, Ned Baird, and others, vainly trying to stop the rout. And now the guns of Cushing and Abbott double-stocked by General Gibbon's express order, reinforced the terrific fire of the infantry behind the stone fence, literally riddling the orchard on the left of the now famous Cordori house, through which my regiment and some of the others passed.

"DON'T CROWD, BOYS"—"PRETTY HOT"—"PERFECTLY REDICULOUS."

While clearing this obstruction, and as we were getting into shape again, several things were impressed on my memory. First, the amusement it seemed to afford Orderly Waddy Forward, who might, if he pleased, have stayed behind with the horses, to see me duck my head as a ball whizzed in an ace of my nose; next, to see Captain Lewis, of Company C, looking as lazy and lackadaisical, and, if possible, more tired and bored than usual, carrying his sword point foremost over his shoulder, and addressing his company in that invariable plaintive tone, half command, half entreaty, "Don't crowd, boys; don't crowd." "Pretty hot, Captain," I said in passing. "It's redicklous, Colonel; perfectly redicklous"—which, in his vocabulary, meant as bad as bad could be; then Captain Tom Hodges directing my attention to a splendid looking Federal officer, magnificently mounted, straining his horse at full speed along the crest of a hill a hundred yards in our front, and both

of us calling to the skirmishers, "Don't shoot him! don't shoot him!" and, lastly, the impetuous Kemper, as rising in his stirrups and pointing to the left with his sword, he shouted, "There are the guns, boys, go for them." It was an injudicious order; but they obeyed with a will, and mingled with Garnett's people pushed rapidly up the heights.

Within a few steps of the stone fence, while in the act of shaking hands with General Garnett and congratulating him on being able to be with his men (he had been seriously ill a few days before), I heard some one calling to me, and turning my head, saw that it was Captain Fry. He was mounted, and blood was streaming from his horse's neck. Colonel Terry had sent him to stop the rush to left. The enemy in force (Standard's Vermonters) had penetrated to our rear. He told me that Kemper had been struck down, it was feared mortally. With the help of Colonel Carrington, of the Eighteenth, and Major Bentley, of the Twenty-fourth, I hastily gathered a small band together and faced them to meet the new danger. After that everything was a wild kaleidoscopic whirl. A man near me seemed to be keeping a tally of the dead for my especial benefit. First it was Patton, then Collcote, then Phillips, and I know not how many more. Colonel Williams was knocked out the saddle by a ball in the shoulder near the brick-house, and in falling was killed by his sword. His little bay mare kept on with the men in the charge. I can see her now as she came limping and sadly crippled down the hill. I saw her again at Williamsport in care of his faithful man Harry, who asked me what I thought old master would say when she was all belonging to Mars Lewis he had to take home. Seeing the men as they fired, throw down their guns and pick up others from the ground, I followed suit, shooting into a flock of blue coats that were pouring down from the right, I noticed how close their flags were together. Probably they were the same people whom Hood and McLaws had handled so roughly the day before. "Used up," as General Meade said of them. Suddenly there was a hissing sound, like the hooded cobra's whisper of death, a deafening explosion, a sharp pang of pain somewhere, a momentary blank, and when I got on my feet again

there were splinters of bone and lumps of flesh sticking to my clothes. Then I remembered seeing lank Tell Taliaferro, adjutant of the Twenty-fourth, jumping like a kangaroo and rubbing his crazy bone and blessing the Yankees in a way that did credit to old Jube Early's one-time law partner, and handsome 'Ocey White, the boy lieutenant of Company A, taking off his hat to show me where a ball had raised a whelk on his scalp and carried away one of his pretty flaxen curls, and lastly, "Old Buck" Terry, with a peculiarly sad smile on his face, standing with poor George and Val Harris and others, between the colors of the Eleventh and Twenty-fourth, near where now is the pretty monument of Colonel Ward, of Massachusetts. I could not hear what he said, but he was pointing rearwards with his sword, and I knew what that meant.

As I gave one hurried glance over the field we had traversed, the thought in my mind was repeated at my side, "Oh! Colonel, why don't they support us?" It was Walker, General Kemper's orderly, unhorsed, but still unscathed and undaunted, awkward, ungainly, hard-featured, good-natured, simple-minded, stout-hearted Walker, one of the Eleventh boys, I believe; only a private doing his duty with might and main and recking no more of glory than the ox that has won the prize at a cattle show. At the storming of the Redan when Wyndham's forlorn hope tumbled into the ditch and couldn't get out, owing to the scarcity of ladders, and the few they had were too short, the men huddled together dazed and bewildered, and were mowed down like dumb beasts by the Muscovite rifles, because there were no officers left to lead them. There was a notable exception, an Irishman, scrambling up the scrap, he shouted, "Come up, boys, follow the captain." The captain fell, but Pat went on to immortality. It was not so that day at Gettysburg.

UNKNOWN PRIVATE WHO FELL BEYOND.

Twenty paces beyond the spot which is marked to tell where stout old Armistead fell, the foremost hero of them all, an humble private, without a name, bit the dust. The man in blue who told the story had a seam in his cheek. "I tried to save

him, but he would not give up, so I had to kill him to save my own life." "What orders do you leave us, my lord, if you are killed?" asked Hill of Wellington when the pounding was hardest on the famous plateau at Waterloo. "Do as I am doing," he replied, and turning to the men, he said, "Boys, you can't think of giving away. Remember old England." And well it was for old England that behind the Iron Duke was a wall of iron men. Calling to the group around me to spread themselves, I led the way back to the woods in rear of our guns on Seminary Ridge. Realizing painfully our own sad plight, we were, of course, anxiously concerned for the rest of our people. But soon Mars Robert came along, followed by his faithful aides, the two Charleses—Venable and Marshall. How ineffably grand he appeared—a very anointed king of command, posing for the chisel of a Phidias, and looking on him we knew that the army was safe.

So ended our part in the day's bloody work.

From the *Richmond News-Leader*, January 21, 1907.

ADVANCE FROM APPOMATTOX.

John Skelton Williams Tells of the South's Great
Forward March—Talks to Virginians
Living in Atlanta.

Startling Figures of Development and How the
Cotton Growers Could Tie Up the
Commerce of the World.

On Saturday the Virginia Society of Atlanta, Ga., gave a banquet in honor of General Lee's birthday. John Skelton Williams was the orator of the occasion. While his address in a great measure was statistical, many of his facts and figures are new and some of them are startling, and they will be found of intense interest by thinking people of the South and North. The address follows:

OUR ADVANCE FROM APPOMATTOX.

General Lee was one of the few men who have lived whose greatness and glory culminated with defeat and who won from disaster the ever-deepening love, the ever-rising reverence of mankind. I say he was. He is. His character and his qualities, which are the essentials and the realities of a man, live. As those who knew and followed him in his lifetime die, the hosts of those who know and love him multiply continually. With his body resting quietly in its humble grave in a little Virginia town these thirty-six years, his fame spreads more widely. An immediate personal recollection of him recedes along the ever-lengthening vista of time and becomes dim and misty, the world beyond the boundaries of the dead republic for which he fought learns him more intimately, feels more strongly the power of his sublimity. As the serene white light of history shines upon him more clearly and more brightly it shows him rising ever higher and more majestic and reveals to humanity that one of its highest ideals is realized, one of its noblest conceptions is personified, its foremost hero and gentleman presented to it in this beaten leader of a vanished army, this baffled hope of a

country stricken from the map and now but a loved name and a cherished memory.

As Lee is among the few who from defeat and disaster have grown to glory ever increasing, so the people whom he led and whose old ideals his life expressed, are conspicuous in history in marching from surrender to conquest, in coming through humiliation to victory, to dazzling achievement through subjugation. The South has marched straight over stone strewn roads and towering obstacles from Appomattox to Empire.

During weeks of early springtime weather in that fateful year of 1865, the roads were crowded with men wearily trodding to distant homes—men who were ragged and ill-fed, war-worn and weather-beaten, the valiant units of peerless armies overcome and disintegrated. Behind them lay glory veiled in cloud and hope smitten down, and they faced doubt and desolation. Each man carried a sore and anxious heart to the home from which he had marched long months before with heart beating high, throbbing for the fierce joy of battle and confident of conquest. Some of the homes to which thoughts and footsteps turned when the last gun had been stacked and the last flag furled were humble and remote, some stately, and formerly the centers of bountiful and princely hospitality, some but heaps of ashes and all were in the shadow of fear for the future in the very grip and bitterness of poverty. Yet to each of these homes—in the lonely mountains, along the coasts or plains, in city, village and hamlet—each man returning from the war bore with him a purpose and an inspiration.

General Lee did not need the stern discipline of the army or the articles of war to exact obedience from those who followed him. His spirit pervaded his camps. The mightiness and the beauty of his soul were felt and shared regardless of distance or difference in military rank. These men continued to be Lee's men after they had ceased to be Lee's soldiers. They bore home with them his pure courage, his deathless faith, his calm but indomitable determination that for the South defeat should not mean despair, and disappointment should not bring with it ruin and obliteration. At Spotsylvania the Texans sent "Lee to the rear," and by the power of their love for Lee burst through smoke and with bullets crowding the air swept over tangled field of the wilderness. Lee was sent to the rear at Appomattox, but Lee's men and Lee's woman have come steadily forward against dangers such as never before had

threatened an established civilization, through tangles of perplexities and problems such as never before confronted and bewildered a people. The sons and the grandsons, the daughters and the granddaughters of Lee's men and Lee's women have continued the advance steadily. We people and pupils of Lee have done work his soul would exult to look upon. The waste places have been built up. The barren and fallow fields have been made to yield boundless wealth and ever-increasing power. From ashes and death and desolation Lee's people in Lee's land have established life and growth, and not only a smiling and peaceful prosperity but commercial supremacy.

No time could be more appropriate than this, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, for some recitation of the results of our advance from Appomattox. We have overcome obstacles set thick and deadly before us. We have made our foes our friends and cordial co-laborers. We have taken our high place among the mighty people of whom we are part, and have proved our right to rank with the noblest of them. Our victories are expressed, not in dismal lists of killed, hurt and prisoners, but in magnificent totals showing the additions we make annually to the country's wealth; not in cities ravaged, but in cities built; not in trampled fields and devastation, but in fields made to bear more abundantly than ever before, and in idle and forsaken ground made the site of industry and the places of productions.

Before the wild roses of the summer of 1865 had begun to spread their blossoms above the fields where the bloody banners of battle waved in the spring, Lee's people were at work. The feet that had tramped, tramped, tramped while the boys were marching, and had borne brave men onward in tumultuous charge towards death, were patiently plodding along the furrows behind the plow. The hands that had drawn swords and kept muskets busy were planting, working, building. Food was the first consideration, because famine stood gaunt at every door, and in many sections the meal bins had been scraped and the corn cribs emptied to feed the troops at the front or the families of the soldiers at home. Yet even in 1865-'6, we produced 2,661,000 bales of cotton and by 1871, in the very midst of the calamitous process of reconstruction, we gave the world more than four million bales, although six years before we had hardly a dollar or a seed, an animal or a tool, or a dust of fertilizer to begin with.

In the season of 1879 when the last of the alien State governments had been overthrown and order had been conquered from social and political chaos, the South produced a cotton crop of 5,074,155 bales, valued at \$250,000,000. For 1906 the value of the cotton crop is placed at \$650,000,000, an increase of \$400,000,000 in the same territory, an increase of 160 per cent., while the population increased but 60 per cent in the cotton States, showing an increase in the value of cotton produced to the individual of 66 2-3 per cent. The cotton mills in the United States last year consumed approximately 5,000,000 bales of cotton, or as much as the entire cotton crop produced in 1879, and the value of our exports of raw cotton for the past season is placed at more than \$400,000,000. The crop of 1879, with which this comparison is made, was, at that time, the largest the South had ever raised, the production having more than doubled in the preceding ten years, or since 1869, when the total crop was 2,366,467 bales. The mere recitation of these results, however, does not impress the average mind. People of this age are too accustomed to thinking in millions to be easily awed by figures.

I ask you to dwell, however, for a moment upon the remarkable fact that the cotton growing States of the South have, during the past six years, received for their cotton approximately thirty-three hundred million dollars, or more than the aggregate of the preceding ten years. This means that the cotton crops raised in the Southern States during these last six years have exceeded in value the total product of all the gold mines of the world from the discovery of America up to the year 1850.

Each cotton crop since 1900 has exceeded in value the greatest cotton crop raised prior to that year. The South is now an empire to which we may say that practically all the rest of the world is tributary and more or less dependent, not for a luxury, or a thing that can be easily dispensed with, but for one of the chief necessities of life.

Let us pause for a moment to consider the consequences which would ensue if the people of the South should decide for only one year to grow no more cotton than enough to supply their own immediate requirements, and not export a bale. As the South now produces three-fourths of all the cotton raised in the world, it follows that about three-fourths of the cotton mills of the world would have to cease running and begin to rest. Ten million people in the

British Isles, it is said, derive their support directly or indirectly from the cotton industry. These gigantic armies of workers would be brought to the verge of starvation. The industries of Great Britain would be paralyzed, and the economists admit that a period of general industrial depression and financial panic would probably ensue more severe than any recorded in the past in any country. It is not easy for the imagination to realize the conditions of misery, want and nakedness which would come with the civilized world shut off from its supply of American cotton. Clothing would be scarce; the ships that ply the seas would be without canvas for sails, armies would be without tents, the great dry-goods stores whose merchandise is mainly cotton fabrics, would have to close and their employes would join the throngs of the idle. Keep before you that fact that the people who would be the least of all affected by such conditions would be the Southern people. On their own soil they can raise every other crop which they may need to supply them with food or vesture, and funds for living quite as easily as the farmers of Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana or Illinois, who, with an abundance of corn and wheat and wool, have never yet raised, or attempted to raise, a pound of cotton.

The people of Great Britain know all this. They are well aware of the fearful losses, the demoralization and starvation which would inevitably follow in the wake of a cotton famine. Therefore, it is that the English government has for the past fifty years periodically taken alarm and agitated the question of opening new cotton fields in other countries, so as to mitigate to some extent England's dependence upon our Southern cotton fields. At a conference recently held at the foreign office in London, attended by the premier and other leading members of the British cabinet, this subject was discussed with great earnestness. It was stated there that the consumption of raw cotton was increasing at the rate of about a half million bales a year, and it was declared that even a shortage of 25 per cent in the cotton supply would mean a loss to British industries of a million and a half to two million dollars a week. Thus, it is for patriotic, as well as commerical reasons, that the countries of Europe renew from time to time the extraordinary but futile efforts which they have been making during the last fifty years to develop a supply of cotton in other portions of the globe. The suggestion has been made and is being seriously discussed in English papers, that a sufficient amount of English capital should be invested in

lands in the Southern States to secure the raising of at least 3,000,000 bales a year for the English mills. In 1905 Great Britain imported 4,407,000 bales of cotton, while the value of the manufactured cotton goods which that country exported is placed at more than \$447,000,000.

The South is now producing approximately about three times as much cotton as the rest of the world combined, and the proportion of the world's supply produced in the Southern States is increasing rather than diminishing.

There is produced in the whole of Egypt scarcely more than one-third of the cotton produced in Texas, and the production of cotton in Egypt is practically stationary, last year's production there being considerably below the average for the previous three years. There is produced in the whole of India scarcely more than in the State of Texas, and of that production more than one-half is consumed locally, leaving but a limited supply for export.

The advantages which we possess over Great Britain for the manufacture of cotton are undeniable, and will be still further emphasized with the opening of the Panama canal, putting us in close touch with the West coast of South America and the Orient, where our markets are constantly widening. A bulletin issued by the Department of Commerce and Labor January 5, 1907, on the Lancashire cotton trade illustrates the opportunity for development which we have when it points out that during the year 1906 there have been put to work, organized and placed under construction and projected in England new spinning mills which will contain 8,026,356 spindles, or three-fourths as many spindles as there are today in all the Southern States. Surely, if the world is increasing its demands for cotton goods at that rate, we are in the best possible position to participate in the great demand and to supply it.

The development of the cotton milling industry in the Southern States since the year 1900 has exceeded all hopes or dreams. The increase from 1900 to 1906 in the number of spindles is reported by recognized authority, the *Manufacturers' Record*, of Baltimore, to be 5,018,000; this increase alone being approximately three times as great as the total number of spindles in operation in the South in the year 1890, only sixteen years ago, while the capital invested in cotton mills is now reported at \$230,000,000 against \$60,000,000 in 1890.

Twenty years ago the most ardent friend of the South, the most

optimistic believer in its possibilities, would scarcely have dared predict the results in material development which we accomplished.

Four years of bloody, wasting and destructive war had been followed by nearly ten years of plundering, wilder and grosser and more reckless than any conquered people ever suffered, of blundering, blind, fanatical experiments in government of which the people of the South, of both races, were the helpless victims. In 1860 the cotton-growing, slave-owning States contained 1,065,000 men of producing age; 900,000 of these fought against the Union armies, whose enlisted men numbered 2,800,000. Of the Confederate soldiers 300,000, one-third were killed, died or disappeared under the ominous report of "missing" at the roll calls after the battles. The bulk of the South's property, her individual bases of credit, was destroyed by proclamation at one stroke of Mr. Lincoln's pen. Untold millions of her long accumulated wealth invested in Confederate securities, vanished with the Confederacy. The land lay waste and barren, stock was destroyed, not even tools to work with were left. Cities were heaps of ruins, fields were overgrown in weeds and undergrowth. Yet the Confederate veteran, hobbling patiently on his unaccustomed crutches or trying to guide a worn-out army mule and a broken plow with his one remaining arm, had to pay his full share of taxes to the general government and contribute to the pension of his prosperous and victorious opponent, to pay taxes to his State government, ever increasing its extortionate demands, to face the problem of educating his own children and the children of four million freed slaves and to meet forty per cent. interest on the money he might be able to borrow on his possible crop to secure the means to make it. More than this, he had to reorganize his civilization, to meet a thousand new and hard conditions, to reconstruct society and politics, to learn a new life and new conditions, and to do it all in the face of a general government which did not understand him or his troubles or purposes, and of carpetbag State government's intent only on repressing him and draining him to the last drop of his agonized possibilities.

The pages of history present no parallel—no instance of any conquered people subjected to the hardships and difficulties which were thrust upon our Southern people in the dark and hopeless years of reconstruction which followed the Civil War. Four million former slaves were turned loose, and the reigns of government

placed in their hands, by majority rule, protected and encouraged by Federal bayonets. Neither the Persians, after Alexander's conquest of the East, nor Rome, after the Goths and Vandals had laid waste the Eternal city, nor the countries of Europe after the Napoleonic conquest, were called upon to face the appalling burden of government by former slaves, so recently, so very recently emerged from absolute barbarism. We are told that there are still in the South old black men and women whose memory takes them back to their early life in the jungle, and I have heard my father tell of an old slave of his grandfather's plantation who knew the choice cuts of the human carcass, as a result of her early cannibal life on the African coast. Mighty Rome did not recover in a thousand years from the blow when struck down and ravaged by Alaric and his Northern barbarians. Yet, it is now scarcely forty years from Appomattox, and the South has regained all her losses and has forced her way triumphantly forward to the very foremost rank among the nations.

Nothing is needed, surely, to convince the world that the land that can yield restoration, growth, power, prosperity and supremacy of the world's markets from such conditions, is beyond the possibility of exhaustion. No evidence is needed to give assurance for our race. It came through two centuries and a half of enervating influences of slavery, of pastoral prosperity and kindly feudalism, through four years of desperate and devastating war; through ten years of sorrow, inexpressible poverty, humiliation, doubt and oppression, with work to do such as no people ever had to do and no help in doing it. It came through all these varying tests and trials, tempting and assailing every possibility of human weakness, with manhood maintained, with standards and ideals held high above all the rack and strain of long indolence, of carnage and affliction and fearful dangers, with civilization untainted, patriotism pure and strong, courage never faltering. In the blood of these people the seeds of cowardice, treason or decadence never have been sown. Each new burden was carried bravely, with smiling lip and fearless eye and faces turned ever to the roads leading upward—how steep and how far they seemed—and towards the light of the morning—how wan and distant it gleamed then! Each new horror and danger was faced dauntlessly as became the begotten by lions of lions' mates. Sturdily, steadily, patiently and fearlessly as Lee's people pressed up the hill and broke through

the smoke clouds on the heights of Gettysburg, as they burst through the wilderness thickness to the salient at Spotsylvania, as they followed to the gloomy glory of Appomattox, Lee's people have pressed and striven and climbed from Appomattox to and now are through the clouds and toward the crest, in the full glow of the light, marching abreast with those who were victors over them, shoulder to shoulder with former enemies in strong and joyous emulation, the spreading spirit of Lee's heroism and patience, purity and splendid purpose and manhood, urging all, ennobling all.

Surely nothing more than the bare facts of history are needed to prove that such a people on such a land, and land yielding such results and a people extorting from it such results are invincible and that we have no need to fear for the future, no need to fix any limits to our expectations of wealth and greatness.

During the first five and seventy years of our national life, or, say from the Declaration of Independence by the thirteen original States until 1850, the South was dominant. In the executive chair at Washington, on the bench and in the halls of legislature, Southern men were foremost. Of the first twelve presidents of the Republic, from 1789 until 1850, seven were the sons of one Southern State—the Old Dominion—Virginia, the mother of presidents. A majority of the chief justices of the United States Supreme Court during these years were Southern men; and more than half of the speakers of the House of Representatives for the same period came from the South.

Surely, it takes no oracle to foresee that the time is now hastening on when the South, seated on the throne of greatness, shall again hold the sceptre of power in our forever united country.

I have no wish to give life to any old quarrels, to arouse the memory of any old wrongs or to pursue any dead men in their graves. It is no unkindly spirit that I recall some of the hideous mistakes that were made in dealing with us, which all now recognize. I concede frankly that if it had been Grant instead of Lee who surrendered at Appomattox, we of the South probably would have erred in dealing with the North, as the North did in dealing with us—errors of long hatred intensified by the smell of the blood of our own, of old and rooted and fortified misconception and wrong valuations, of honest, intense fanaticism and prejudice, of greed and ambition and lust suddenly loosed and regnant by the

demoralization of war and the opportunities of conquest over a rich soil and an obedient or helpless population. It is necessary and right, however, for us to reassure ourselves and to gather for ourselves new inspiration for the future by remembering the darkness and the dangers, the wideness and the barrenness of the wilderness through which we have come to conquest and realization.

Against a population of 16,300,000 in 1880, at the close of the dark period of reconstruction, the Southern States now have a population of approximately 25,900,000, with a constantly diminishing proportion of blacks.

Our prodigious increase in values from 1900 to 1906 is shown in official assessed value of property, which has grown from \$3,000,000,000 in 1870, and \$5,266,000,000 in 1900, to \$7,750,000,000 in 1906, an increase of more than 46 per cent. in six years.

The progress we have shown in every department of human effort in the recent past provokes the admiration of the world. Great as has been the development of the United States in the past few decades, the South has far-outstripped the rest of the country in relative growth. Our agriculture shows this. Our manufactures proclaim it. Our mining interests emphasize it. Foreign commerce asserts it.

The figures which express the South's advance in these four great departments of human industry—agriculture, mining, manufactures and commerce—are profoundly eloquent.

Ceres, goddess of agriculture, is easily queen, and the products of our farms and gardens, which in 1880, represented the gold equivalent of \$660,000,000, yielded to our people last year three times as much, or two thousand million dollars—an increase over 1890 of more than 60 per cent.

It is said, and I believe correctly, that your own State of Georgia can raise within her borders every product which is grown to any important commercial extent in any other part of the United States, while our Southern States taken together can grow anything produced elsewhere in the entire world—the tea of China, the coffee of Brazil, the indigo and rubber of Africa, the wine of France, the olives of Italy, or the cedars of Lebanon. No nation on earth has a product for export approximating the value of our cotton. It brings to us five times as much as coffee carries to Brazil, and five times as much as tea and silk combined bring to China.

In fact, the total value of all the tea and silk exported from the

Chinese empire is not quite sufficient to pay China's bill for the manufactured cotton goods which she imports.

The Secretary of Agriculture, in his report to Congress a few weeks ago, made the declaration that the "National welfare has been promoted by a few revolutions in agriculture and economics to the extent that it has been, and will be, promoted by ten cent cotton. The greater part of the cotton planters are out of their former bondage to future maintenances, and they are paying no enormous rates of interest for advancements—rates which we estimated fifteen years ago to average 40 per cent. a year."

The products of our forests have grown from nine and thirty millions in 1880 to more than \$250,000,000 last year. Southern forests are now the country's main reservoirs of timber, and, as I have stood on the docks at Hamburg, I have seen navies of merchantmen arriving loaded down with the timber which our Southern lumbermen were exchanging for the foreigner's gold. Our plains and pastures and the blue grass meadows of Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee can raise cattle enough to supply the continent.

From the mines and quarries of our hillsides and mountains were extracted last year \$260,000,000 in value against \$20,000,000 in 1880, 1200 per cent. increase in mining, the results in 1905 in the South being three times as great as from all the mines and quarries in New England.

In foreign commerce against exports of \$261,000,000 from Southern ports in 1880, we find our exports in 1906 amount to \$642,000,000. During the past five years our exports have increased more than 21 per cent., while the increase for all the other ports of the country are less than 15 per cent. In the same five years the imports of the United States increased 46 per cent., while the increase of imports throughout Southern harbors exceeded 75 per cent.

During the past three years the South exported raw cotton alone to foreign countries to the value of approximately twelve hundred million dollars. In the fiscal year, 1905-'6, in addition to raw cotton exported, we sent over 711,000,000 yards of cotton cloth, or enough to furnish a suit of clothing to each of 100,000,000 Chinese, or other Orientals, at seven yards per capita.

The mighty development in the cotton milling industry in the

Southern States may be said to have begun and to have received its great impetus with the Atlanta exposition of 1880. Census reports show that in that year there were only 561,360 spindles in the Southern States. In one year, from 1905 to 1906, the increase in the number of spindles in cotton-growing States amounted to 1,363,537, or nearly two and a half times the number of spindles in the whole South in 1880, while the total number of actual spindles in operation in the South in 1906 amounted to 8,994,868, or sixteen times as many as we had in 1880, six times as many as we had in 1890, and twice as many as we had in 1900, six years ago.

In 1880 the New England States consumed in their cotton mills six times as much cotton as the cotton-growing States. In 1906 the cotton-growing States had not only caught up with New England in the manufacture of raw cotton, but the Southern mills actually manufactured 15 per cent. more cotton than all the mills in the New England States combined. In other words, the Southern mills are now manufacturing approximately as much cotton as was manufactured in all the States of the Union as late as 1890.

The cotton milling industry is the most universally profitable, and is growing by leaps and bounds. Our cotton mills are rapidly introducing their products into foreign countries. In 1895 the value of manufactured cotton goods exported amounted to \$13,789,000. By 1906 this had increased practically fourfold, to \$52,994,000. Our trade with the Chinese is developing rapidly. Ten years ago, in 1895, we sent them manufactured products valued at \$1,723,000. In 1906 our shipments to China aggregated \$29,814,075.

The diversification of Southern manufacturing interests is shown in the census report of 1905, from which it is seen that of the 339 different kinds of general industries reported by this census, approximately 80 per cent. are represented in the South. In other words, of the many industries carried on in the United States there are only about 20 per cent. which are not already being carried on in the Southern States, and these 20 per cent. are industries of secondary importance.

Of the 262 different industries of the South, the value of the product of the twelve principal ones already exceeds one thousand million dollars per annum.

Speaking here, I cannot forbear an illusion to the magnificent part your own city of Atlanta has done in the work of upbuilding. It never can be expressed in figures, because the power and effect of Atlanta's inspiration and leadership, her tonic force, are incalculable and beyond knowledge, but we may note what the figures do tell of this city forty years ago beleagured and a battle ground, burned and wasted, a fallen and dismantled fortress.

The government census of 1905 shows that from 1900 to 1905, the value of the product of Atlanta's manufacturing establishments increased more than 75 per cent.—a larger relative increase than either Chicago, New York, Boston, St. Louis, San Francisco, or any other large city in the North or West.

From 1900 to 1905 there was an increase in the value of manufactured products in the whole United States of 29 per cent. The increase of manufactured products in the State of Georgia for the same period was 60 per cent., or larger than in any other State in the Union east of the Rockies, except the Southern States of North Carolina, Louisiana and Texas, where the growth in manufactures was about the same as in Georgia. The capital engaged in manufacturing in Georgia for 1906 shows the astonishing increase in six years of 70 per cent.

As rapidly as their resources have permitted it, the Southern States have looked to the increase of educational facilities and the multiplication of the common schools. The figures show that the expenditures for public schools in 1870-'71 in the sixteen former slave States and the District of Columbia amounted to \$10,385,000. Ten years later, at the close of the period of reconstruction, or say 1879-'80, these expenditures amounted to \$12,678,000. It was then that the South began to recuperate. Expenditures for 1890 practically doubled, increasing to \$24,880,000, while for 1900 the common school expenditures amounted to \$34,805,000. Year by year the amount has steadily increased, until for 1906 the money expended by the sixteen former slave-holding Southern States and the District of Columbia for the education of the young in their public schools approximated \$50,000,000.

Optimist as I am—as I cannot help being when I look backward to what we have come through and overcome and around me at the

evidences of what we are and have done—I know that we have problems yet to solve, dangers to meet, obstacles to overcome. It is no part of my province to discuss the rights or wrongs, the necessity or the possibility of the avoidance or the voluntary abolition of slavery. But my feeling is that the negro, the corpse of a murdered race, whether justly or unjustly, dangled helpless about the strong limbs of the South; a weight upon her back—not a crushing weight, because that sturdy and leonine back cannot be crushed by any weight that may be piled upon it—but a weight and hindrance. Do not understand me as depreciating or denouncing the negro. He has done the best he could—with the opportunities he has had, wonderfully well, I think. Generally speaking, and especially when of the older generations, he has done his humble and docile and faithful and patient part in building the South from the earliest times to the most recent. We, too, have done our patient part by him. Since Appomattox the Southern white man has spent, as nearly as I can gather from the figures available, more than \$160,000,000 from his own sweat and brain, and at the cost of the education of his own children to be loyal to his undertaking and to educate the negro. So the negro has outgrown the South for the use it has for him—as a laborer—and the South has outgrown or is outgrowing fast, its dependence on negro labor. We are educating him for the larger opportunities offered him at the North, and he is going there in numbers accelerating every year.

From 1890 to 1900 the negro population of the United States increased 18 per cent. The increase, however, in the Eastern and Northern States, including New England, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, was more than twice the average, or 43 per cent., against an average increase in the sixteen Southern States of 16½ per cent., and against an increase for the same period in the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan of more than 24 per cent.

We have begun in the South to replace the negro with immigration under ruling by which our ports are thrown open wide to the world of white people whom we can assimilate—with whom in a generation or two we can begin to amalagamate, whom we can accept as part of us. This will continue to drive the negro North, and when he is there the American people under the unfailing

guidance of God, may be trusted to deal with him kindly, generously and magnanimously, but so effectually that the divorce shall be eternal, and we shall have no mongrelized government or race anywhere within this union.

As a spirit of Lee lives, so the spirit and the underlying instincts and purposes of the Confederacy live. These were for the maintenance of the rights of the States, the rights of local self-government, the rights of the individual against the mass, even against the government itself. The right of secession from the Union was the only right of the States surrendered at Appomattox. The other rights promised by the Constitution remain and ought to be inviolate, and in the defence of them California is as immediately and as deeply interested as Virginia; Massachusetts is as anxious and as determined as Florida. The tendency toward centralization of power and authority extends from the government to the corporation and the individual stockholder, and the minority find themselves alike helpless, their rights disregarded, their protests unheeded, their interests not considered; against all this it is the right, the duty and the high privilege of Lee's people to fight and to lead the way. The country is caught, but only for the moment, between the upper and nether millstones. We have incorporated capital and power on the one side threatening our very right to breathe. We have the Federal government on the other side offering rescue at the cost of breaking the bulwarks of the State lines, making the imperial Commonwealths dependencies by the surrender of the sovereignty of the States.

Steady and stern and sure of purpose as Lee's veterans with measured tramp moving on to battle, let the States of the South move; the States that never have and never can be frightened or bought because their people can not be scared or bribed.

This time the Union will be with them in the demand that the central government shall recognize itself as the servant of the States, bound to help and serve them, pledged and doubly bound by double and inviolate vow not to attempt to usurp their functions or powers, not to disregard their prerogatives.

Gigantic combinations of capital are neither healthy nor necessary for the surest and highest development of a country. The great question is how big is it good to be, and at what point should "sovereign law the States collected will" step in and say, "so far

shalt thou come and no further, and here shalt thy proud ways be stayed." The cotton mill industry has enjoyed tremendous growth without the interposition of a trust. In fact, an attempt was made to organize a cotton mill trust a few years ago, but the cotton mills which were taken into that combination failed ingloriously.

I have no fears concerning any of these things. I have supreme confidence in our fellow citizens of the East and the North and the West. Their acceptance now of Lee as the supreme—the sublime, the ideal and the perfect type of American manhood and soldier-ship—is evidence enough for me of their magnanimous and eager-seeking of the best and the highest.

Forty-two years after Lee's surrender, thirty-six years after Lee's death they have become Lee's people. Was ever such a wonderfully sublime climax, such a glittering and amazing and perfectly beautiful crown of transcendent glory in the career of any hero of history before—that after forty years his former and conquering enemies accept him as an ideal and guide and teacher of manhood and of the stern and clean military virtues?

Let me remind you of the tribute of your own matchless orator, Benjamin Hill to Lee, most appropriate now for quotation at the honoring of Lee's hundredth birthday:

"He was a foe without hate, a friend without treachery, a soldier without cruelty, a victor without oppression, and a victim without murmuring. He was a public officer without vice, a private citizen without wrong, a neighbor without reproach, a Christian without hypocrisy, and a man without guile. He was Caesar without his ambition, Frederick without his tyranny, Napoleon without his selfishness, and Washington without his reward. He was as obedient to authority as a servant, and royal in authority as a true king. He was gentle as a woman in life, and modest and pure as a virgin in thought. Watchful as a Roman vestal in duty, submissive to law as Socrates, and grand in battle as Achilles."

My dream is—my confident hope is—that the Southern States of the Union, with their marvellous gifts of soil and climate, and varying and abundant production and their unconquered manhood and womanhood, will presently be in the van of this Union of States, and will lead it on to compelling power for peace and growth in the

world-power of wealth and strength and moral influence, whatever be the process, however many the years that may be required for the fulfilment.

My earnest hope and prayer are that in the advance of our country toward world supremacy as in the advance of the South from ashes and darkness and desolation to prosperity and wealth, all our going may be guided by the manly honesty, the supreme courage, the purity of thought of Lee, and that the new South, however brilliant its future may be, shall be governed always and incite others to be governed, by the rigid sense of personal honor, the high chivalry, the plain, straightforward dealing, and the fine sense of integrity that marked and honored the old South, and has made the memory, the glory and the beauty of it imperishable.

From the *News-Leader*, May 16, 1906.

WOMAN SAVED RICHMOND CITY.

Thrilling Story of Dahlgren's Raid and Mrs. Seddon's Old Blackberry Wine.

How Governor Wise Got Time to Give Warning.

[See ante p. 179 the paper of Richard G. Crouch, M. D.—ED.]

The following from the Memphis *Commercial-Appeal*, written by William Preston Cabell, deals with a thrilling story of the war, familiar in most of its aspects to Richmond and Virginia people but of unfailing interest, especially because of the local references :

History has not recorded the fact that Richmond and the lives of Jeff Davis and his cabinet were saved by the art of woman. Ever since the semi-mythical legend of the rescue of Captain John Smith by Pocahontas, all the world reads with romantic interest of the saving of men by the hand of woman.

The daring exploits of Ulric Dahlgren, the one-legged boy-soldier who was only 21 when he rode at the head of his regiment, eclipsed the wildest legends of adventure of the olden time, and they are interwoven with a thrilling episode of unwritten history which reads like romance and fiction.

Early one morning in March, 1864, we were startled by the heavy pounding on the oaken doors of Sabot Hill, the charming home of James A. Seddon, secretary of war of the Confederacy, and situated on the James river, twenty miles above Richmond.

Mr. Seddon was a lawyer by profession, had been a congressman, and was a man of great refinement, experience in public affairs, and wealthy. His wife was the beautiful and brilliant Sallie Bruce, one of the large family of that name in Halifax and Charlotte counties. Her sister, Ellen, another famous belle of the Old Dominion in the palmy days, was married to James M. Morson, and lived on the adjoining plantation, Dover, one of the most aristocratic homesteads in Virginia. Many of Richmond's inner circle enjoyed the famous social gatherings here, where the society was as delightful as that which adorned the literary circles of the British

metropolis in the golden age of Scott, Coleridge, Moore, and Leigh Hunt.

Mr. Morson and his brother-in-law, Mr. Seddon, each owned several sugar plantations in Louisiana, besides cotton lands in Mississippi. Just half a mile distant was another typical old Virginia residence, Eastwood, owned by Mr. Plumer Hobson, whose wife was the accomplished daughter of Governor Henry A. Wise. Eastwood was one of the most delightful homes imaginable and the abode of refinement and hospitality. Mr. Hobson paid \$2,500 for Tom, one of the most courtly and graceful butlers, or "dining-room servants," as they were in those days called. There were nine children of the Seddon home—one of the happiest in all America.

On the night before the heavy pounding on the Sabot Hill door, governor, then Brigadier-General Henry A. Wise, had arrived at Eastwood, accompanied by his daughter, Ellen, now Mrs. W. C. Mayo, a remarkably clever woman, with rare intellectual gifts and literary attainments. The governor had come home on furlough from Charleston, S. C., and was joined by his wife, who had preceded him, and with his family reunion, anticipated a brief recreation amid the charms of one of the most attractive communities in the State. He had traveled from Richmond, on the old James River and Kanawha canal, on a very slow and primitive boat, called the Packet, built very much on the plan of Noah's ark. The mode of travel on this ancient canal was something astonishing. A ditch, filled with slimy water, snakes and bullfrogs, and fringed along its banks with lily pads and weeping willows, furnished the waterway for the Packet. A piece of rope, three damaged mules driven tandem, a tin horn and a negro were the accessories, any one of which failing, caused the trip on the Packet to be suspended or delayed until these necessary paraphernalia were provided. The boat was a curiosity, and the toilet facilities for the entire ship's company were a comb and brush, fastened by chains to keep them from falling overboard, and a tin basin similarly guarded—all attached to the side of the boat on a little gangway between the kitchen and the cabin.

General Wise and Mrs. Mayo entered the Eastwood carriage which was awaiting them at the wharf less than a mile from the Hobson homestead, and as Uncle Ephriam, a famous driver, wheeled them along at an exhilarating gait, the candles twinkled in the windows, and the lights from the country store glinted on the

vehicle, harness and trappings. It was noticed in the starlight that the northern sky was aglow with what was supposed to be the aurora borealis. Merry, happy greetings and joyous faces met the father and daughter as they entered the Eastwood threshold. Within, the warmth of great wood fires and the good cheer of a delicious supper banished from the good old general every thought of war, as he looked over the rich viands and array of luxuries before him, and contrasted them with the mess pork, "hard tack," "cush," sweet potato coffee, slapjacks, hoppin'-john and hoppin'-jinny and all the horrible makeshifts of food he had endured for months in camp at the front. What a feast it was! Genuine coffee from Mrs. Seddon's, sugar from Mrs. Morson's and sorghum from Mrs. Stanard's. For the first time in many months the general laid his head on snowy pillows and tucked himself away, at midnight, in a Christian bed, with linen, lavender-scented sheets, and warm, soft blankets, to dream of days gone by, when, at his own home by the sea, in time of peace, with oysters, terrapin and canvasback ducks for the feast, judges, statesmen and even presidents had been his guests. He sank to rest, in fancy hearing the sound of salt waves at his tidewater home, and the sighing of the winds through the seaside pines. A soldier of the general's command had come up with him on furlough. His home was some miles beyond Eastwood, in the back country.

At daybreak the following morning, he had sped rapidly back to Eastwood to tell the household that he had heard "boots and saddles" sounded, and to warn his dear old general of the danger. The mystery of the aurora borealis was solved; for right around his home he had come upon the bivouac of Dahlgren's troopers. When he was arousing the family, the enemy was coming on the same road, and not more than three or four miles behind him. The news chilled every heart with the sense of imminent peril, the dream of peace and rest was over, and the ashes on the hearth, where last night's revel was held, lay dead. There was hurrying for the stables. In an incredibly short time Tom and Ephraim had brought to the door Pulaski, the blind warhorse of the general's dead son, Captain O. Jennings Wise, of the famous Richmond Light Infantry Blues, who had been killed at Roanoke Island, and Lucy Washington, Mr. Hobson's thoroughbred riding mare. They were not a moment too soon. The general and his son-in-law,

Mr. Hobson, galloped off with whip and spur to Richmond to notify the authorities of the enemy's proximity, and the militia, home guard and private citizens were hurried to the trenches.

Dahlgren's original purpose was to cross the James River at either Jude's ferry, on the Morson place, or at Manakin ferry, three miles below, and to approach Richmond by the south bank of the James. Reaching Belle Isle, he proposed to liberate the 12,000 Federal prisoners encamped thereon, who, reinforced with his regiment, could easily sack the Confederate capital, as Richmond was then in an almost defenseless condition, the reserves having been sent to Lee at the front. There was found upon Dahlgren's body a memorandum, in which the young man had made a wager that he would hang Jeff Davis and his cabinet on that raid. But the fates were against him, as he was repulsed that evening in a desperate charge on the fortifications and later killed.

He was ignorant of the depth of water at the ferry crossings, and therefore paid a burly, black negro man from the Stanard place, who professed safe knowledge of the ferry, \$10 to pilot the troop of cavalry safely across to the south bank. They had not proceeded half way across the stream when the advance horsemen were over their heads, and one of the number drowned. A retreat was promptly ordered, the negro was hanged after a "drum-head" court martial, and his body left swinging from a limb over the roadside. The neighbors allowed this coal-black corpse to hang there for a week as an object lesson to impress the slaves of the vicinage with a new idea of Northern feeling toward the blacks. I shall never forget when a seven-year-old boy, and passing along the road one evening at twilight, how the cold chills ran over me when this gruesome spectacle met my horrified vision—the neck of the darky thrice its ordinary length and his immense pedal extremities suspended scarcely three feet above the ground. When Dahlgren and his staff dashed up to the Hobson home at dawn with drawn revolvers, one of the men inquired, "Where is the man that hanged John Brown?" Mrs. Mayo, who had come out on the porch, replied, "If you mean my father, General Wise, he is not in this house." At this very moment, Mrs. Mayo could see her father and Mr. Hobson entering the woodland in a sweeping gallop about 400 yards distant on the road to Richmond. The negroes had advised Colonel Dahlgren that General Wise was visiting Eastwood,

and a hasty search was made for the man who was Governor of Virginia when John Brown and his confederates were captured at Harper's Ferry and hanged at Charlestown.

A handsome stone barn on the Morson place, which cost \$65,000, and three fine stables with the horses in them, were burned that morning, and there was great consternation at these three homes—all in plain view of each other. At this time Mr. Morson was on a visit to his Southern plantations, and his elder children, who were left with their aunt at Sabot Hill, could hear the groans of their father's horses in the burning stables and see the flames wipe out the magnificent buildings at Dover, while the residence was saved by the faithful slaves. Dahlgren had been told that Dover was Mr. Seddon's home, and his object was to destroy the property of the Secretary of War. At Dover, a number of the troops, half drunk, found Mrs. Morson's handsome wardrobe, replete with a variety of elegant toilettes, donned her wedding gown and other costly feminine costumes, formed a cotillion, and danced all over the yard in this ridiculous "fancy dress" apparel. At Sabot Hill, the old black "mammy," Aunt Lou, rushed into the nursery that morning, crying out, "Lawdy, chillun, git up and dress as quick as yer kin, de whole hillside is blue wid Yankees." Uncle Charles, the dining-room servant, begged the bluejackets not to burn and destroy the property of his master and mistress, and was as true and loyal as "Aunt Lou," who hurried the children to a safe hiding place. When Dahlgren knocked at the doors of Sabot Hill, Mrs. Seddon came forward with that high, womanly spirit which characterized so many patriotic Southern women when all the men were absent at the front and their homes were in danger of the enemy's torch.

The intrepid young officer, standing upon a wooden leg, and leaning upon a crutch (his leg had been amputated by reason of a wound in the ankle, received at Hagerstown, Md., in July, 1863), introduced himself as Colonel Dahlgren. Mrs. Seddon asked him if he was related to Admiral John A. Dahlgren. When the response came that he was a son of the admiral, the wife of the Confederate Secretary of War replied, "Your father was an old beau of mine in my girlhood days when I was a schoolmate of your mother's in Philadelphia." This seemed to touch a tender chord, and the Colonel at once doffed his hat and promised Mrs. Seddon protec-

tion and immunity from harm for herself and property. Whereupon she invited the gallant officer and his staff to walk into the elegant parlors of this old Virginia mansion with twenty-six rooms, and built at a cost of \$64,000. Mrs. Seddon ordered Uncle Charles to bring from the cellar some blackberry wine of the vintage of 1844, and quickly a hostile invader was converted into an amiable guest, whose brain was soon exhilarated with the sparkling wine, and his manly soul captivated by the gracious diplomacy and finesse of his father's quondam sweetheart. It was by this device and strategy that Mrs. Seddon detained Colonel Dahlgren about the length of time required by General Wise and Mr. Hobson to speed to Richmond and notify her husband of the great peril to the young nation's capital, for she was advised of their flight to Richmond. Thus, it was late that evening when young Dahlgren reached the beleagured forts around Richmond.

From the *Times-Dispatch*, June 4, 1905.

"SMYTH BLUES."

Muster Roll Company D, Fourth Virginia Infantry.

Editor of the Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—No part of your excellent paper is more interesting to the remnant of old Confederate soldiers now living than that portion you have so kindly dedicated to them and the stories they tell; for after all, it is the man behind the guns who knew best the fierceness of the conflict while it raged around him, and the story he tells brings us nearer the scene of action and impresses it in detail upon our minds more effectually than general history will ever do.

Since arranging and sending to Major Robert W. Hunter a duplicate of the enclosed list of members of Company "D," Fourth Virginia Infantry (Stonewall Brigade), it has occurred to me to send it to you and ask you to, some time or another, give it a place in the Confederate column of your paper. Its publication is desired not alone because it gives the names enrolled on Orderly Sergeant's book, but because it embraces information of some who are dead and others living, which will be intensely interesting to many widely scattered since the parting at Appomattox in 1865.

Most respectfully,

Marion, Va., 1902.

JNO. S. APPERSON.

A. G. Pendleton, captain; major 1862; resigned; died in Roanoke, Va., 1902.

James W. Kennedy, first lieutenant; retired 1862; died in Tennessee after the war.

A. E. Gibson, second lieutenant; captain 1862; killed near Groveton, Second Manassas.

J. J. Bishop, first sergeant; died from wounds Second Manassas.

J. M. Fuller, second sergeant; wounded Gettysburg.

F. W. Rider, third sergeant; died after war.

J. M. Thomas, fourth sergeant; promoted captain.

D. B. Kootz, first corporal; wounded Kernstown.

I. M. Lampie, second corporal; wounded Spotsylvania Courthouse; died since war.

H. T. Killinger, third corporal.

T. A. Oury, fourth corporal; wounded First Manassas; dead.

Adam Allen, killed Chancellorsville.

- Benjamin Allen, wounded Winchester; lost an eye; dead.
David Allison.
I. G. Anderson, lost leg, Sharpsburg; dead.
John S. Apperson, commissioned hospital steward 1862; assigned duty with Field Infirmary, Second Corps, A. N. V. (Surgeon Black).
B. F. Bates.
William Barbour; dead.
Alex Bear, promoted lieutenant 1862.
W. P. Bell, died from wounds, Second Manassas.
Randolph Bradley, killed below Richmond.
Isaac Brown, killed Sharpsburg.
W. H. Bolton.
Cleophas —, wounded.
John A. Buchanan, Judge Court of Appeals, Virginia.
George C. Bridgeman.
Samuel A. Byars, wounded Chancellorsville; lame for life.
J. S. Campbell.
Thomas P. Campbell, promoted lieutenant; wounded Wilderness, 1864.
W. B. Carder, promoted lieutenant; died since war.
W. H. Cleaver, killed Cedar Creek, 1864.
John Cox.
George W. Cullop, lost leg at Chancellorsville; died since war.
J. R. Cullop.
John J. Dix, died from wounds received, Chancellorsville.
Adam Dutton, died after war.
James A. Dutton.
G. M. Dudley.
C. O. Davis.
James W. Duncan.
W. P. Francis.
G. H. Fudge, lieutenant; wounded, Fredericksburg; Judge of County Court, Smyth.
John W. Fudge.
Robert Fulwiler.
Edward Falkie, wounded.
Robert Green, wounded First Manassas.
Henry Goodman, killed, May 12th, Spotsylvania.
Ambrose Griffith, color-bearer; wounded at Chancellorsville and before Petersburg.

Moses Gibson.
James J. Gill, lost leg at Gettysburg.
Harris.
J. F. Harris, died since war.
William Henegar, killed, Cedar Creek, 1864.
W. R. Henegar.
Henry Henderlite; died since war.
Ephriam, died from wounds received at Chancellorsville.
John Hogsdon.
John N. Hull.
Abram Hutton, died after war.
John Hutton, died from wounds at Chancellorsville.
A. J. Isenhower, killed, Sharpsburg.
M. T. James, died in prison.
S. E. James, killed in battle.
E. M. James.
B. F. Jones, died from wounds, Second Manassas.
H. B. Jones, died in hospital.
T. L. Jones, died in hospital.
B. F. Leonard, wounded First Manassas; died after war.
Joseph H. Lampie, killed battle Kernstown.
Albert Lambert, dead.
W. A. Mays, wounded on picket duty.
W. H. Magruder.
F. B. Magruder, wounded at Chancellorsville.
B. F. Maiden.
Edward McCready, killed First Manassas.
H. H. McCready, lieutenant; wounded at Chancellorsville; killed
Payne's farm.
Robert McCready; died from wounds Wilderness, 1864.
W. F. Moore, killed Spotsylvania, 1864.
J. M. Morris; dead;
Samuel Neff, killed Kernstown.
T. C. Oaks.
Bedford Overbay.
John Parrish, killed at Payne's farm.
J. T. Palmer; dead.
Matthew Prater; dead.
Martin Roane, lost two fingers at Chancellorsville; dead.
James Roark; dead.

J. H. Romans, killed First Manassas.
Samuel Reedy.
A. O. Sanders, wounded below Richmond.
A. T. Sanders; died since the war.
William Sanders, died during the war.
Jesse Seay.
Benjamin Sexton, died from wounds, Second Manassas.
F. H. Sexton, died in prison.
M. Sexton, killed Gettysburg.
Sexton, wounded.
C. C. Snider, died from wounds.
T. C. Sexton.
A. J. Staley.
R. S. Stephens, died since war.
J. H. Sayers.
T. E. Schwartz.
W. B. Skeffey, died at Elmira prison.
Willoughby Savage.
Henry Tibbs, died during the war.
J. B. Umbarger, lost arm at Gettysburg.
A. N. Umbarger.
William Umbarger, wounded Chancellorsville; died since the war.
Ephriam Umbarger, died since the war.
D. W. Venable.
R. C. Vaughan, promoted captain; died after war.
W. D. Willmore, wounded in front of Richmond, 1864.
Thomas J. Wolf, died from wounds received at Chancellorsville.
Sampson H. Wolf, killed First Manassas.
Joseph Wolf; dead.
Lafayette Wolf.
A. I. Wygal.
T. J. Wygal; dead.
S. J. Wolf, died after war.
Theodore Wallace, died after war.
Henry Webb, died from wounds received at Chancellorsville.
John M. Williams, promoted captain; wounded at Sharpsburg.
John Williams.
B. P. Walker, wounded Kernstown.
J. M. Wilburn, killed in skirmish near Shepherdstown.
Edward Harrison, died from wounds received at Chancellorsville.

From the *Times-Dispatch*, June 4, 1905.

THIRTY-THIRD VIRGINIA AT FIRST MANASSAS.

Colonel Cummings Takes Liberties with his Orders and Does Good Work.

Colonel J. W. Allen's Report—Interesting Recollections of Deeds of Valor at First Manassas Battle.

The fame of "Stonewall Jackson" overspread the Honey Hill combat at Manassas, 21st of July, 1861, but the reports of all his regimental commanders having been lost, no official record clarifies the movements and achievements of his five regiments on that day. The recent discovery and publication in *The Times-Dispatch* of Colonel Kenton Harper's report of the Fifth Virginia Infantry, have fixed the movements of that regiment, and various communications from reliable officers and men have well nigh completed the history of the brigade on that occasion. Colonel Arthur C. Cummings, of Abingdon, commanded the Thirty-third Virginia Infantry that day. He had served in the Mexican War, and was a highly accomplished soldier and gentleman, worthy of higher command than befel his lot. His recent death has brought the name of this modest and heroic man again before the public. He shunned notoriety of all kinds, and rested content in "the conscientiousness of duty faithfully performed."

Captain John H. Grabill, of the Thirty-third, who was with his regiment in the Manassas battle, and has kindly furnished me a brief statement and also with a pretty full account from Colonel Cummings, contained in a letter addressed to Captain Grabill at Woodstock, where he lives, dated May 16, 1898. It is due to history that these memorials of a brave regiment and of valiant deeds that had no little to do with the Confederate victory, be published. Captain Grabill relates his distinct memory of the charge of the Thirty-third, and that it was against the Brooklyn Zouaves (the Fourteenth New York), and a Michigan Regiment (the Michigan then commanded by Colonel, afterwards Major-General Orlando B. Wetroy), who was at the front of the Federal battery. He says:

"They were driven over their own battery by the charge of the Thirty-third," and the battery captured as related by General Cummings. After the battle was over, General Jackson rode to one of the field hospitals. As he sat upon his horse he looked steadily upon the dying Captain Lee, of the Thirty-third, who was propped against a small tree, and made this remark: "The work Colonel Cumming's regiment did today was worth the loss of the entire regiment."

LOCATION OF THE GUNS.

It will be observed that in Colonel Cummings' description of the action, he says: "The pieces taken by the Thirty-third were situated considerably to the left (as we were facing) of the Henry House, and the pieces taken by the other regiments of the brigade were somewhat on the same line, but nearer the Henry House."

I have no doubt that this statement as to the location of the guns is correct. Major R. W. Hunter, who was at that time first lieutenant and adjutant of the Second Virginia Infantry, which was immediately on the right of the Thirty-third, confirms Colonel Cummings' statement, and I have seen similar statements in other accounts of the battle. The History of the Ulster Guard, a New York regiment, by Colonel Gates, who commanded it, contains a description of the battle at this point very much like that of Colonel Cummings'.

Confusion has arisen in some of the versions of this conflict by the writer's failing to distinguish between the separated guns that were taken by Colonel Cummings and those subsequently carried nearer to the Henry House, when the whole field was swept in the final Confederate charge.

ANOTHER FITZ LEE.

The Captain Lee referred to by Colonel Cummings was William Fitzhugh Lee, born in Richmond, but then of Alexandria, the son of Rev. William F. Lee, and he was a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute in the class of 1853. Two years later he became a lieutenant in the United States army. When the war broke out, he was on duty at the St. Louis arsenal, and he resigned to follow the fortunes of his State. He was soon appointed a captain in the Confederate army, and then lieutenant-colonel of the Thirty-third Virginia Infantry.

THE SECOND TO THE FRONT.

Just after that sally of the Thirty-third, the Second Virginia Infantry, under Colonel James W. Allen, which was the next regiment to its right, advanced to the assault. Colonel Allen, born in Shenandoah, had moved with his father's family in boyhood to Bedford county, and had attended the old New London Academy. He graduated from the Virginia Military Institute in 1849, and became there an assistant professor of mathematics after first teaching at the Piedmont Institute in Liberty. No report from him appears in the war records, but an extract from it is found in "The Memorial of the Virginia Military Institute," by Charles D. Walker, p. 324, which indicates that it has been published in the press, and it happily preserves the continuity of the story of the Stonewall Brigade at Manassas. Colonel Allen had but one eye, and during the cannonade which preceded the infantry combat on that day, a shot cut off the limb of a pine tree and hurled it in his other eye, temporarily blinding him. He afterward greatly distinguished himself, and was killed while in command of the brigade at Gaines' Mill, June 27, 1862.

COLONEL ALLEN'S REPORT.

In the report of Colonel Allen of the action of his regiment on the occasion referred to, he says:

"About 1 P. M. I was directed to station my regiment at the edge of a pine thicket to support the battery immediately on my right, with orders to fire when the enemy appeared in sight over the hill, then to charge and drive them back with the bayonet. In this position my men lay somewhat under the cover of the hill for more than an hour and a half, during all of which time they were exposed to the effects of shell and shot from the enemy's batteries, which had advanced, under cover of the hills, to my left flank. Many of my men and officers were wounded by explosions that took place immediately in their midst; yet they stood their ground, awaiting the approach of the infantry. Colonel Cummings, on my left, met them, endeavoring to turn their flank. After advancing, two of his companies fell back through my left, which was kept in position by the coolness of Captain Nelson, who gallantly maintained his position, though exposed to a front fire of grape and

shell, and a flank fire from the enemy's musketry. At this junctuer I was informed by Major Botts (whose coolness, energy and perseverance in rallying the men deserves special mention) that my left was turned. Not seeing the enemy in front, I directed that the three left companies be drawn back to meet them. This order was partially misunderstood by the centre companies for a general direction to fall back, and all the line turned. I at once gave the order to charge, but the thicket was so close and impenetrable that only a part of the right wing, under Lieutenant-Colonel Lackland, could be rallied about thirty yards in rear of the original position, the enemy having advanced to the position originally held by the left of the regiment, judging by their fire, for it was impossible to see them.

SPECIALLY MENTIONED.

“At this moment Colonel Preston, who was on my right, and in rear of the battery, advanced, and Lieutenant-Colonel Lackland, with about one hundred of my right, charged on the enemy's batteries, drove them from their pieces, and took position immediately in front of the guns, sheltering themselves as much as possible by them. Wishing to secure one of the rifle cannon, he ordered five or six men to take it to the rear, but had not proceded more than fifty yards, when the enemy opened on his right, which was unsupported, and he was compelled to retire with the few men under his command, having lost nine killed and thirty-four wounded in the charge. The line did not retire until after our battery was withdrawn.

“The list of killed and wounded having been handed in, it is unnecessary to repeat it. I cannot, however, close this report without again making honorable mention of Captain Nelson, who gallantly fell at his post, supposed to be mortally wounded, and to the gallantry of Lieutenant-Colonel Lackland, who, with but a handful of men, charged on the enemy's battery and actually brought one of their rifled guns to the rear, with but four men.”

Colonel Allen's reference to the appearance of Colonel Preston, “who was on the right and in the rear of the battery,” denotes the time when Jackson's right centre advanced under his immediate direction. This was the third and effectual movement which

carried the position defended by Griffin's and Rickett's one of twelve guns, which were posted near the Henry House, some of them being turned on the front of the Second and Thirty-third Regiments, and the most of them on the batteries of Pendleton to the right of these regiments, and on the front of the other three regiments of the brigade; i. e., the Fourth, Twenty-seventh and Fifth. When Colonel James P. Preston went forward with the Fourth, the Twenty-seventh, under Lieutenant-Colonel John Echols, moved simultaneously, and the two regiments commingled at the captured guns, each losing heavily in the charge.

From the material collected in the contribution to *The Times-Dispatch*, the historian, with the aid of the War Records, can now compute the complete story of the Stonewall Brigade at First Manassas.

JOHN W. DANIEL.

Colonel Cummings's Account.

On the night of the 20th of July, 1861, our army lay in rear and facing Bull Run, the right resting near Union Mills, and the left at the Stone bridge. General Beauregard expected to be attacked the next morning on the front and right, but very soon in the morning he and General Johnston saw that the enemy was moving on the Centreville road, in the direction of the Stone bridge, with the view of attacking and turning our left flank, the demonstration on our front being only a feint. Leaving a force to protect our right, the rest of the army, except the command at or near the Stone bridge, already engaged, were moved along and in the rear of Bull Run to reinforce the troops already engaged, and to resist the attack on our left.

The Stonewall Brigade, after being halted several times, reached the brow of the hill or ridge. The centre of the brigade, when thus formed in line in a pine thicket at the edge of the plateau, was about opposite the famous Henry House. After the brigade was formed in line, we were ordered to lay down in the edge of the pines. This was about 12 or 1 o'clock, and the battle had then been raging for hours, and our troops were being driven back. As the brigade was then in line, the Thirty-third was on the left and was at that time the extreme left of our army. On its right the

Second, Fourth, Twenty-Seventh and Fifth—the latter, as I understand, a little detached from the balance of the brigade. [The Fourth was in line behind Colonel Pendleton's batteries, and the Twenty-seventh just in rear of it; so that the right centre was four deep.—J. W. D.]

Two of the largest companies of the Thirty-third had been left in the Valley. The eight companies present were from Shenandoah, Page, Hampshire and Hardy (five were from Shenandoah, and one each from Page, Hardy and Hampshire); both the latter companies were small, about fifty men, so that deducting the sick and absent, there were only about 400 men in the action. I was then the only regular field officer in the regiment; but there was a Captain Lee, a splendid man and gallant officer, who had been temporarily assigned to the regiment and acted as field lieutenant-colonel; he was, in the charge, struck in the breast with a piece of shell and fell at his post mortally wounded, and died soon afterwards.

THE CHARGE OF THE THIRTY-THIRD WAS VIOLATION OF ORDERS.

After giving this brief account of our movements and the position of the brigade previous to our going into action, I will give my recollections, which is quite distinct, of the charge made by the Thirty-third and the reasons which led to its being made before the charge was made by the other regiments of the brigade. This charge by the Thirty-third was made contrary to the order of General Jackson, and I will give you the reason why his order was not strictly obeyed—as you will remember, the eight companies that participated in the charge, whilst made up of an exceedingly fine body of gallant men, were, with probably the exception of one or two companies, composed of undrilled and undisciplined men; in other words, they might almost be termed raw recruits. Whilst the brigade was laying in the edge of the pines the Thirty-third, a little to the left and front of the Henry House, as we were facing, General Jackson rode along in line and directed me to look out for the enemy's artillery and to wait until the enemy were within thirty paces, and then to fire and charge bayonets. The battle was then raging to our front and right and our forces still being driven back.

About this time, or soon thereafter, some men, dressed in red, presumably Federals, appeared in the bushes on the left flank of the regiment, and some of the men of the left company fired at

them, and about the same time some shots from the enemy's artillery raked through the brush just over the regiment and tore up the ground uncomfortably near the men, and the two things together, coming about the same time, caused considerable confusion in a part of the regiment, and realizing that the most trying position that raw men, and even the best disciplined and bravest could be placed in, was to be required to remain still, doing nothing and receiving the enemy's fire without returning it, I feared the consequences, if I strictly obeyed General Jackson's orders; therefore it was that I gave the orders to charge, contrary to his order to wait until the enemy was within thirty paces, the enemy being much further off at that time.

From this you will readily see how it happened that the Thirty-third made the charge before the other regiments made the charge as a brigade. A more gallant charge is rarely made than was then made by the Thirty-third (though in not a very good order). The men moved off with the greatest alacity, killed and drove off the gunners, shot down their artillery heroes and captured the battery of artillery, but the loss was so great, there being about 43 killed and 140 wounded altogether, we were forced to abandon the captured guns and fall back in the face of a deadly fire and overwhelming numbers, and this was the first check the enemy received up to that time. Very soon thereafter the other regiments of the brigade made a charge and captured another battery. The pieces taken by the Thirty-third were situated considerably to the left (as we were facing) of the Henry House, and the pieces taken by the other regiments of the brigade were somewhat in the same line, but nearer the Henry House (the Robinson House being still further to the right). One of the men of the Thirty-third cut a bridle bit from a bridle of one of the artillery horses and gave me afterwards, which I have used ever since and have now. I am inclined to think, from what I have since learned that the battery or pieces taken by the Thirty-third was Griffin's, and that the one or pieces taken by the other regiments of the brigade was Rickett's or probably, if there was but one battery in front of the brigade it was placed in two sections, the one on the left taken by the Thirty-third, and the other, in the same line, but nearer the Henry House, and the one taken but abandoned by the Thirty-third was also retaken by the brigade.

I think, however, it is more probable that both Griffin's and

Rickett's were in position near and to the left of the Henry House. With batteries or sections of batteries at two different points near and to the left of the Henry House, will readily account for the Thirty-third taking one and the other regiments taking the other, and also retaking the one captured by the Thirty-third.

RETAKING OF THE ARTILLERY BY THE BRIGADE.

There are two things, however, about which there can be no doubt—one that the Thirty-third, being at the time on the extreme left of our army, charged alone and took the enemy's battery or section thereof on our left, and that the rest of the brigade immediately charged and took a battery or section of one nearest the Henry House, and as I now recollect, if not mistaken, retook the one previously taken by the Thirty-third, numbers of the Thirty-third falling in with other regiments as individuals, and not as a regiment, and also that I ordered the charge by the Thirty-third before the time arrived to execute General Jackson's order for the reason before given. Every regiment gallantly did its whole duty, the other regiments likely doing more fighting than the Thirty-third, owing to the heavy loss sustained by it in making the first charge alone and the disorganization that followed.

I had frequent talks with the officers of the brigade after the fight and never knew of any difference of opinion as to the action of the different regiments of the brigade, and see no occasion for any now. In a fight, of course, every one sees more clearly what takes place in his immediate presence, and no doubt, many things were seen by others of which I have no personal knowledge. I have evidence in my possession from others of the Thirty-third which more than sustain my account of the action of the Thirty-third. From having been somewhat unwell, my hand is a little tremulous, but I hope you may be able to wade through this badly written letter, and if you tire before you reach the end, you can stop and take it in broken doses. I should have written you a clean and better account of the part performed by the Thirty-third and the rest of the brigade at the first battle of Manassas, but you must be satisfied at present with this. I should regret very much for any controversy to arise as to the part performed by any regiment of the brigade that was immortalized on the eventful 21st of July, 1861, when all behaved so gallantly and are entitled to the consolation of knowing that their full duty was well performed. But as you are

an editor, though I may be over-cautious, I will ask, as there is no necessity of it, you will not make public my letter. The whole brigade measured up to its full standard of duty, made its reputation and there let it rest. Ever since the close of the war I have had a great longing to visit the Valley of Virginia, but the time never seemed opportune, but I still cherish, perhaps, the vain hope of doing so. As age advances, my heart instinctively turns to old friends and old things, many of whom (that is, friends) I fancy, I would meet in the Valley. I shall be pleased to hear from you any time when you are at leisure, and in the meantime, I remain,

ARTHUR C. CUMMINGS.

Abingdon, May 16, 1898.

From the *Richmond News-Leader*, January 21, 1907.

THE BERKELEY BROTHERS

Of the Eighth Virginia Regiment, C. S. A.

Colonel C. Edmund Berkeley, of Prince William County, Va., spoke at the banquet Saturday night, January 19, 1907, at the Hotel Kernan, of the Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States in Maryland, in Baltimore.

The *Sun* tells these interesting facts about the distinguished guest:

Colonel Berkeley is one of the most interesting survivors of the Confederacy. He was born February 29, and, while his birthday comes only once in every four years, he will be eighty-three when February 28, 1907, shall have come and gone. On that day the average age of his two brothers and himself will be eighty-one years—a remarkable coincidence.

Colonel Berkeley was lieutenant-colonel of the Eighth Virginia Regiment, "The Bloody Eighth." His brother, Colonel Norborne Berkeley, who lives with him in Prince William County, was colonel

of that regiment. A third brother, Major William Berkeley, who lives in Richmond, was major of the regiment. Still a fourth brother, the late Captain Charles Berkeley, was a senior captain in the Eighth.

FAMOUS FOR ITS HEROISM.

This remarkable organization, that became known throughout the Confederate army for its heroism, was composed of five companies from Loudoun County, three companies from Fauquier County, one company from Prince William County, and one from Fairfax County. It was under the command of Colonel Eppa Hunton, who was made brigadier-general after the death of General Richard Garnett at Gettysburg.

Pickett, in his immortal charge at Gettysburg, had three brigades, commanded, respectively, by General Garnett, General Armistead and General Kemper, who afterward became Governor of Virginia. General Garnett was killed in the battle, General Armistead was mortally wounded, and General Kemper was crippled for life.

In the Eighth Virginia the three Berkeley brothers—Edmund, Norborne and William—were field officers. Colonel Berkeley said yesterday he did not believe there was another regiment in either army that had three brothers as field officers. All the Berkeley brothers were wounded during the war and all were imprisoned, except Colonel Edmund Berkeley.

AFTER LEAD FOR BULLETS.

Toward the close of the war, when bullets became scarce in the Confederate army, Colonel Berkeley was commissioned to penetrate the Union lines and go in search of lead. When the close of the conflict came, he was busy collecting old lead pipe and leaden ware of every sort with which to mold bullets for his comrades.

While nearly eighty-three years old, Colonel Berkeley is as hale and hearty as a strong man of fifty-five or sixty. He takes long walks every day and can ride horseback like a youngster. He does not wear glasses, and is ready to engage in a shooting contest with anybody at any time. Colonel Berkeley has many friends in Baltimore.

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